

THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW

JULY AND OCTOBER,
1853.

"Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKESPEARE

"Die Liebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß"
Goethe.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142, STRAND.
MDCCCLIII.

CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
I. <i>John Knox.</i>		
	The Life of John Knox. By Thomas McCrie, D.D.	1
II. <i>Over-Legislation.</i>		
1.	Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the present Century.	
2.	Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849: being the Second Series of "Notes of a Traveller." By Samuel Laing, Esq.	
3.	Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein in 1851: being the Third Series of "Notes of a Traveller." By Samuel Laing, Esq.	
4.	Navigation and Mercantile Marine Law. By W. S. Lindsay	51
III. <i>Pedigree and Heraldry.</i>		
1.	The Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain and Ireland. By John Bernard Burke.	
2.	Dictionary of the Landed Gentry. By John Bernard Burke.	
3.	Family Romance. By John Bernard Burke.	
4.	Birth and Worth; or, The Practical Uses of a Pedigree.	
5.	Observations on Heraldry. By the Rev. T. Hamerton.	
6.	The Pursuivant of Arms; or, Heraldry founded upon Facts. By J. R. Planché, F.S.A.	85
IV. <i>Sects and Secular Education.</i>		
1.	Public Education. By Sir James Kay Shuttleworth.	
2.	National Education: the Three Schemes contrasted. By the Rev. Francis Close, M.A.	
3.	A Survey of the System of National Education in Ireland. By Charles Buxton, Esq.	
4.	Strictures on the New Government Measure of Education. By Edward Baines.	
5.	The Scheme of Secular Education proposed by the National Public Schools' Association compared with the Manchester and Salford Education Bill	112
V. <i>Young Criminals.</i>		
1.	Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment. By Mary Carpenter.	
2.	Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles. Printed by order of the House, 24th June, 1852.	
3.	The Philosophy of Ragged Schools	137

CONTENTS.

Art.	Page
VI. <i>The Life of Moore.</i>	
Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P.	165
VII. <i>India and its Finance.</i>	
1. Report from the Select Committee on Indian Territories, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 29th June, 1852.	
2. First Report from the Select Committee on Indian Territories. 2nd May, 1853.	
3. Second Report from the same. 12th May, 1853.	
4. The Opium Trade; including a Sketch of its History, Extent, Effects, &c., as carried on in India and China. By Nathan Allen, M.D.	177
VIII. <i>Balzac and his Writings.</i>	
1. Honoré de Balzac: Essai sur l'Homme et sur l'Œuvre. Par Armand Baschet. Avec Notes Historiques par Champfleury.	
2. Vie de H. de Balzac. Par Desnoiresterres.	
3. La Comédie Humaine. Par H. de Balzac. (Scènes de la Vie Privée; Scènes de la Vie de Province; Scènes de la Vie Parisienne; Scènes de la Vie Politique; Scènes de la Vie Militaire; Scènes de la Vie de Campagne. Etudes Philosophiques; Etudes Analytiques.)	
4. Théâtre de H. de Balzac.	
5. Les Femmes de H. de Balzac. Par le bibliophile Jacob.	
6. Maximes et Pensées de H. de Balzac	199
IX. <i>The Turkish Empire.</i>	
1. Turkey and its Destiny. By Charles MacFarlane.	
2. Travels in European Turkey in 1850. By Edmund Spencer	215
X. <i>Contemporary Literature of England</i>	46
XI. <i>Contemporary Literature of America</i>	274
XII. <i>Contemporary Literature of Germany</i>	288
XIII. <i>Contemporary Literature of France</i>	302

CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
VI.	<i>German Mysticism in the Seventeenth Century.</i> Angelus Silesius, eine literar-historische Untersuchung. Von Dr. August Kahlert. (Angelus Silesius, an historico-literary Inquiry.)	499
VII.	<i>The Universal Postulate.</i> 1. The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D., with Notes, and Supple- mentary Dissertations. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. 2. A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive. By John Stuart Mill. 3. The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. By William Whewell, D.D., F.R.S. 4. The Works of George Berkeley, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne. Edited by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. 5. A Treatise on Human Nature. By David Hume. 6. Critick of Pure Reason. Translated from the Original of Immanuel Kant, by Francis Haywood. 7. Prolegomena Logica: an Inquiry into the Psychological Cha- racter of Logical Processes. By Henry Longueville Mansel, M.A.	513
VIII.	<i>The Progress of Russia.</i> The Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South. By David Urquhart.	551
IX.	<i>Contemporary Literature of England</i>	569
X.	<i>Contemporary Literature of America</i>	593
XI.	<i>Contemporary Literature of Germany</i>	609
XII.	<i>Contemporary Literature of France</i>	627

CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
I. <i>Religion in Italy.</i>		
1.	Delle cinque piaghe della Santa Chiesa. Per Rosmini Serbati.	
2.	Roma e il Mondo. Per Tommaseo Nicolò.	
3.	La Filosofia delle Scuole Italiane. Per Ausonio Franchi.	311
II. <i>The Progress of Fiction as an Art.</i>		
1.	Scriptores Erotici Græci—Heliodorus of Tricca.	
2.	Romances of Chivalry—Amadis of Gaul.	
3.	The Novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett.	
4.	Works of Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Austin, and Miss Burney. The Waverley Novels.	
5.	Basil: a Tale of Modern Life. By W. Wilkie Collins.	
6.	Daisy Burns. By Julia Kavanagh.	
7.	Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley	342
III. <i>Partnership with Limited Liability.</i>		
1.	Report from the Select Committee on Investments for the Savings of the Middle and Working Classes. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 5th July, 1850.	
2.	Report from the Select Committee on the Law of Partnership. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 8th July, 1851.	
3.	Money and Morals: a Book for the Times. By John Lalor.	
4.	Remarks on the Law of Partnership Liability. By Lord Hobart.	
5.	The Law of France in relation to Insolvency, Bankruptcy, Partnership, Arbitrations, and Tribunals of Commerce. Translated from the "Codes Français." By Richard Miller, Esq.	
6.	The Law of Commandatory and Limited Partnership in the United States. By Francis J. Troubat, of the Bar of Philadelphia.	375
IV. <i>The Book of Job.</i>		
1.	Die Poetischen Bucher des Alten Bundes. Erklärt von Heinrich Ewald.	
2.	Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament. Zweite Lieferung. Hiob. Von Ludwig Hirzel. Zweite Auflage, durchgesehen von Dr. Justus Olshausen.	
3.	Questionum in Jobeidos locos vexatos Specimen. Von D. Hermannus Hupfeld.	
V. <i>The School Claims of Languages, Ancient and Modern.</i>		
1.	The Rationale of Discipline, as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh. By Professor Pillans.	
2.	Language as a means of Mental Culture and International Communication; or, Manual of the Teacher and the Learner of Languages. By C. Marcel.	450

THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

JULY 1, 1853.

ART. I. — JOHN KNOX.

The Life of John Knox. By Thomas McCrie, D.D. London:
Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden. 1847.

THE Scotch Reformation in the sixteenth century is remarkable for an almost complete absence of the dubious and questionable features by which violent revolutions are so often disfigured. Less happy than the English, the Protestants of Scotland had no alternative between an armed resistance to the Government, and the destruction of themselves and their religion; and no body of people who have been driven to such resistance, were ever more temperate in the conduct of it, or more moderate in their use of victory. The problem which they had to solve was a simple one: it was to deliver themselves of a system which, when judged by the fruits of it, was evil throughout, and with which no good man was found, any more to sympathize.

Elsewhere in Europe there was some life left in Catholicism; it was a real faith, by which sincere and earnest men were able to direct themselves, and whose consciences it was painful or perilous to wound by over-sweeping measures. In Scotland, it was dead to the root, a mass of falsehood and corruption; and, having been endured to the last extremity, the one thing to be done with it, when endurance was no longer possible, was to take it utterly away.

So great a work was never executed with slighter loss of human life, or smaller injury to a country. It was achieved by the will of one man, who was the representative of whatever was best and noblest in the people to whom he belonged; and as in itself it was simple and straightforward, so of all great men in history there is not one whose character is more simple and intelligible than that of John Knox. A plain but massive understanding, a courage which nothing could shake, a warm, honest heart, and an intense hatred and scorn of sin; these are the qualities which appear in him; these, and only these. There may have been others, but the occasion did not require them, they were not called into play. The evil which was to be overcome had no strong intellectual defences; it was a tyrannical falsehood, upheld by force; and force of character, rather than breadth or subtlety of thought, was needed to cope with it.

The struggle, therefore, was an illustration, on a large scale, of the ordinary difficulties of common men; and we might have expected, in consequence, to have found Knox better understood, and better appreciated, than almost any man who has played so large a part in history. There are no moral blemishes which we have to forgive, no difficulties of position to allow for. His conduct throughout was single, consistent, and direct; his character transparent to the most ordinary eye; and it is a curious satire upon modern historians, that ill as great men usually fare in their hands, Knox has fared the worst of all. A disturber of the peace, a bigot, a fanatic—these are the names which have been heaped upon him, with what ludicrous impropriety some one man in a million who had looked into the subject was perhaps aware, but the voices of these units, until very recent times, had little chance of being heard in remonstrance. The million, divided into Whig and Tory, could not afford to recognise the merit of a man who had outraged both traditions. The Tories hated him because he was disobedient to constituted authorities: the Whigs hated him because he was their *bête noire*, an intolerant Protestant; and the historians, ambitious of popularity, have been contented to be the exponents of popular opinion. There are symptoms, however, at the present time, of a general change for the better in such matters. In the collapse of the old political parties, and the increasing childishness of the ecclesiastical, the prejudices of the two last centuries are melting out from us, and we are falling everywhere back upon our common sense. The last fifty years have not past over our heads without leaving a lesson behind them; and we, too, in our way, are throwing off "the bondage of tradition," for better ascertained truths of fact. In contrast with the tradition, Mr. Carlyle has placed Knox by the side of Luther as the Hero Priest; and, more recently, (which is also no inconsiderable

indication of the state of public feeling,) a cheap edition of Dr. M'Crie's excellent life of him has been brought out by Mr. Bohn,* in the belief that there is now sufficient interest in the subject to justify the risk. Let us hope that these are real signs of the growth of a more wholesome temper, and that before any very long time has elapsed, some judgment will have been arrived at, which will better bear the test of time than that which has hitherto past current. As far as it goes, M'Crie's book is thoroughly good; it is manly, earnest, and upright; and, in the theological aspect of the subject, it leaves nothing to be desired, except, indeed, a little less polemical asperity. But a history written from a theological point of view, if not incorrect, is necessarily inadequate; and, although the soundness of Dr. M'Crie's understanding has gone far to remedy the unavoidable deficiency, yet the account of John Knox which shall tell us fully and completely what he was, and what place he fills in history, remains to be written.

He was born at Haddington, in the year 1505. His family, though not noble, were solid substantial landowners, who, for several generations, had held estates in Renfrewshire, perhaps under the Earls of Bothwell, whose banner they followed in the field. Their history, like that of other families of the time, is obscure and not important; and of the father of John, nothing is known, except that he fought under the predecessor of the famous Lord Bothwell, probably at Flodden, and other of those confused battles, which answered one high purpose in hardening and steeling the Scotch character, but in all other senses were useless indeed. But it is only by accident that we know so much as this; and even of the first eight and thirty years of the life of his son, which he spent as a quiet, peaceable private person, we are left to gather up what stray hints the after recollections of his friends could supply, and which, indeed, amount to almost nothing. We find that he was at school at Haddington; that he afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, where, being a boy of a weak constitution, and probably his own wishes inclining in the same direction, it was determined to bring him up to be a priest. He distinguished himself in the ordinary way; becoming, among other things, an accomplished logic lecturer; and, at the right age, like most of the other Reformers, he was duly ordained. But what further befell him in this capacity is altogether unknown, and his inward history must be conjectured from what he was when at last he was called out into the world. He must have spent many years in study; for, besides his remarkable knowledge of the Bible, he knew Greek, Latin, and

* Why does not Mr. Bohn republish Knox's own "History of the Reformation" for us in the same form?

French well; we find in his writings a very sufficient acquaintance with history, Pagan and Christian: he had read Aristotle and Plato, as well as many of the Fathers; in fact, whatever knowledge was to be obtained out of books concerning men and human things, he had not failed to gather together. But his chief knowledge, and that which made him what he was, was the knowledge not of books, but of the world in which he lived, and the condition of which must have gradually unfolded itself to him as he grew to manhood.

The national traditions of Scotland, which for some centuries held it together in some sort of coherence, in spite of the general turbulence, were broken at the battle of Flodden; the organic life of it as a separate independent nation died there; and the anarchy which followed, during the long minority of James V., resulted in the general moral disintegration of the entire people. The animosity against England threw them into a closer and closer alliance with France, one consequence of which was, that most of the noblemen and gentlemen, after a semi-barbarous boyhood in their fathers' castles, spent a few years in Paris to complete their education, and the pseudo cultivation of the most profligate court in the world, laid on like varnish over so uncouth a preparation, produced, as might have been anticipated, as undesirable specimens of human nature as could easily be met with.

The high ecclesiastics, the bishops and archbishops, being, in almost all cases, the younger sons, or else the illegitimate sons, of the great nobles, were brought up in the same way, and presented the same features of character, except that a certain smoothness and cunning were added to the compound, which overlaid the fierce sensuality below the surface. Profligate they were to a man; living themselves like feudal chiefs, their mistresses were either scattered at the houses of their retainers, or openly maintained with themselves; and so little shame was attached to such a life, that they brought up their children, acknowledging them as their own, and commonly had them declared legitimate by act of parliament. So high an example was naturally not unfollowed by the inferior clergy. Concubinage was all but universal among them, and, by general custom, the son of the parish priest succeeded to his father's benefice. Enormously wealthy, for half the land of Scotland, in one way or another, belonged to them, of duty as attaching to their position they appear to have had no idea whatsoever; further than that the Masses, for the sins of themselves and the lay lords, were carefully said and paid for. Teaching or preaching there was none; and the more arduous obligations of repentance and practical amendment of life were dispensed with by the convenient distribution of pardons and absolutions.

For the poor, besides these letters of pardon, the bishops it appears provided letters of cursing, which might or might not be of material benefit to them. "Father," said a village farmer to Friar Airth, one of the earliest reforming preachers, "can ye resolve a doubt which has risen among us: What servant will serve a man best on least expense?"—"The good angel," answered the friar, "who makes great service without expense."—"Tush," said the gossip, "we mean no such great matters. What honest man will do greatest service for least expense?" and, while the friar was musing, "I see, father," he said, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the bishops serve us husbandmen? will they not give us a letter of cursing for a plack, to curse all that look over our dyke? and that keeps our corn better nor the sleepin' boy that will have three shillin' of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon in the year?"

Such were the duties of ministers of religion in Scotland in the first half of the sixteenth century; and such was the spiritual atmosphere into which Knox, by his ordination, was introduced. If ever system could be called the mother of ungodliness, this deserved the title. What poor innocent people there may have been in the distant Highland glens, who still, under the old forms, really believed in a just and holy God, only He knows; none such appear upon the surface of history; nothing but evil—evil pure and unadulterated. Nowhere in Europe was the Catholic Church as it was in Scotland. Lying off remote from all eyes, the abuses which elsewhere were incipient, were there full blown, with all their poison fruits ripened upon them. "The Church, the Church," said Dean Annan to Knox, "ye leave us no Church."—"Yes," answered he, "I have read in David of the church of the malignants. *Odi ecclesiam malignantium*; if this church ye will be, I cannot hinder you."

But as long as it continued, it answered too well the purposes of those who profited by it, to permit them to let it be assailed with impunity; and when we say, "profited by it," we do not mean in the gross and worldly sense of profit, but we speak rather of the inward comfort and satisfaction of mind which they derived from it. It is a mistake to suppose that such a religion was a piece of conscious hypocrisy. These priests and bishops, we have no doubt, did really believe that there were such places as Heaven and Hell, and their religion was the more dear to them in proportion to their sinfulness, because it promised them a sure and easy escape from the penalties of it. By a singular process of thought, which is not uncommon among ourselves, they imagined the value of the Mass to be dependent on the world's belief in it; and the Reformers who called it an idol, were not so much supposed to be denying an eternal truth, as to

be spoiling the virtue of a convenient talisman. No wonder, therefore, that they were angry with them; no wonder that they thought any means justifiable to trample out such pernicious enemies of their peace. For a time, the Protestant preachers only made way among the common people, and escaped notice by their obscurity. As the profligacy of the higher clergy increased, however, they attracted more influential listeners; and at last, when one of the Hamiltons came back from Germany, where he had seen Luther, and began himself to preach, the matter grew serious. The Archbishop of Glasgow determined to strike a decisive blow, and, arresting this young nobleman, he burnt him in the Glasgow market-place, on the last of February, 1527. He had hoped that one example would be sufficient, but the event little answered his expectations. "The reck of Mr. Patrick Hamilton," as some one said to him, "infected as many as it did blow upon," and it soon became necessary to establish a regular tribunal of heresy. Of the scenes which took place at the trials, the following is not, perhaps, an average specimen, but that such a thing could have occurred at all, furnishes matter for many curious reflections.

A certain Alexander Ferrier, who had been taken prisoner in a skirmish and had been kept seven years in England, found on his return that "the priest had entertained his wife, and consumed his substance the while." Being overloud in his outcries, he was accused of being a heretic, and was summoned before the bishops: when, instead of pleading to the charges against himself, he repeated his own charges against the priest:—

"'And for God's cause,' he added, 'will ye take wives of your own, that I and others, whose wives ye have abused, may be revenged upon you.' Then Bishop Gavin Dunbar, thinking to justify himself before the people, said, 'Carle, thou shalt not know my wife.' The said Alexander answered, 'My lord, ye are too old, but with the grace of God, I shall drink with your daughter before I depart.' And thereat was smiling of the best, and loud laughter of some: for the bishop had a daughter, married with Andrew Balfour in the same town. Then, after divers purposes, they commanded him to burn his bill, and he demanding the cause, said, 'Because ye have spoken the articles whereof ye are accused.' His answer was, 'The muckle devil bear them away that first and last spake them;' and so he took the bill and chewing it, he spit it in Mr. Andrew Oliphant's face, saying, 'Now burn it or drown it, whether ye will, ye shall hear no more of me. But I must have somewhat of every one of you to begin my pack again, which a priest and a priest's whore have spent,' and so every prelate and rich priest, glad to be rid of his evil tongue, gave him somewhat and so departed he, for he understood nothing of religion."—*Knox, Hist.* p. 16.

Knox tells the story so dramatically, that he was probably

present. He had gone to the trial perhaps, taking his incipient doubts with him, to have them satisfied by high authority. The experiment of public trials not altogether succeeding, the French method of wholesale murder was next suggested. Lists of obnoxious persons, containing several hundred names, were presented to the king, and at one time a sort of consent was extracted from him : but there was a generosity of nature about James which would not let him go wrong for any length of time, and he recalled the permission which he had given before any attempt had been made to execute it. Profligate himself, and indifferent to the profligacy of others, his instincts taught him that it was not for such princes as he was, or such prelates as those of his church, to indulge in religious persecution ; and as long as he lived the sufferings of the Protestants, except at rare intervals, were never very great. The example of England, and the spoliation of the abbey lands now in rapid progress there, forbade the bishops to venture on a quarrel with him, when he might so easily be provoked into following a similar course : and for a time they thought it more prudent to suspend their proceedings, and let things take their way.

So the two parties grew on, watching one another's movements ; the Reformation spreading faster and faster, but still principally among the commons and the inferior gentlemen ; the church growing every day more fruitful in wickedness, and waiting for its opportunity to renew the struggle. The Protestants showed no disposition to resent their past ill treatment ; they were contented to stand on their defence, and only wished to be let alone. We are apt to picture them to ourselves as a set of gloomy fanatics, such men as Scott has drawn in Balfour of Burley or Ephraim MacBriar. On close acquaintance, however, they appear as little like fanatics as any set of men ever were. The great thing about which they were anxious was to get rid of sin and reform their lives ; and the temper in which they set about it was quiet, simple, and unobtrusive ; a certain broad humorous kindness shows in all their movements, the result of the unconscious strength which was in them ; they meddled with no one, and with nothing ; the bishops were welcome to their revenues and their women ; they envied them neither the one nor the other ; they might hate the sin, but they could pity the sinner, and with their seraglios and their mitres these great, proud men, believing themselves to be the successors of the apostles, were rather objects of compassionate laughter. Naturally they recoiled from their doctrines when they saw the fruits of them, but desirous only to live justly and uprightly themselves, and to teach one another how best to do it, they might fairly claim to be allowed to go on in such a

purpose without interference; and those who chose to interfere with them were clearly responsible for any consequences which might ensue.

Lost in their number, and as yet undistinguished among them, was John Knox. Theodore Beza tells us, that early in his life he had drawn on himself the animadversions of the authorities of the University by his lectures; but this is not consistent with his own account of himself, and it is clear that he remained quietly and slowly making up his mind, till within a year of James's death, before he finally left the Catholic church. He must then have been thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, and that he was so long in taking his first step is not easily to be reconciled with the modern theory, that he was an eager and noisy demagogue. Nor, after he had declared himself a Protestant, was there any appearance of a disposition to put himself forward; he settled down to plain quiet work as private tutor in a gentleman's family. Whoever wishes to understand Knox's character ought seriously to think of this: an ambitious man with talents such as his, does not wait till middle age to show himself. Vanity, fanaticism, impatience of control, these are restless, noisy passions, and a man who was possessed by them would not be found at forty teaching the children of a poor Scotch laird. Whatever be the real account of him, we must not look for it in dispositions such as these. But we are now coming to the time when he was called upon to show what he was.

The death of James was followed by a complication of intrigues, which terminated in the usurpation of the supreme power by Cardinal Beaton, the nominal authority being left to the regent—the foolish, incompetent Earl of Arran. Cardinal Beaton who was the ablest, as well as the most profligate of the prelates, had long seen that if the Reformation was to be crushed at all it was time to do it. The persecution had recommenced after the death of the king; but the work was too important to be left in the hands of the hesitating Arran. And Beaton, supported by a legatine authority from Rome, and by the power of the French court, took it into his own hands. The queen-mother attached herself to his party, to give his actions a show of authority; and with law, if possible, and if not, then without law, he determined to do what the interests of the church required. At this crisis, George Wishart, a native Scotchman, who had been persecuted away a few years before by the Bishop of Brechin, and had since resided at Cambridge, reappeared in Scotland, and began to preach. He was by far the most remarkable man who had as yet taken part in the Protestant movement, and Knox at once attached himself to him, and accompanied him on a preaching mission through

Lothian, carrying, we find (and this is the first characteristic which we meet with of Knox), a two-handed sword, to protect him from attempts at assassination. They were many weeks out together; Wishart field-preaching, as we should call it, and here is one little incident from among his adventures, which will not be without interest:

“One day he preached for three hours by a dyke on a muir edge, with the multitude about him. In that sermon, God wrought so wonderfully by him, that one of the most wicked men that was in that country, named Lawrence Ranken, Laird of Shiel, was converted. The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance that all men wondered. His conversion was without hypocrisy, for his life and conversation witnessed it in all time to come.”

Surely that is very beautiful: reminding us of other scenes of a like kind fifteen hundred years before: and do not let us think it was noisy rant of doctrine, of theoretic formulas; like its antitype, like all true preaching, it was a preaching of repentance, of purity, and righteousness. It is strange, that the great cardinal papal legate, representative of the vicar of Christ, could find nothing better to do with such a man than to kill him; such, however, was what he resolved on doing, and after murder had been tried and had failed, he bribed the Earl of Bothwell to seize him, and send him prisoner to St. Andrew's. Wishart was taken by treachery, and knew instantly what was before him. Knox refused to leave him, and insisted on sharing his fate; but Wishart forced him away. “Nay,” he said, “return to your bairns; ane is sufficient for a sacrifice.”

It was rapidly ended. He was hurried away, and tried by what the cardinal called form of law, and burnt under the walls of the castle; the cardinal himself, the archbishop of Glasgow, and other prelates, reclining on velvet cushions, in a window, while the execution was proceeded with in the court before their eyes. As the consequences of this action were very serious, it is as well to notice one point about it, one of many—but this one will for the present be sufficient. The execution was illegal. The regent had given no warrant to Beaton, or to any other prelate, to proceed against Wishart; to an application for such a warrant, he had indeed returned a direct and positive refusal; and the execution was therefore, not in a moral sense only, but according to the literal wording of the law, *murder*. The state of the case, in plain terms, was this. A private Scottish subject, for that he was a cardinal and a papal legate made not the slightest difference, was taking upon himself to kill, of his own private motion, another Scottish subject who was obnoxious to him. That the executive government refused to interfere with him in such proceedings does not alter the character of them; it

appears to us, indeed, that by such a refusal the government itself forfeited the allegiance of the nation; but, at any rate, Beaton was guilty of murder, and whatever punishment is due to such crimes he must be held to have deserved. It is necessary to keep this in view, if we are to bring our judgment to bear fairly on what followed. When governments are unwilling or unable to enforce the established law, we are thrown back upon those moral instincts on which rightly understood law itself is founded, and those who feel most keenly the horrors of great crimes are those who in virtue of that feeling are the appointed avengers of them. We shall tell the story of what followed in Knox's own words, his very narrative of it having itself been made matter of weighty accusation against him. The cardinal, having some misgivings as to the temper of the people, was hastily fortifying his castle. Wishart had been burnt in the winter; it was now the beginning of the summer, and the nights were so short that the workmen never left the walls.

"Early upon Saturday in the morning, the 29th of May, the gates being open, and the drawbridge let down for receiving of lime and stone, William Kircaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, if my lord cardinal was waking? who answered, 'No,'—and so it was indeed; for he had been busy at his accounts with Mistress Marion Ogilvy that night, who was espied to depart from him by the private postern that morning, and therefore quietness, after the rules of phisic, and a morning's sleep were requisite for my lord. While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them look to the work and the workmen, approached Norman Leslie with his company, and because they were no great number, they easily got entrance. They address them to the middle of the closs, and immediately came John Leslie somewhat rudely and four persons with him."

Knox goes on to tell how these young men, sixteen in all, seized the castle, turning every one out of it, and by threat of fire forced the cardinal to open the door of the room where he had barricaded himself; and then he continues:

"The cardinal sate down in a chair, and cried, 'I am a priest—I am a priest, ye will not slay me.' Then John Leslie struck him once or twice, and so did Peter Carmichael. But James Melvin—a man of nature, most gentle, and most modest—perceiving them both in choler withdrew them, and said, 'This work and judgment of God, although it be secret, yet ought to be done with greater gravity.' And presenting to him the point of his sword, he said, 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, which albeit the flames of fire consumed before men, yet cries it with a vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the

fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been and remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and his holy evangel.' And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a sword; and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but 'I am a priest—I am a priest—fie, fie, all is gone.'"

"The foulest crime," exclaims Chalmers, "which ever stained a country." . . . "It is very horrid, yet, at the same time, amusing," says Mr. Hume, "to consider the joy, alacrity, and pleasure which Knox discovers in his narrative of it," and so on through all the historians.

"Expectes cadem summo minimoque poetâ,"

even those most favourable to the Reformers, not venturing upon more than an apologetic disapproval. With the most unaccountable perversity they leave out of sight, or in the shade, the crimes of Beaton; and seeing only that he was put to death by men who had no legal authority to execute him, they can see in their action nothing but an outbreak of ferocity. We cannot waste our time in arguing the question. The estates of Scotland not only passed an amnesty for all parties concerned, but declared that they had deserved well of their country in being true to the laws of it, when the legitimate guardians of the laws forgot their duty; and, surely, any judgment which will consider the matter without temper, will arrive at the same conclusion. As to Mr. Hume's "horror and amusement" at Knox's narrative: if we ask ourselves what a clear-eyed sound-hearted man ought to have felt on such an occasion, we shall feel neither one nor the other. Is the irony so out of place? If such a man, living such a life, and calling himself a priest and a cardinal, be not an object of irony, we do not know what irony is for. Nor can we tell where a man who believes in a just God, could find fitter matter for exultation, than in the punishment which struck down a powerful criminal, whose position appeared to secure him from it.

The regent, who had been careless for Wishart, was eager to revenge Beaton. The little "forlorn hope of the Reformation" was blockaded in the castle; and Knox, who as Wishart's nearest friend was open to suspicion, and who is not likely to have concealed his opinion of what had been done, although he had not been made privy to the intention, was before long induced to join them. His life was in danger, and he had thought of retiring into Germany; but the Lord of Ormiston, whose sons were under his care, and who was personally connected with the party in the castle, persuaded him to take refuge there, carrying his pupils with him. Up to this time he had never

preached, nor had thought of preaching; but cast in the front of the battle as he was now, the time was come when he was to know his place, and was to take it. The siege was indefinitely protracted. The castle was strong, and supplies were sent by sea from England. The garrison was strengthened by adventurers, who, for one motive or another, gathered in there, and the regent could make no progress towards reducing them. The town of St. Andrews was generally on their side, and, except when it was occupied by the regent's soldiers, was open to them to come and go. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Knox was often with his boys in the church, and used to lecture and examine them there. It attracted the notice of the townspeople, who wished to hear more of the words of such a man. The castle party themselves, too, finding that they had no common person among them, joined in the same desire: and as—being a priest—there could be no technical objection to his preaching, by a general consent he was pressed to come forward in the pulpit. The modern associations with the idea of preaching will hardly give us a right idea of what it was when the probable end of it was the stake or the gibbet; and although the fear of stake or gibbet was not likely to have influenced Knox, yet the responsibility of the office in his eyes was, at least, as great as the danger of it, and he declined to “thrust himself where he had no vocation.” On which there followed a very singular scene in the chapel of the castle. In the eyes of others his power was his vocation, and it was necessary to bring him to a consciousness of what was evident to every one but himself. On Sunday, after the sermon, John Rough, the chaplain, turned to him as he was sitting in the body of the chapel, and, calling him by his name, addressed him thus:—

“Brother, ye shall not be offended, albeit, that I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all these that are here present, which is this. In the name of God, and of his son Jesus Christ, and in the name of those that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that ye refuse not this holy vocation; but as ye tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, that ye take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as ye look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that he shall multiply his grace with you.”

Then, turning to the rest of the assembly, he asked whether he had spoken well. They all answered that he had, and that they approved.

“Whereat, the said John, abashed, burst forth in the most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behaviour from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching did sufficiently declare the

grief and trouble of his heart, for no man saw any signs of mirth in him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man many days together."

Again, we ask, is this the ambitious demagogue—the stirrer-up of sedition—the enemy of order and authority? Men have strange ways of accounting for what perplexes them. This was the call of Knox. It may seem a light matter to us, who have learnt to look on preaching as a routine operation in which only by an effort of thought we are able to stimulate an interest in ourselves. To him, as his after history showed, it implied a life-battle with the powers of evil, a stormy tempestuous career, with no prospect of rest before the long rest of the grave.

The remainder of this St. Andrews business is briefly told:—At the end of fifteen months the castle was taken by the French in the name of the regent; and the garrison, with John Knox among them, carried off as prisoners to the galleys, thenceforward the greater number of them to disappear from history. Let us look once more at them before they take their leave. They were very young men, some of them under twenty; but in them, and in that action of theirs, lay the germ of the after Reformation. It was not, as we said, a difference in speculative opinion, like that which now separates sect from sect, which lay at the heart of that great movement; the Scotch intellect was little given to subtlety, and there was nothing of sect or sectarianism in the matter. But as Cardinal Beaton was the embodiment of everything which was most wicked, tyrannical, and evil in the dominant Catholicism, so the conspiracy of these young men to punish him was the antecedent of the revolt of the entire nation against it, when the pollution of its presence could no longer be borne. They had done their part, and for their reward they were swept away into exile, with prospects sufficiently cheerless. They bore their fortune with something more than fortitude, yet again with no stoic grimness or fierceness; but, as far as we can follow them, with an easy, resolute cheerfulness. Attempts were made to force them to hear mass, but with poor effect, for their tongues were saucy, and could not be restrained. When the *Salve Regina* was sung on board the galley, the Scotch prisoners clapt on their bonnets. The story of the painted *Regina* which Knox, or one of them, pitched overboard is well-known. Another story of which we hear less, is still more striking. They had been at sea all night, and Knox, who was weak and ill, was fainting over his oar in the gray of the morning, when James Balfour, as the sun rose, touched his arm, and pointing over the water, asked him if he knew where he was. There was the white church-tower, and the white houses, gleaming in the early sunlight, and all which was left standing of the Castle of St. Andrews. "I

know it," he answered; "yes, I know it. I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I shall not depart this life till my tongue again glorify his Name in that place." Most touching, and most beautiful. We need not believe, as some enthusiastic people believed, that there was anything preternatural in such a conviction. Love, faith, and hope, the great Christian virtues, will account for it. Love kept faith and hope alive in him, and he was sure that the right would prosper, and he hoped that he would live to see it. It is but a poor philosophy which, by comparison of dates and laboured evidence that the words were spoken in one year and fulfilled so many years after, would materialize so fine a piece of nature into a barren miracle.

Such were the conspirators of St. Andrews, of whom we now take our leave to follow the fortunes of Knox. He remained in the galleys between three and four years, and was then released at the intercession of the English Government. At that time he was, of course, only known to them as one of the party who had been at the castle; but he was no sooner in England than his value was at once perceived, and employment was found for him. By Edward's own desire he was appointed one of the preachers before the court; and a London rectory was offered to him, which, however, he was obliged to refuse. England, after all, was not the place for him; nor the Church of England, such as, for political reasons, it was necessary to constitute that Church. Indeed he never properly understood the English character. A Church which should seem to have authority, and yet which should be a powerless instrument of the State; a rule of faith apparently decisive and consistent, and yet so little decisive, and so little consistent, that, to Protestants it could speak as Protestant, and to Catholics as Catholic; which should at once be vague, and yet definite; diffident, and yet peremptory; and yet which should satisfy the religious necessities of a serious and earnest people; such a midge-madge as this (as Cecil described it, when, a few years later, it was in the process of reconstruction under his own eye), suited the genius of the English, but to the reformers of other countries it was a hopeless perplexity. John Knox could never find himself at home in it. The "*tolerabiles ineptiæ*" at which Calvin smiled, to him were not tolerable; and he shrank from identifying himself with so seemingly unreal a system, by accepting any of its higher offices. The force of his character, however, brought him into constant contact with the ruling powers; and here the extraordinary faculty which he possessed of seeing into men's characters becomes first conspicuous. At no time of his life, as far as we have means of knowing, was he ever mistaken in the nature of the persons

with whom he had to deal; and he was not less remarkable for the fearlessness with which he would say what he thought of them. If we wish to find the best account of Edward's ministers, we must go to the surviving fragments of Knox's sermons for it, which were preached in their own presence. His duty as a preacher he supposed to consist, not in delivering homilies against sin in general, but in speaking to this man and to that man, to kings, and queens, and dukes, and earls, of their own sinful acts as they sate below him; and they all quailed before him. We hear much of his power in the pulpit, and this was the secret of it. Never, we suppose, before or since, have the ears of great men grown so hot upon them, or such words been heard in the courts of princes. "I am greatly afraid," he said once, "that Ahitophel is counsellor; and Shebnah is scribe, controller, and treasurer." And Ahitophel and Shebnah were both listening to his judgment of them: the first in the person of the then omnipotent Duke of Northumberland; and the second in that of Lord Treasurer Paulet Marquis of Winchester. The force which then must have been in him to have carried such a practice through, he, a poor homeless, friendless exile, without stay or strength, but what was in his own heart, must have been enormous. Nor is it less remarkable that the men whom he so roughly handled were forced to bear with him. Indeed they more than bore with him, for the Duke of Northumberland proposed to make him Bishop of Rochester, and had an interview with him on the subject, which, however, led to no conclusion; the duke having to complain that "he had found Mr. Knox neither grateful nor pleaseable:" the meaning of which was, that Knox, knowing that he was a bad, hollowhearted man, had very uncourtously told him so. But upheld as he was by the personal regard of the young king, his influence was every day increasing, and it was probably in consequence of this that the further developments of Protestantism, which we know to have been in contemplation at the close of Edward's reign, were resolved upon. It is impossible to say how far such measures could have been carried out successfully, but we cannot think that it was for the interest of England that Knox, who had formed his notions of Catholicism from his experience of Scotland, should determine how much or how little of it should be retained in the English polity. Sooner or later it would have involved the country in a civil war, the issue of which, in the critical temper of the rest of Europe, could not have been other than doubtful; and it has been at all times the instinctive tendency of English statesmen to preserve the very utmost of the past which admits of preservation. The *Via Media Anglicana* was a masterpiece of statesmanship, when we consider the emer-

gencies which it was constructed to meet; the very features in it which constitute its imbecility as an enduring establishment, being what especially adapted it to the exigencies of a peculiar crisis. A better scene for Knox's labours was found at Berwick, where he could keep up his communication with Scotland, and where the character of the English more nearly resembled that of his own people. Here he remained two years, and appealed afterwards, with no little pride, to what he had done in reining in the fierce and lawless border-thieves, and the soldiers of the English garrison, whose wild life made them almost as rough as the borderers themselves. For the time that he was there, he says himself, there was neither outrage nor licence in Berwick. But he had no easy work of it, and whenever in his letters he speaks of his life, he calls it his "battle."

At Berwick, nevertheless, he found but a brief resting-place, and on the death of Edward, and the re-establishment of Catholicism, he had to choose whether he would fly again, or remain and die. He was a man too marked and too dangerous to hope for escape, while as an alien he had no relations in England to be offended by his death. In such a state of things we can scarcely wonder that he hesitated. Life was no pleasant place for him. He saw the whole body of the noblemen and gentlemen of England apostatize without an effort; and the Reformation gone, as it seemed, like a dream—Scotland was wholly French—the Queen in Paris, and betrothed to the Dauphin; with the persecution of Protestantism in full progress under the Archbishop of St. Andrews. And though his faith never failed him, the world appeared, for a time, to be given over to evil; martyrs, he thought, were wanted, "and he could never die in a more noble quarrel;" it was better that he should stay where he was, and "end his battle."

In this purpose, however, he was overruled by his friends, who, "partly by admonition, partly by tears, constrained him to obey, and give place to the fury and rage of Satan." He escaped into France, and thence into Germany; and, after various adventures, and persecuted from place to place, he found a welcome and a home at last with Calvin, at Geneva. While in England he had been engaged to the daughter of a Mr. Bowes, a gentleman of family in the north, and with Mrs. Bowes, the mother, he now kept up a constant correspondence. These letters are the most complete exhibition of the real nature of Knox which remain to us. We cannot say what general readers will think of them. It will depend upon their notions of what human life is, and what the meaning is of their being placed in this world. It might be thought that, flying for his life into a strange country, without friends and without money, he would say something, in writing

to the mother of his intended wife, of the way in which he had fared. She, too, we might fancy, would be glad to know that he was not starving; or, if he was, to know even that, in order that she might contrive some means of helping him. And afterwards, when he had found employment and a home at Geneva, we look for something about his prospects in life, his probable means of maintaining a family, and so on. To any one of ourselves in such a position, these things would be at least of some importance; but they were of none either to him or to his correspondent. The business of life, as they understood it, was to overcome the evil which they found in themselves; and their letters are mutual confessions of shortcomings and temptations. When Knox thinks of England, it is not to regret his friends or his comforts there, but only to reproach himself for neglected opportunities:—

"Some will ask," he writes, "why I did flee—assuredly I cannot tell—but of one thing I am sure, that the fear of death was not the cause of my fleeing. My prayer is that I may be restored to the battle again."

It would not be thought that, after he had dared the anger of the Duke of Northumberland, he could be accused of want of boldness or plainness of speech, and yet, in his own judgment of himself, he had been a mere coward:—

"This day my conscience accuseth me that I spake not so plainly as my duty was to have done, for I ought to have said to the wicked man expressly by his name, thou shalt die the death; for I find Jeremiah the prophet to have done so, and not only he, but also Elijah, Elisha, Micah, Amos, Daniel, Christ Jesus himself. I accuse none but myself; the love that I did bear to this my wicked carcase, was the chief cause that I was not faithful or fervent enough in that behalf. I had no will to provoke the hatred of men. I would not be seen to proclaim manifest war against the manifest wicked, whereof unfeignedly I ask my God mercy." "And besides this, I was assaulted, yea, infected and corrupted with more gross sins—that is, my wicked nature desired the favour, the estimation, the praise of men. Against which albeit that some time the Spirit of God did move me to fight, and earnestly did stir me—God knoweth I lie not—to sob and lament for those imperfections, yet never ceased they to trouble me, and so privily and craftily that I could not perceive myself to be wounded till vainglory had almost gotten the upper hand."

And again, with still more searching self-reproof:—

"I have sometimes been in that security that I felt not dolour for sin, neither yet displeasure against myself for any iniquity in which I did offend; but rather my vain heart did then flatter myself (I write the truth to my own confusion)—thou hast suffered great trouble for professing Christ's truth; God has done great things for thee, deliver-

ing thee from that most cruel bondage. He has placed thee in a most honourable vocation, and thy labours are not without fruit; therefore thou oughtest rejoice and give praises to God. Oh, mother, this was a subtle serpent who could thus pour in venom, I not perceiving it."

God help us all, we say, if this is sin. And yet, if we think of it, is not such self-abnegation the one indispensable necessity for all men, and most of all for a reformer of the world, if his reformation is to be anything except a change of one evil for a worse. Who can judge others who has not judged himself? or who can judge for others while his own small self remains at the bottom of his heart, as the object for which he is mainly concerned? For a reformer there is no sin more fatal; and unless, like St. Paul, he can be glad, if necessary, to be made even "anathema for his brethren," he had better leave reforming alone.

The years which Knox spent at Geneva were, probably, the happiest in his life. Essentially a peace-loving man, as all good men are, he found himself, for the first time, in a sound and wholesome atmosphere. Mrs. Bowes and her daughter, after a time, were able to join him there; and, with a quiet congregation to attend to, and with Calvin for a friend, there was nothing left for him to desire which such a man as he could expect life to yield. "The Geneva Church," he said, "is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the apostles." And let us observe his reason for saying so. "In other places," he adds, "I confess Christ to be truly preached, but *manners* and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place besides." He could have been well contented to have lived out his life at Geneva; as, long after, he looked wistfully back to it, and longed to return and die there. But news from Scotland soon disturbed what was but a short breathing time. The Marian persecution had filled the Lowlands with preachers, and the shifting politics of the time had induced the court to connive at, if not to encourage them. The queen-mother had manœuvred the regency into her own hand, but, in doing so, had offended the Hamiltons, who were the most powerful of the Catholic families; and, at the same time, the union of England and Spain had obliged the French court to temporize with the Huguenots. The Catholic vehemence of the Guises was neutralized by the broader sympathies of Henry the Second, who, it was said, "would shake hands with the devil, if he could gain a purpose by it;" and thus, in France and in Scotland, which was now wholly governed by French influence, the Protestants found everywhere a temporary respite from ill usage. It was a shortlived anomaly; but in Scotland it lasted long enough to turn the scale, and give them an advantage which was never lost again.

At the end of 1555, John Knox ventured to reappear there; and the seed which had been scattered eight years before, he found growing over all the Lowlands. The noble lords now came about him; the old Earl of Argyle, Lord James Stuart, better known after as Earl of Murray, Lord Glencairn, the Erskines, and many others. It was no longer the poor commons and the townspeople; the whole nation appeared to be moving; much latent scepticism, no doubt, being quickened into conversion by the prospect of a share in the abbey-lands; but with abundance of real earnestness as well, which taught Knox what might really be hoped for. Knox himself, to whom, with an unconscious unanimity, they all looked for guidance, proceeded at once to organize them into form, and, as a first step, proposed that an oath should be taken by all who called themselves Protestants, never any more to attend the mass. So serious a step could not be taken without provoking notice; the Hamiltons patched up their differences with the regent on the spot, and Knox was summoned before the Bishops' Court at Edinburgh to answer for himself. It was just ten years since they had caught Wishart and burnt him; but things were changed now, and when Knox appeared in Edinburgh he was followed by a retinue of hundreds of armed gentlemen and noblemen. The bishops shrank from a collision, and did not prefer their charge; and, on the day which had been fixed for his trial, he preached in Edinburgh to the largest Protestant concourse which had ever assembled there. He was not courting rebellion, but so large a majority of the population of Scotland were now on the reforming side, that he felt—and who does not feel with him?—that, in a free country, the lawful rights of the people in a matter touching what they conceived to be their most sacred duty were not to be set aside and trampled upon any more by an illegal and tyrannical power. In the name of the people he now drew up his celebrated petition to the queen regent, begging to be heard in his defence, protesting against the existing ecclesiastical system, and the wickedness which had been engendered by it. It was written firmly but respectfully, and the regent would have acted more wisely if she had considered longer the answer which she made to it. She ran her eye over the pages, and turning to the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was standing near her, she tossed it into his hands, saying, "Will it please you, my lord, to read a pasquil?"

"Madam," wrote Knox, when he heard of it, "if ye no more esteem the admonition of God, nor the cardinals do the scoffing of pasquils, then He shall shortly send you messengers with whom ye shall not be able in that manner to jest."

It is the constant misfortune of governments that they are

never able to distinguish the movements of just national anger from the stir of superficial discontent. The sailor knows what to look for when the air is moaning in the shrouds; the fisherman sees the coming tempest in the heaving of the under-roll; but governments can never read the signs of the times, though they are written in fire before their eyes. For the present it was thought better that Knox should leave Scotland while his friends in the meantime organized themselves more firmly. To a grave and serious people civil war is the most desperate of remedies, and by his remaining at this moment it would have been inevitably precipitated. He was no sooner gone than the Archbishop of St. Andrews again summoned him. He was condemned in his absence, and burnt in effigy the next day at the market cross. But the people were no longer in the old mood of submission, and to this bonfire they replied with another. "The great idol" of Edinburgh, St. Giles, vanished off his perch in the rood-loft of the High Church, and, after a plunge in the North Loch, the next day was a heap of ashes. The offenders were not forthcoming, and not to be found; and the regent, in high anger, summoned the preachers to answer for them. To secure herself against being a second time baffled as she had been before, by the interference of the people, she put out a proclamation that all persons who had come to Edinburgh without authority should forthwith depart from it. It so happened that "certain faithful of the west," some of Lord Argyle's men, probably, were in the town. They had come in at the news that the preachers were to be tried, and the meaning of this proclamation was perfectly clear to them; so, by way of reply to it, they assembled together, forced their way into the presence-chamber, where the queen was in council with the bishops, to complain of such strange entertainment; and not getting such an answer as they desired, one of them said to her, "Madam, we know this is the malice and device of those jefwellis and of that bastard (the Archbishop of St. Andrews) that stands by you; we vow to God we shall make a day of it. They oppress us and our tenants for feeding of their idle bellies. They trouble us and our preachers, and would murder them, and us. Shall we suffer this any more? Nay, madam, it shall not be." "And therewith every man put on his steel bonnet."

When ruling powers have to listen to language like this, and answer steel bonnets with smooth speeches and concessions, the one thing left for such rulers is to take themselves away with as much rapidity as they can, for rule they neither do nor can. At this time almost the whole of the nobility, for honest or dishonest reasons, were on the reforming side. The Church, unluckily for itself, was rich: they were poor; and if some of

them had no sympathy with Protestantism, they had also ceased to believe that any service which Catholicism could do for them entitled it to half the land in Scotland. It was, consequently, with little or no effect, that the bishops now appealed for protection to the nobles. The Archbishop of St. Andrews sent a long remonstrance to Lord Argyle for maintaining a reforming preacher. "He preaches against idolatry," Lord Argyle answered coldly. "I remit it to your lordship's conscience if that be heresy. He preaches against adultery and fornication. I remit that to your lordship's conscience." And the archbishop's connexion with Lady Gilton being somewhat notorious, it was difficult for him to meet such an answer.

If the question had been left for Scotland to settle for itself, the solution of it would have been rapid and simple. But the regent knew that sooner or later she might count on the support of France; and she believed, with good reason, that if the real power of France was once brought to bear, such resistance as the Scotch could offer to it would be crushed with little difficulty. The marriage of the young queen with the Dauphin, and the subsequent death of Henry, removed the causes which had hitherto prevented her from being supported. The Guises were again omnipotent at Paris, and their ambition, not contented with France and Scotland, extended itself on the death of Mary Tudor to England as well. With the most extravagant notions of England's weakness, and with a belief, which was rather better grounded, that the majority of the people were ill affected to a Protestant sovereign, they conceived that a French army had only to appear over the border with the flag of Mary Stuart displayed, for the same scenes to be enacted over again as had been witnessed six years before; and that Elizabeth would as easily be shaken from the throne as Jane Grey had been. But the success of the blow might depend upon the speed with which it could be struck; and no time was, therefore, to be lost in bringing Scotland to obedience. Accordingly, under one pretence and another, large bodies of troops were carried over, and the queen regent was instructed to temporize and flatter the Protestants into security, till a sufficient number had been assembled to crush them. It is no slight evidence of their good meaning that they should have allowed themselves to be deceived by her, but deceived they certainly were; and except for Knox's letters, with which he incessantly urged them to watchfulness, they might have been deceived fatally. But the clear strong understanding of Knox, far away as he was, saw through the real position of things. There was no one living whose political judgment was more sound than his, and again and again he laid before them their danger and their duty. He saw that the

intention was to make Scotland a French province, and how it would fare then with the Reformation was no difficult question.

"God speaketh to your conscience, therefore," he wrote to the lords, "unless ye be dead with the blind world, that you ought to hazard your lives, be it against kings and emperors, for the deliverance of your brethren. For that cause are ye called princes of the people, and receive of your brethren honour, tribute, and homage—not by reason of your birth and progeny, as most part of men falsely do suppose, but by reason of your office and duty, which is to vindicate and deliver your subjects and brethren from all violence and oppression to the uttermost of your power."

In the meantime the Church, as a prelude to the energetic measures which were in contemplation, thought it decent to attempt some sort of a reformation within itself. We smile as we look through the articles which were resolved upon by the episcopal conclave. They proposed, we presume, to proceed with moderation, and content themselves with doing a little at a time. No person in future was to hold an ecclesiastical benefice except a priest, such benefices having hitherto furnished a convenient maintenance for illegitimate children. *No kirkman was to nourish his bairn in his own company, but every one was to hold the children of others.* And such bairn was in no case to succeed his father in his benefice. The *naïveté* of these resolutions disarms our indignation, but we shall scarcely wonder any more at the rise or the spread of Protestantism. On the strength of them, however, or rather on the strength of the French troops, they were now determined to go on with the persecution; Walter Milne, an old man of eighty, was seized and burnt; and although the queen regent affected to deplore the bishops' severity, no one doubted that either she herself or the queen in Paris had directed them to proceed.

Now, therefore, or never, the struggle was to be. Knox left Geneva, with Calvin's blessing, for a country where he was under sentence of death, and where his appearance would be the signal either for the execution of it or for war. Civil war it could scarcely be called,—it would be a war of the Scottish nation against their sovereign supported by a foreign army; but even so, no one knew better than he that armed resistance to a sovereign was the last remedy to which subjects ought to have recourse—a remedy which they are only justified in seeking when to obey man is to disobey God; or to use more human language, when it is no longer possible for them to submit to their sovereign without sacrificing the highest interests of life. However, such a time he felt was now come. After the specimen which the Catholics had given of their notion of a reformation, to leave the religious teaching of an

earnest people in their hands was scarcely better than leaving it to the devil; and if it was impossible to wrest it from them except by rebellion, the crime would lie at the door of those who had made rebellion necessary. Crime, indeed, there always is at such times; and treason is not against persons, but against the law of right and justice. If it be treason to resist the authority except in the last extremity, yet when such extremity has arisen, it has arisen through the treason of the authority itself; and, therefore, bad princes, who have obliged their subjects to depose them, are justly punished with the extremest penalties of human justice. That is the naked statement of the law, however widely it may be necessary to qualify it, in its application to life.

On the 2nd of May, 1559, Knox landed in Scotland; crossing over, by a curious coincidence, in the same ship which brought in the new great seal of the kingdom, with the arms of England quartered upon it. The moment was a critical one; for the preachers were all assembled at Perth preparatory to appearing at Stirling on the 10th of the same month, where they were to answer for their lives. Lord Glencairn had reminded the regent of her many promises of toleration; and throwing away the mask at last, she had haughtily answered, that "it became not subjects to burden their princes with promises further than as it pleased them to keep the same." The moment was come she believed when she could crush them altogether, and crush them she would. As soon as the arrival of Knox was known, a price was set upon his head; but he determined to join his brother ministers on the spot and share their fortune. He hurried to Perth, where Lord Glencairn and a few other gentlemen had by that time collected to protect them with some thousand armed followers. The other noblemen were distracted, hesitating, uncertain. Lord James Stuart, and young Lord Argyle, were still with the queen regent; so even was Lord Ruthven, remaining loyal to the last possible moment, and still hoping that the storm might blow over. And the regent still trifled with their credulity as long as they would allow her to impose upon it. Pretending to be afraid of a tumult, she used their influence to prevail upon the preachers to remain where they were, and not to appear on the day fixed for their trial; and the preachers, acting as they were advised, found themselves outlawed for contumacy. It was on a Sunday that the news was brought them of this proceeding, and the people of Perth, being many of them Protestants, Knox, by the general voice, was called upon to preach. Let us pause for a few moments to look at him. He was now fifty-four years old, undersized, but strongly and nervously formed, and with a long beard falling

down to his waist. His features were of the pure Scotch cast; the high cheekbone, arched but massive eyebrow, and broad under jaw; with long full eyes, the *steadiness* of which, if we can trust the pictures of him, must have been painful for a man of weak nerves to look at. The mouth free, the lips slightly parted with the incessant play upon them of that deep power which is properly the sum of all the moral powers of man's nature—the power which we call humour, when it is dealing with venial weakness, and which is bitterest irony and deepest scorn and hatred for wickedness and lies. The general expression is one of repose, but like the repose of the limbs of the Hercules, with a giant's strength traced upon every line of it. Such was the man who was called to fill the pulpit of the High Church of Perth on the 11th of May, 1559. Of the power of his preaching we have many testimonies, that of Randolph, the English ambassador, being the most terse and striking; that "it stirred his heart more than six hundred trumpets braying in his ears." The subject on this occasion was the one all-comprehensive "*mass*," the idolatry of it; and the good people of Perth, never having heard his voice before, we can understand did not readily disperse when he had done. They would naturally form into groups, compare notes and impressions, and hang a long time about the church before leaving it. In the disorder of the town the same church served, it seems, for sermon and for mass; when the first was over the other took its turn: and as Knox had been longer than the priest expected, the latter came in and opened the tabernacle before the congregation were gone. An eager hearted boy who had been listening to Knox with all his ears, and was possessed by what he had heard, cried out when he saw it, "This is intolerable; that when God has plainly damned idolatry we shall stand by and see it used in despite." The priest in a rage turned and struck him, his temper naturally being at the moment none of the sweetest; and the boy, as boys sometimes do on such occasions, flung a stone at him in return. Missing the priest he hit the tabernacle, and "did break an image." A small spark is enough when the ground is strewn with gunpowder. In a few moments the whole machinery of the ritual, candles, tabernacle, vestments, crucifixes, images, were scattered to all the winds. The fire burnt the faster for the fuel, and from the church the mob poured away to the monasteries in the town. No lives were lost, but before evening they were gutted and in ruins. The endurance of centuries had suddenly given way, and the anger which for all these years had been accumulating, rushed out like some great reservoir which has burst its embankment and swept everything before it. To the Protestant leaders this ebullition of a

mob, "the rascal multitude," as even Knox calls it, was as unwelcome as it was welcome to the queen regent. She swore that "she would cut off from Perth man, woman, and child, that she would drive a plough over it and sow it with salt;" and she at once marched upon the town to put her threat in execution. The lords met in haste to determine what they should do, but were unable to determine anything; and only Lord Glencairn was bold enough to risk the obloquy of being charged with countenancing sedition. When he found himself alone in the assembly, he declared, that "albeit never a man accompanied him, he would stay with the brethren, for he had rather die with that company than live after them." But his example was not followed; all the others thought it better to remain with the regent, and endeavour, though once already so bitterly deceived by her, to mediate and temporize.

The town people in the meantime had determined to resist to the last extremity, and the regent was rapidly approaching. With a most creditable anxiety to prevent bloodshed, Lord James Stuart and Lord Argyle prevailed on the burgesses to name the conditions on which they would surrender, and when the latter had consented to do so, if the queen would grant an amnesty for the riot, and would engage that Perth should not be obliged to receive a French garrison, they hurried to lay these terms before her. The regent had no objection to purchase a bloodless victory with a promise which she had no intention of observing. Perth opened its gates; and, marching in at the head of her troops, she deliberately violated every article to which she had bound herself. The French soldiers passing along the High-street fired upon the house of an obnoxious citizen, and killed one of his children; and with an impolitic parade of perfidy the princess replied only to the complaints of the people, that "she was sorry it was the child and not the father," and she left the offending soldiers as the garrison of the town. Her falsehood was as imprudent as it was abominable. The two noblemen withdrew indignantly from the court, declaring formally that they would not support her in "such manifest tyranny;" and joining themselves openly to Knox, they hastened with him to St. Andrews, where they were presently joined by Lord Ochiltree and Lord Glencairn, and from thence sent out a hasty circular, inviting the gentlemen and lords of Scotland to assemble for the defence of the kingdom. It was still uncertain what support they might expect, and before any support had actually arrived, when Knox hastened to realize the conviction which long ago he had expressed on board the French galley, and to "glorify God" in the pulpit of the Church where "God had first opened his voice." If he had superstitious feelings on

the matter we cannot quarrel with him for them; and although it was at the risk of his life, (for a detachment of the French were at Falkland, only twelve miles distant, and the archbishop had sent a message to the lords, "that in case the said John presented himself to the preaching place in his town, he should gar him be saluted with a dozen culverins, whereof the most part should light on his nose,") yet at such a time the boldest policy is always the soundest, and he refused to listen to the remonstrances of his friends. "To delay to preach to-morrow," he said the evening before the day fixed, "unless the body be violently withholden, I cannot of conscience. For in this town and king began God first to call me to the dignity of a preacher, and this I cannot conceal, which more than one heard me say when the body was far absent from Scotland, that my assured hope was to preach in St. Andrews before I departed this life." He went straightforward, he preached as he had done at Perth, and with a still more serious effect, for the town council immediately after the sermon voted the abolition of "all monuments of idolatry." The circumstance of the prophecy, and still more the circumstance of their previous knowledge of him, his present position as an outlaw with a price upon his head, the threats of the archbishop with the doubt whether he would attempt to put them in force; all these, added to the power of Knox's own thunder, explain the precipitancy of the resolutions in the excitement which they must have produced; and the resolutions themselves were immediately carried into effect. *Some one to go first* is half the battle of a revolution, and with such a leader as Knox it is easy to find followers. By the time the regent's troops were under the walls so many thousand knights, gentlemen, and citizens, were in arms to receive them, that they shrank back without venturing a blow, and retired within their intrenchments; and thus within six short weeks, for it was no more since Knox landed, the Reformers were left masters of the field, conquerors in an armed revolt which had not cost a single life of themselves or of their enemies, so overwhelming was the force which the appearance of this one man had summoned into action. We require no better witness of the prostration of the Catholic faith in Scotland, or of the paralysis into which it had sunk.

"And now," wrote Knox to a friend, "the long thirst of my wretched heart is satisfied in abundance. Forty days and more hath my God used my tongue in my native country to the manifestation of His glory. Whatsoever now shall follow as touching my own carcase, His holy name be praised."

The rest of the summer the queen regent was obliged to remain a passive spectator of a burst of popular feeling with

which, as long as it was at its height her power was wholly inadequate to cope, and which she was forced to leave to work its will, till it cooled of itself. . . . That it would and must cool sooner or later, a less shrewd person than Mary of Guise could foresee: feeling of all kinds is in nature transient and exhausting, and the goodness of a cause will not prevent enthusiasm from flagging, or unpaid and unsupported armies from disintegrating. Her turn, therefore, she might safely calculate would come at last; and, in the meantime, there was nothing for it but to sit still, while, by a simultaneous movement over the entire Lowlands, the images were destroyed in the churches, and the monasteries laid in ruins. Not a life was lost, not a person was injured, no private revenge was gratified in the confusion, no private greediness took opportunity to pilfer. Only the entire material of the old faith was washed clean away.

This passionate iconoclasm has been alternately the glory and the reproach of John Knox, who has been considered alike by friends and enemies the author of it. For the purification of the churches there is no doubt that he was responsible to the full, whatever the responsibility may be which attaches to it,—but the destruction of the religious houses was the spontaneous work of the people, which in the outset he looked upon with mere sorrow and indignation. Like Latimer in England, he had hoped to preserve them for purposes of education and charity; and it was only after a warning which sounded in his ears as if it came from heaven, that he stood aloof, and let the popular anger have its way; they had been nests of profligacy for ages; the earth was weary of their presence upon it; and when the retribution fell, it was not for him to arrest or interfere with it. Scone Abbey, the residence of the Bishop of Murray, was infamous, even in that infamous time, for the vices of its occupants; and the bishop himself having been active in the burning of Walter Milne, had thus provoked and deserved the general hatred. After the French garrison was driven out of Perth, he was invited to appear at the conference of the lords, but, unwilling or afraid to come forward, he blockaded himself in the abbey. A slight thing is enough to give the first impulse to a stone which is ready to fall; the townpeople of Perth and Dundee, having long scores to settle with him and with the brotherhood, caught at the opportunity, and poured out and surrounded him. John Knox, with the provost of Perth and what force they could muster, hurried to the scene to prevent violence, and for a time succeeded; Knox himself we find keeping guard all one night at the granary door: but the mob did not disperse; and prowling ominously round the walls, in default of other weapons, made free use of their tongues.

From sharp words to sharp strokes is an almost inevitable transition on such occasions. In the gray of the morning, a *son of the bishop* ran an artizan of Dundee through the body, and in an instant the entire mass of the people dashed upon the gates. The hour of Scone was come. Knox was lifted gently on one side, and in a few minutes the abbey was in a blaze. As he stood watching the destruction, "a poor aged matron," he tells us, "who was near him, seeing the flame of fire pass up so mightily, and perceiving that many were thereat offended, in plain and sober manner of speaking said, 'Now I perceive that God's judgments are just, and that no man is able to save when he will punish. Since my remembrance, this place has been nothing but a den of whoremongers. It is incredible to believe how many wives have been adulterated, and virgins deflowered by the filthy beasts which have been fostered in this den, but especially by that wicked man who is called the bishop. If all men knew as much as I, they would praise God, and no man would be offended.'"

Such was the first burst of the Reformation in Scotland; we need not follow the course of it. It was the rising up of a nation, as we have said, against the wickedness which had taken possession of the holiest things and holiest places, to declare in the name of God that such a spectacle should no longer be endured. Of the doctrines of Scotch Protestantism, meaning by that the speculative scheme of Christianity which was held and taught by Knox and the other ministers, we say but little, regarding it as by no means the thing of chiefest importance. Formal theology at its best is no more than a language,—an expression in words of mysteries which the mind of man can never adequately comprehend, and is, therefore, like all other human creations, liable to continual change. In Knox's own words, "All worldly strength, yea, even in things spiritual, doth decay;" and all languages become in time dead languages, and the meaning of them is only artificially preserved among us. Religion, as these Reformers understood it, (and as all religious men understand it, whatever be their language,) meant this, that the business of man upon earth was to serve Almighty God, not with forms and words, but with an obedient life, to hate all sin, impurity, hypocrisy, and falsehood; and whatever Protestantism may have become after three centuries of establishment, Protestantism at its outset meant a return to this, from formalism the mother of all wickedness. It were a poor conception, indeed, that so great a quarrel was for the truth or falsehood of a speculative system of theology. Then, indeed, the world gained little by the change; for, if Calvinism was once a motive power to holiness, so, too, was once the mass

itself; and if the mass became an idol and a cause of confusion and sin, by a process exactly analogous the theory of vicarious righteousness may now be found in the Welsh valleys producing an identical result. So it is, and so it always will be, as long as any special virtue is supposed to reside in formal outward act, or formal inward theory, irrespective of purity of heart and manliness of life.

The details of the war which followed need not concern us here. The French were reinforced; the Protestants, as had been foreseen, broke in pieces at the beginning of the winter; and, reverse following on reverse, there was soon as much despondency as there had been enthusiasm, and they were driven in the end to throw themselves on the protection of Elizabeth, which she was, only with the utmost difficulty, prevailed upon to consent to extend to them. Her English love of order was outraged by their turbulence. Her despotic Tudor blood could not endure the rising of subjects against their sovereign; and, though she *knew* that the right was on their side, it was less easy for her to *feel* it. Knox himself, by his unfortunate "Blast against the Regimen of Women," had made himself personally odious to her; and though she could hardly have failed to see his merit, yet his character would under no circumstances have attracted her affection. Nor had he any skill to deal with such a temper as hers. The diplomatic correspondence with England fell to his conduct; and he began it with a justification of his book, which, right or wrong, he had much better have passed over; he told her that she was to consider herself an exception to a rule, that she reigned by the choice of God, and not by right of inheritance; and he could not have touched a nerve on which she was more sensitive, or challenged a right of which she was more jealous. Nor did Cecil fare any better than his mistress. To him he commenced with rebukes for his "horrible apostasy" in having conformed, under Mary, to the Romish ritual. He was unable to understand the difference in the circumstances of the two kingdoms, or in the characters of the two nations. Cecil was an Englishman—it is at once the explanation of, and the apology for his conduct; but to Knox it was neither the one nor the other. He could only conceive of the Mass as the service of the devil; and the "adiaphorism" of the English was to him no better than atheism. Elizabeth took no notice of the letter to herself; Cecil answered him for her as well as for himself, with quiet and well-timed humour. "*Non est masculus neque fœmina,*" he wrote, "*omnes enim ut ait Paulus unum sumus in Christo Jesu. Benedictus vir qui confidit in Domino; et erit Dominus fiducia ejus.*" He knew, and the queen knew, however difficult she found it to

make the acknowledgment to herself, that the French must not be allowed to triumph in Scotland; and as soon as it became clear that the Protestants could not maintain themselves without assistance it was freely and effectively given.

And now we pass on to the meeting of the estates and the settlement of the new kirk constitution. Mary of Guise was dead; the French were finally driven out, and the queen of Scotland had been so identified with them that, on their defeat, she was left without authority or influence in the country. The estates met as an independent and irresponsible body to act for themselves as they should think good; and the French commissioners had engaged on behalf of the titular queen that she would ratify whatever they should resolve upon. The session opened with a national thanksgiving; and, considering how vast a victory had been gained, and how "manifestly," as Knox conceived, God had fought for the movement, it was natural that he should be sanguine in his expectation of what would now be done by a grateful people. In the enormous revenue of the church he saw a magnificent material, not to salary the new kirk ministers, but to found schools and universities, to endow hospitals and almshouses; in his own broad language, he called it restoring the temple; and perhaps for the moment, he allowed himself to believe that the noble lords of Scotland were as enthusiastic for the good of the people as he was himself. But it was one thing to win the victory, and another to divide the spoil. "Heh, then," said young Maitland of Lethington, "we must forget ourselves now; we mun a' bear the barrow, and build the house of the Lord." Not quite. The ministers should have sufficient stipend, but for the rest they would consider. Nor was this the only disappointment. We have seen that what Knox had chiefly valued in the Genevan reformation was the discipline of morals, which was established along with it. A serious attempt had been made by Calvin to treat sins as civil crimes, to graduate all punishments inflicted by the law, according to the scale of moral culpability; and he had succeeded apparently so well, that the example was pressed upon Scotland; a body of laws was drawn up by Knox, known commonly by the name of the First Book of Discipline, and offered to the private consideration of the lords. So many of them at first subscribed their names to it, that it was formally submitted to debate. But, as Maitland again observed, they had subscribed most of them "*in fide parentum*, as children were baptized;" and "certain persons," Knox tells us, "perceiving their carnal liberty to be somewhat impaired thereby, grudged; insomuch that the name of the Book of Discipline became odious to them. Everything which repugned to their corrupt

affections was termed in their mockage, 'Devout Imaginations.'** And yet if there were partial failures, when we consider the necessary imperfection inherent in all human things, and when we remember that the work which actually was done by the estates was the extemporizing in a few weeks a new ecclesiastical, and, in many respects, civil constitution for an entire kingdom, we shall not be disposed to complain of them. It was roughly done, but done sternly and strongly, and the substantial evils were swept utterly away. Of the "Devout Imaginations," so much was actually realized, that laws were passed with punishments annexed to them, against adultery, fornication, and drunkenness, while the mass was prohibited for ever, under penalty, for the first offence, of confiscation; for the second, of banishment; for the third, of death.

Oh! intolerance without excuse! exclaim the modern Liberals; themselves barely emancipated from persecution, the first act of these Protestants is to retaliate with the same odious cruelty; clamouring for the liberty of conscience, they do but supersede one tyranny by another, more narrow and exclusive, &c. This, at bottom, we believe, is the most grievous of all Knox's offences, the one sin never to be forgiven by the enlightened mind of the nineteenth century. Let us see what can be said about it. We do not look for the explanation, with some modern apologists, in the want of reciprocity on the part of the Catholics, in the impossibility of tolerating a creed which is in itself intolerant. In England, the mass was forbidden because it was identified with civil disaffection. In Scotland, it was forbidden because it was supposed to be idolatry, and so to be forbidden by God; the Bible was positive and peremptory; and the Bible was accepted, *bonâ fide*, as the guide of life. The fact is, toleration, in the modern sense, is a phenomenon of modern growth, and the result of a condition of things of very recent existence. We have no toleration for what we believe to be evil, or for what plainly and obviously leads to evil; God forbid that we should. But as we look round among the sects into which we are divided, and see that good and evil are very equally distributed among us, we learn to speak of our speculative differences, no longer as matters of conscience, but merely as differences of

* This well-known expression has been placed by Sir Walter Scott in the mouth of the Earl of Murray. If the mistake were ever so insignificant it would be worth correcting; and it is therefore as well to say that Knox himself is the only authority for the words, and that the description which he gives of the speaker as little agrees with the opinion which he elsewhere expresses of Murray as the words themselves with Murray's general character. There is no evidence, either positive or probable, in favour of Scott's conjecture—if, indeed, it was a conjecture at all, and was more than carelessness.

opinion, which do not touch the conscience at all. We experience, as matter of fact, that the holding of this or that opinion is no obstacle to an adequate discharge of public and private duty; that a man may be a Catholic, a Protestant, a Socinian, or a Jew, and yet be an honest man and a good citizen; and we cannot permit the persecution of speculations of which moral evil is not a visible result. This is what we mean by toleration, and three centuries ago it could not exist, because the reason for it did not exist. In England, a Catholic *could not be* a good citizen: in Scotland, he *was not* an honest man. The products of Catholicism there, as the experience of centuries proved, were nothing better than hypocrisy and licentiousness; and, finding in the Bible that "the idolator should die the death," and finding the mass producing the exact fruits which the same Bible connected with idolatry, the Scotch Reformers could as little tolerate Catholics as they could tolerate thieves or murderers. We are, therefore, inclined to dismiss this outcry of intolerance as meaningless and foolish. In the absolute prohibition of the mass lay, when rightly understood, the heart of the entire movement; and, in the surrender of this one point, as they soon experienced to their sorrow, they lost all which they had gained.

So then, in spite of the Maitlands and the Erskines, and the other spoliators of church property, Knox could find matter enough for exultation. "What adulterer," he asks, triumphantly, "what fornicator, what known mass-monger, or pestilent papist, durst have been seen in public in any reformed town within this realm before that the queen arrived?" Work greater than this was never achieved by reformers on the earth. We may well wonder that the arrival of a young lady, hardly twenty years old, should have been able to disintegrate it. We have seen Knox in conflict with many forms of evil: he had now to contend with it under one more aspect, the last, but most dangerous of all.

But one year had passed since Mary Stuart had been queen of France as well as of Scotland, and re-elected queen of England, with the full power of a mighty nation preparing to enforce her right; and now she was coming to her own poor inheritance a lonely widow, at the moment when it was flushed with a successful revolt, her influence in France lying buried in her husband's grave, and her claim to England disavowed in her name by her own commissioners: and yet, feeble as she seemed, she was returning with a determined purpose to undo all that had been done; to overthrow the Reformation, to overthrow Elizabeth, and, on the throne of the two kingdoms, lay them both as an offering before the Pope. Elsewhere, in this "Review," we

have given our opinion of this remarkable woman, and she will only appear before us here in her relation with the reformers; but the more we examine her history, the more cause we find to wonder at her; and deep as were her crimes, her skill, her enterprise, her iron and dauntless resolution, almost tempt us to forget them.

She never doubted her success; she knew the spell which would enchant the fierce nobles of her country. There was but one man whom, on the eve of her setting out, she confessed that she feared, and that was Knox. He alone, she knew, would be proof against her Armida genius, and if she could once destroy him, she could carry all before her. Nor had she either misjudged her subjects or overrated her own power. Before she had been three years at home, she had organized a powerful party, that were wholly devoted to her. She had broken the Protestant league, and scattered disaffection and distrust among its members. Murray had quarrelled with Knox for her. Argyle was entangled with the Irish rebels. The mass was openly re-established through town and country: and, while the Reformation was melting like snow all over Scotland, the northern English counties were ready, at a signal, to rise in arms against Elizabeth.

The self-restraint which she practised upon herself in order to effect all this is as remarkable as the effect itself which she produced. She pretended, at her return, that all which she desired was the love of her subjects. She would govern as they wished, and do what they wished. For her religion she could not immediately answer: she had been brought up a Catholic, and she could not change her faith like a dress; but she had no thought of interfering with them; and, in return, she modestly requested, what it seemed as if she might have demanded as a right, that for the present she should be allowed the private exercise of the religion of her fathers. How was it possible to refuse a petition so humble? urged, too, as it was, in the name of conscience by lips so beautiful. Honour, courtesy, loyalty, every knightly feeling made it. What was there in a single mass, that the sour ministers, with Knox at the head of them, should make such a noise about it? Even Murray was the warmest advocate for yielding. Scotland, he said, would be disgraced for ever if she was driven away from it on such a plea. It would only be for a little while, and time and persuasion, and, above all, the power of the truth, would not fail to do their work upon a mind so tender and so gentle.

And yet, as Knox knew well, a conviction which courtesy could influence, was no longer a sacred one; and to concede a permission to do what the law declared to be a crime, was to

condemn the law itself as unjust and tyrannous. "That one mass," he said, "was more fearful to him than the landing of ten thousand men;" he knew, and Mary knew too, that to grant her that one step was to give up the game, and that on the mere ground of political expediency to yield on that point was suicide.

Here is a picture of the way in which things went. At a distance from Holyrood the truth had a better chance of being felt, and the noblemen who were in the country hurried up, "wondrous offended," when they heard of this mass, to know what it meant:—

"So that every man, as he came up, accused them that were before him; but after they had remained a space, they were as quiet as the former; which thing perceived, a zealous and godly man, Robert Campbell, of Kingancleugh, said to Lord Ochiltree, 'My lord, now ye are come, and almost the last, and I perceive by your anger the fire edge is not off you; but I fear that, after the holy water of the court be sprinkled upon you, that ye shall become as temperate here as the rest. I have been here now five days, and I heard every man say at the first, Let us hang the priest; but after they had been twice or thrice in the Abbey, all that fervency passed. I think there is some enchantment whereby men are bewitched.'"

The queen lost no time in measuring her strength against Knox, and looking her real enemy in the face. A week after her landing, she sent for him; and the first of those interviews took place in which he is said to have behaved so brutally. Violence was not her policy; she affected only a wish to see the man of whom she had heard so much, and her brother was present as a blind. We confess ourselves unable to discover the supposed brutality. Knox for many years had been the companion of great lords and princes; his manner, if that is important, had all the calmness and self-possession which we mean by the word high-breeding; and unless it be the duty of a subject to pretend to agree with his sovereign, whether he really agrees or not, it is difficult to know how he could have conducted himself otherwise than he did. She accused him of disaffection towards her. He said that she should find him dutiful and obedient wherever his conscience would allow him. She complained of the exception, and talked in the Stuart style of the obligation of subjects. He answered by instancing the Jews under the Babylonian princes, and the early Christians under the emperors:—

"'But they resisted not with the sword,' she said.

"'God, madam,' he replied, 'had not given them the means.'

"'Then, you think subjects having power may resist their princes,' she said.

"If the princes exceed their bounds, madam," was his answer, 'and do against that wherefore they should be obeyed, there is no doubt that they may be resisted even by force. For there is neither greater honour nor greater obedience to be given to kings or princes than God has commanded to be given to fathers and mothers; but so it is that the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in the which he would slay his own children. Now, madam, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and, finally, bind his hands; and keep him in prison till that his frenzy be overpast—think ye, madam, that the children do any wrong? It is even so with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy, and therefore to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison, till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God.'"

He had touched the heart of the matter; the queen "stood as it were amazed," and said nothing for a quarter of an hour. But is there anything disrespectful in this? Surely it was very good advice, which would have saved her life if she had followed it; and, for the manner, it would have been more disrespectful if, because he was speaking to a woman, he had diluted his solemn convictions with soft and unmeaning phrases. "He is not afraid," some of the courtiers whispered as he passed out. "Why," he answered, "should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman fear me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and have not been afraid above measure." Dr. M'Crie has spoilt this by inventing "a sarcastic scowl" for him on this occasion. Men like Knox do not "scowl sarcastically," except in novels, and Dr. M'Crie was forgetting himself. We can only conjecture what the queen thought of Knox. Tears, as we know, were her resource, and we have heard enough and too much of these; but they answered their purpose with her brother. "Mr. Knox hath spoken with the queen," Randolph writes to Cecil, "and he made her weep, as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as for grief; though in this the Lord James will disagree with me." Of her, Knox said on the day of the interview, "In communication with her I espied such craft, as I have not found in such age. If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God, and against his truth, my judgment faileth me." But, for the time, he was alone in this judgment; he could neither prevent the first concession of the mass, nor could he afterwards have it recalled, even when the results began to show themselves. And let us acknowledge that no set of gentlemen were ever placed in a harder position than this Council of Scotland; it is more easy to refuse a request which is

backed by sword and cannon, than when it is in the lips of a young and beautiful princess; and their compliance cost them dear enough without the hard opinion of posterity. But it was from no insensibility of nature that Knox was so loud in his opposition; it was because evil was evil, let the persuasive force be what it would; and the old story that the soundest principle is the soundest policy, was witnessed to once more by thirteen years of crime and misery, due, all of it, to that one mistake.

But there were forces deeper than human will, and stronger than human error, on the side of the Protestants. In their language we should say God fought for them; in our own, that the laws by which he governs the world would have their way; and that the inherent connexion of Catholicism, in those the last days of its power, with evil, was forced again to manifest itself. Even at the outset, in its claim for toleration, unconsciously it confessed its nature. When the municipal law was read according to custom at the Market Cross at Edinburgh, that "no adulterer, fornicator, or obstinate papist that corrupted the people, be found after forty-eight hours' notice within the precincts of the town," the council who had ordered it were deposed by command of the court, and a counter-proclamation issued, "That the town should be patent to all the queen's lieges." And so, says Knox, "the devil got freedom again, whereas before he durst not have been seen in daylight upon the common street." How it came to pass that the Roman-catholic religion had come to be attended with such companions, why it was then so fruitful in iniquity, when once it had been the faith of saints, and when in our own day the professors of it (in this country) are at least as respectable as those of any other communion, are questions curious enough, but which would lead us far from our present subject; the fact itself is matter of pure experience. The cause perhaps was, briefly, that it was not a religion at all; with the ignorant it was a superstition; with the queen and the ecclesiastics it was the deadliest of misbeliefs; they had been brought to conceive that in itself it was a cause so excellent, that the advocacy and defence of it would be accepted of Heaven in lieu of every other virtue.

The court set the example of profligacy. Mary's own conduct was at first only ambiguous; but her French relations profited by the recovered freedom of what Knox calls the devil. The good people of Edinburgh were scandalized with shameful brothel riots, and not Catherine de Medicis herself presided over a circle of young ladies and gentlemen more questionable than those which filled the galleries of Holyrood. From the courtiers the scandal extended to herself, and in two years two

of her lovers had already died upon the scaffold under very doubtful circumstances. Even more offensive and impolitic was the gala with which she celebrated the massacre of Vassy, the first of that infernal catalogue of crimes by which the French annals of those years are made infamous, and at last she joined the league which was to execute the Tridentine decrees, and extirpate Protestantism. Knox, from his pulpit in St. Giles's, week after week, denounced these things; but the knights of the holy war were all wandering enchanted in the Armida forest, and refused to listen to him; and the people, though they lay beyond the circle of the charm, were, as yet, unable to interfere. Yet, in Knox, the fire which Mary dreaded was still kept alive, and she left no means untried to extinguish it. She threatened him, she cajoled him, sending for him again and again. Once she thought she had caught him, and he was summoned before the council to answer for one of his addresses, but it was all in vain. No weapon formed against him prospered. "What are you," she said another time, "in this commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same, madam," he answered; "and albeit neither earl nor baron, yet God has made me, how abject soever in your eyes, a profitable member within the same." If no one else would speak the truth, the truth was not to remain unspoken, and should be spoken by him. After one of these interviews we find him falling into very unusual society. He had been told to wait in the anteroom, and being out of favour at court, "he stood in the chamber, although it was crowded with people who knew him, as one whom men had never seen." So, perceiving some of the young palace ladies sitting there, in their gorgeous apparel, like a gentleman as he was, he began to "forge talking" with them. Perhaps it will again be thought brutal in him to have frightened these delicate beauties, by suggesting unpleasant recollections. All depends on the way he did it; and if he did it like himself, there was no reason why, once in their lives, they should not listen to a few words of reason:—

"Oh, fair ladies," he said to them, "how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end, that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not, and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it cannot carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearls, nor precious stones."

This was no homily or admonition escaped out of a sermon, but a pure piece of genuine feeling right out from Knox's heart. The sight of the poor pretty creatures affected him. Very likely he could not help it.

So, however, matters went on growing worse and worse, till

the Darnley marriage, the culminating point of Mary's career. Hitherto, as if by enchantment, she had succeeded in everything which she had attempted. The north of England was all at her devotion; with her own subjects her will had become all but omnipotent. The kirk party among the commons were firm among themselves; but the statesmen and the noblemen had deserted their cause, and they were now preparing to endure a persecution which they would be unable to resist. The Earl of Murray, whose eyes at last were opened, knowing that Darnley had been chosen by his sister as a prelude to an invasion of England, had opposed the marriage with all his power; and well it would have been for her if she had listened to him. But Murray utterly failed. He called on his old party to support him, but it was all gone—broken in pieces by his own weakness, and by others' faults; and he had to fly for his life over the borders.

The Darnley marriage, however, which appeared so full of promise, was the one irretrievable step which ruined everything, and we can easily understand how it came to be so. Mary married for a political object, but she had overcalculated her powers of endurance, and though she must have known Darnley to be a fool, she had not counted on his being an unmanageable one. If he would have been passive in her hands—if he could have had the discretion not to see her vices, and would have been contented with so much favour as she was pleased to show him—all would have gone well; but he was foolish enough to resent and revenge his disgrace, and then to implore her to forgive him for having revenged it; and although her anger might have spared him, her contempt could not. There is no occasion for us to enter again upon that story. It is enough that, having brought her cause to the very crisis of success by a skill and perseverance without parallel in history, she flung it away with as unexampled a recklessness, and, instead of being the successful champion of her faith, she became its dishonour and its shame.

At the time of the murder, and during the months which followed it, Knox was in England; he returned, however, immediately on the flight of Bothwell, and was one of the council which sat to determine what should be done with the queen. It has been repeatedly stated that, in the course which was ultimately taken, the lords violated promises which they made to her before her surrender; but there is no reason for thinking so. The condition of a more lenient treatment was a definite engagement to abandon her husband; and, so far from consenting to abandon him, she declared to the last that "she would follow him in a linen kirtle round the world." But if the imprisonment at Lochleven appears to some amiable persons so inhuman and so barbarous, there was a party who regarded that measure as culpable

leniency. Knox, with the ministers of the kirk, demanded that she should be brought to an open trial, and that, if she were found guilty of her husband's murder, she should be punished as any private person would be who committed the same crime. We have found hitherto that when there was a difference of opinion between him and the other statesmen, the event appeared to show that he, and not they, had been right;—right in the plain, common-sense, human view;—and the same continues to hold on the present occasion.

We are most of us agreed that the enormity of crimes increases in the ratio of the rank of the offender; that when persons whom the commonwealth has intrusted with station and power commit murder and adultery, their guilt is as much greater in itself, as the injury to society is greater from the effects of their example. But to acknowledge this in words, and yet to say that when sovereigns are the offenders sovereigns must be left to God, and may not be punished by man, is equivalent to claiming for them exemption from punishment altogether, and, in fact, to denying the divine government of the world. God does not work miracles to punish sinners; he punishes the sins of men by the hands of men. It is the law of the earth, as the whole human history from the beginning of time witnesses. Not the sovereign prince or princess, but the law of Almighty God is supreme in this world; and wherever God gives the *power* to execute it, we may be sure that it is His will that those who hold the power are to use it. If there is to be mercy anywhere for offenders, if any human beings at all are to be exempted from penalties, the exceptions are to be looked for at the other extreme of the scale, among the poor and the ignorant, who have never had means of knowing better.

If, therefore, Mary Stuart was guilty, we cannot but think that Knox knew best how to deal with her; and if the evidence, which really convinced all Scotland and England at the time that guilty she was, had been publicly, formally, and judicially brought forward, it would have been to the large advantage both of herself and the world that then was, and of all after generations. She, if then she had ascended the scaffold, would have been spared seventeen more years of crime. Scotland would have been spared a miserable civil war, of which the mercy that was shown her was the cause; and the world that came after would have been spared the waste of much unprofitable sympathy, and a controversy already three centuries long, which shows no sign of ending. It is one thing, we are well aware, to state in this hard, naked way, what ought to have been done; and quite another to have done it. Perhaps no action was ever demanded of any body of men which required more moral

courage. But for all that Knox was right. In the Bible, which was the canon of his life, he found no occasion for believing that kings and queens were, *ex officio*, either exempted from committing sins, or exempted from being punished for them. He saw in Mary a conspirator against the cause which he knew to be the cause of truth and justice, and he saw her visited, as it were, with penal blindness, staggering headlong into crime as the necessary and retributive consequence. For centuries these poor Scotch had endured these adulteries, and murders, and fornications, and they had risen up, at the risk of their lives, and purged them away; and here was a woman, who had availed herself of her position as their queen, "to set the devil free again," and become herself high priestess in his temple. With what justice could any offender be punished more, if she were allowed to escape? Escape, indeed, she did not. Vengeance fell, at last, on all who were concerned in that accursed business. Bothwell died mad in a foreign prison; the Archbishop of St. Andrews was hanged; Maitland escaped the executioner by poison; and Mary herself was still more sternly punished, by being allowed to go on, heaping crime on crime, till she, too, ended on the scaffold. But instead of accusing Knox of ferocity and hardness of heart, we will rather say that he only, and those who felt with him and followed him, understood what was required alike by the majesty of justice and the real interests of the world.

The worst, however, was now over: the cause of the Catholics was disgraced beyond recovery: the queen was dethroned and powerless; and the reformers were once more able to go forward with their work. Even so, they were obliged to content themselves with less than they desired; possibly they had been over sanguine from the first, and had persuaded themselves that more fruit might be gathered out of man's nature, than man's nature has been found capable of yielding; but it seemed as if the queen had flung a spell over the country from which, even after she was gone, it could not recover. Her name, as long as she was alive, was a rallying cry for disaffection, and those who were proof against temptation from her, took little pains to resist temptation from their own selfishness. The Earl of Morton, one of the most conspicuous professors of Protestantism, disgraced it with his profligacy; and many more disgraced it by their avarice. The abbey lands were too little for their large digestions. The office of bishops had been abolished in the church, but the maintenance of them, as an institution, was convenient for personal purposes; the noble lords nominating some friend or kinsman to the sees as they fell vacant, who, without duties and without ordination, received the revenues and paid

them over to their patrons, accepting such salary in return as was considered sufficient for their discreditable service.

Yet if there was shadow there was more sunshine, and quite enough to make Knox's heart glad at last. The Earl of Murray was invited by the estates to undertake the regency; and this itself is a proof that they were sound at heart, for without doubt he was the best and the ablest man among them. The illegitimate son of James the Fifth, whatever virtue was left in the Stuart blood had been given to him to compensate for his share in it, and while he was very young he had drawn the attention of the French and English courts, as a person of note and promise.

After remaining loyal as long as loyalty was possible to the queen-mother, he attached himself as we saw to John Knox, and became the most powerful leader of the Reformation. Bribes and threats were made use of to detach him from it, but equally without effect; even a cardinal's red hat was offered him by Catherine if he would sell his soul for it. But for such a distinction he had as little ambition as Knox himself could have had, and his only mistake arose from a cause for which we can scarcely blame his understanding, while it showed the nobleness of his heart; he believed too well, and he hoped too much of his father's daughter, and his affection for her made him blind. For her he quarrelled with his best friends; he defended her mass, and was for years her truest and most faithful servant; and she rewarded his affection with hatred, and his fidelity with plots for his murder. Whatever uprightness was seen in the first years of her administration was his work, for which she little thanked him; and the Scotch people, even while they deplored the position in which he had placed himself, yet could not refuse him their love for it. When he saw at last the course to which she had surrendered herself, he withdrew in shame from the court; he had no share in her deposition; he left Scotland after the murder, only returning to it when he was invited to take upon himself the regency and the guardianship of his nephew; and he came back saddened into a truer knowledge of mankind, and a determination to do his duty, cost him what it would. He could be no stranger to what the world would say of him. He knew that those who had tried already to murder him, would make their plots surer, and their daggers sharper now—but he dared it all, and the happiest three years which Scotland had known were those of his government. The thieves of the Border were held down; the barons were awed or coerced into respect for property and life, and the memory of those golden years lived long in the admiring regret of less

favoured times. Even the Book of Discipline, though it could not be passed in its fulness, yet became law in many of its most important provisions. Among others let us look at the punishment which was decreed against fornicators :—

“ On the first offence they are to pay eighty pounds (Scots), or be committed to prison for eight days, and there fed only upon bread and the smallest beer. They are afterwards, on the next market-day, to be placed in some conspicuous situation, whence they may easily be seen by every one, there to remain from ten o'clock till twelve, with their heads uncovered and bound with rings of iron. For the second offence, the penalty is one hundred and thirty pounds, or sixteen days' imprisonment, on bread and water; their heads to be shaved, and themselves to be exposed as before. For the third offence, two hundred pounds, or forty eight days' imprisonment; and then, after having been three times dipped in deep water, to be banished the town or parish.”

We talk of the progress of the species, and we are vain of our supposed advance in the virtues of civilized humanity, but no such wholesome horror of sensuality is displayed among ourselves. We shall perhaps insist that this law was a dead letter, that it could not have been enforced, and that to enact laws which are above the working level of morality, is to bring law itself into disrespect. But there is reason to think, that it was not altogether a dead letter, and there was a special provision that “gryt men offending in syk crimes should receive the same as the pure;” under which one noble lady at least actually suffered, though for a different offence.

But nations, it will be said, cannot be governed in this way, and for the present, such is the “hardness of our hearts,” it is unfortunately true that they cannot. Hereafter, perhaps, if progress is anything but a name, more may admit of being done with human nature; but while we remain at our present level, any such high demands upon it are likely to turn out failures. In the meantime, however, if by the grace of the upper powers, sufficient virtue has been found in a body of people to endure such a law for however brief periods, we suppose that such periods are the light points in the history of mankind: and achievements like this of Murray's among the best and noblest which man has been permitted to accomplish.

It is not a little touching to find that Knox, when the country was at last in the right hands, thought now of leaving it, and of going back to end his days in peace at Geneva. He had fought the fight, he had finished the work which was given to him to do; it was imperfect, but with the given materials, more could not be done; and as it had been by no choosing of his own that so great a part had fallen to him, so now when it seemed played

out, and his presence no longer necessary, he would gladly surrender a position in itself so little welcome to him.

"God comfort that little flock," he wrote about this time, "among whom I lived with quietness of conscience, and contentment of heart; and amongst whom I would be content to end my days, if so it might stand with God's good pleasure. For seeing it hath pleased His Majesty above all men's expectation to prosper the work, for the performing whereof I left that company, I would even as gladly return to them, as ever I was glad to be delivered from the rage of mine enemies."

Surely we should put away our notion of the ferocious fanatic with the utmost speed. The heart of Knox was full of loving and tender affections. He could not, as he said himself, "bear to see his own bairns greet when his hand chastised them."

If he had then gone back to Geneva, and heard no more of Scotland; or if he had died at the time at which he thought of going, he might have passed away, like Simeon, with a *Nunc dimittis Domine*, believing that the salvation of his country was really come. So, however, it was not to be. Four more years were still before him: years of fresh sorrows, crimes, and calamities. His place, to the last, was in the battle, and he was to die upon the field; and if rest was in store for him, he was to find it elsewhere, and not in the thing which we call life—

Τις οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καρθάνειν
Τὸ καρθάνειν ἔξ ζῆν.

The why and the how is all mystery. Our business is with the fact as we find it, which wise men accept nobly, and do not quarrel with it.

The flight of Mary from Lochleven was the signal for the reopening the civil war. If she had been taken at Langside she would have been immediately executed; but by her escape into England, and by the uncertainty of Elizabeth's policy respecting her, she was able to recall the act by which she had abdicated her crown, and reassert her right as sovereign, with the countenance, as it appeared in Scotland, of the English queen. Her being allowed an ambassador in London, and Elizabeth's refusal to confirm her deposition, led all parties to believe that before long, there would be an active interference in her favour: and the hope, if it was no more, was sufficient to keep the elements of discord from being extinguished. As long as Murray was alive it was unable to break out into flame, but more dangerously, and at last fatally for him, it took the form of private conspiracy to take him off by assassination. John Knox, in the bitterness of his heart, blamed Elizabeth for Murray's death. He had

never understood or liked her, and when her own ministers were unable to realize the difficulty of dealing with Mary, when even they, after the share of the latter in the rising of the north was discovered, were ready to crush the "bosom serpent" as they called her, without further scruple, it was not likely that he would forgive the protection which had cost his country its truest servant. Perhaps when we think of the bitterness with which Elizabeth's memory has been assailed on account of this wretched woman, even after the provocation of seventeen more years of wickedness, we can better appreciate her hesitation. Knox demanded that she should be delivered up to justice; and for the peace of Scotland, and of England, too, it would have been well had his demand been acceded to. Many a crime would have been spared, and many a head would have laid down on an unbloody pillow, which was sliced away by the executioner's axe in that bad cause; and yet there are few of our readers who will not smile at the novel paradox, that Elizabeth treated Mary Stuart with too much leniency. Elizabeth, perhaps, felt for herself, that "in respect of justice, few of us could 'scape damnation,"

"And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

When the rule of right is absolute, at all hazards—even at the hazard of our good name—we must obey it. But beyond all expressed rules or codes lies that large debatable land of equity which the imperfection of human understandings can never map into formulæ, and where the heart alone can feel its way. That other formula, "the idolator shall die the death," if it could have been universally applied, as Knox believed it to be of universal application, would at the moment at which he uttered it have destroyed Francis Xavier.

Yet, again, let us not condemn Knox. It was that fixed intensity of purpose which alone sustained him in those stormy waters; and he may rightly have demanded what Elizabeth might not rightly concede. His prayer on the murder of the Regent is finely characteristic of him. It was probably extempore, and taken down in note by some one who heard it:—

"Oh Lord, what shall we add to the former petitions we know not; yet alas, oh Lord, our conscience bears us record that we are unworthy that thou shouldst continue thy graces to us by reason of our horrible ingratitude. In our extreme miseries we called, and thou in the multitude of thy mercies heard us. And first thou delivered us from the tyranny of merciless strangers, next from the bondage of idolatry, and last from the yoke of that wretched woman, the mother of all mischief. And in her place thou didst erect her son, and to supply his infancy thou didst appoint a regent endued with such graces as the

devil himself cannot accuse or justly convict him, this only excepted, that foolish pity did so far prevail in him concerning execution and punishment which thou commanded'st to have been executed upon her and her complices, the murderers of her husband. Oh Lord, in what misery and confusion found he this realm. To what rest and quietness suddenly by his labours he brought the same all estates, but specially the poor commons, can witness. Thy image, Lord, did so clearly shine in that personage, that the devil, and the wicked to whom he is prince, could not abide it; and so to punish our sins and ingratitude, who did not rightly esteem so precious a gift, thou hast permitted him to fall, to our great grief, into the hands of cruel and traitorous murderers. He is at rest, oh Lord, and we are left in extreme misery.

"If thy mercy prevent us not, we cannot escape just condemnation, for that Scotland has spared and England has maintained the life of that most wicked woman. Oppose thy power, oh Lord, to the pride of that cruel murderer of her awin husband; confound her faction and their subtle enterprises, and let them and the world know that thou art a God that can deprehend the wise in their own wisdom, and the proud in the imagination of their wicked hearts. Lord, retain us that call upon thee in thy true fear. Give thou strength to us to fight our battle; yea, Lord, to fight it lawfully, and to end our lives in the sanctification of thy holy name."

In 1570 he was struck with paralysis; he recovered partially, and lived for two more years, but they were years so deplorable that even his heart grew weary and sick within him, and he longed to be gone out of the world. As before, he was the one centre of life round which the ever-flagging energies of the Protestants rallied; but by the necessity of the time, which could not be resisted, the lead of the party fell to one or other of the great noblemen who were small credit to it, and who were following worldly objects under a mask of sanctity. The first regent who succeeded Murray was Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox; then he too was murdered, and the Earl of Mar came, and the Earl of Morton, with their *tulchan* bishops; the country tearing itself in pieces, and they unwilling to commit themselves to porempitory action, lest Elizabeth (as they expected that she would) should restore Mary, and if they had gone too far in opposition to her they might find it impossible to obtain their pardon. Once more in this distracted time Knox stood out alone, broken with age and sickness, and deserted even by the assembly of the kirk, to brave the storm, and again to conquer in it. He had been required to pray for the qucen.

"I pray not for her as queen," he said, "for queen to me she is not; and I am not a man of law that has my tongue to sell for silver or the favour of the world. And for what I have spoke against the adultery and the murder, when I am taught by God's word that the reproof of sin is an evil thing I shall do as God's word commands me. But unto

that time, which will not be till the morn after doomsday, and not then, I hold the sentence given by God to his prophets Jeremy and Ezekiel, to stand for a perpetual law, which, with God's assistance, I follow to my life's end."

Not the least painful feature of the present state of things was the disruption of friendships which had stood through all the years of previous trial. The most important leaders of the Marian party were now Maitland of Lethington, and Sir William Kircaldy, both of whom belonged to the first reformers of the revolution, and one of whom we saw long ago among the exiles of St. Andrews; but times were changed, or they were changed, and they were now the bitterest enemies of all for which then they risked life and good name. It was probably Maitland who, feeling the same anxiety to silence Knox as Mary had felt, took the opportunity of his disagreement with the assembly to prefer a series of anonymous charges against him. He was accused, among other things, of having been a traitor to his country, and of having betrayed Scotland to the English; and we can almost pardon the accusation, for the answer which it drew from him:—

"What I have been to my country," he said, "albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the age to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring all men that has anything to oppose against me, that he will do it so plainly as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world; for to me it seems a thing most unreasonable, that in this my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows and *Howlettes*, that dare not abide the light."

It is to the lasting disgrace of Sir William Kircaldy, otherwise a not ignoble man, that, commanding the Castle of Edinburgh as he did, he permitted an attempt which was now made to murder Knox to pass by without inquiry or punishment; and that when the citizens applied for permission to form a body-guard about his house, he refused to grant it. To save his country the shame of a second attempt which might be successful, the old man was obliged, the year before he died, feeble and broken as he was, to leave his house and take shelter in St. Andrews. For himself it was in every way trying; but sunny lights are thrown upon his retirement there by the affectionate reminiscences of a student, young Melville, who was then at the college, and who used to see him and hear him talk and preach continually.

"He ludgit," we are told, "down in the Abbey beside our college; he wad sometimes come in and repose him in our college-yard, and call us scholars unto him, and bless us, and exhort us to know God and his

work in our country, and stand by the gude cause, to use our time well, and learn the gude instruction."

But the sermons, of course, were the great thing. We remember Randolph's expression of the six hundred trumpets, and we can readily fancy the eager crowding of these boys to listen to him.

"I heard him teach the prophecies of Daniel that summer and winter," says Melville. "I haid my pen and my little buik, and tuk away sic things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of his text he was moderate, the space of half an hour; but when he entered into application he made me so to grewe and tremble, that I could not hold a pen to write. He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulie and fear, with a furring of masticks about his neck, a staff in one hand, and godly Richard Ballenden (Bannatyne), his servant, holding up the other oxtar, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and he the said Richard, and another servant, lifted him up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry; but ere he had done with his sermon he was sae active and vigourous that he was lyke to ding the pulpit in blads, and fly out of it."

If this description should lead any person to suppose that his sermons contained what is called rant, we can only desire him to read the one specimen which is left us, and for which he was summoned as being unusually violent. Of that sermon, we should say, that words more full of deep clear insight into human life, were never uttered in a pulpit. It is all which pulpit eloquence, properly so called, is not, full of powerful understanding and broad masculine sense; and the emotion of it, the real emotion of a real heart. *Doctrine*, in the modern sense, we suspect was very little heard in Knox's sermons; any more than vague denunciations of abstract wickedness. He aimed his arrows right down upon wicked acts, and the wicked doers of them, present or not present, sovereign or subject; and our Exeter Hall friends would have had to complain of a lamentable deficiency of "gospel truth."

After thirteen months' absence, a truce between the contending parties enabled Knox to return to Edinburgh. The summer of 1572 was drawing to its close, and his life was ebbing away from him with the falling year. He attempted once to preach in his old church, but the effort was too great for him; he desired his people to choose some one to fill his place, and had taken his last leave of them, when at the beginning of September the news came of the Bartholomew massacre. If even now, with three centuries rolling between us and that horrible night, our blood still chills in us at the name of it, it is easy to feel what it must have been when it was the latest birth of time; and nowhere, except in France itself, was the shock of it felt as it

was in Scotland. The associations of centuries had bound the two countries together in ties of more than common alliance; and between the Scotch Protestants and the Huguenots, there were further connexions of the closest and warmest attachment. They had fought for the same cause and against the same persecutors; they had stood by each other in their common trials; and in 1559, Condé and Coligni had saved Scotland by distracting the attention of the Guises at home. Community of interest had led to personal intimacies and friendships, and in time of danger such links are stronger than those of blood—so that thousands of the Paris victims were dearer than brothers to the Lowland Protestants. One cry of horror rose all over Scotland. The contending parties forgot their animosities; even the Catholics let fall their arms in shame, and the flagging energies of Knox rallied back once more, to hurl across the Channel the execrations of a nation whom a crime so monstrous had for a moment reunited. The Tolbooth was fitted up for the occasion, and the voice of the dying hero was heard for the last time in its thunder, denouncing the vengeance of Heaven on the contrivers of that accursed deed.

But this was the last blow to him. "He was weary of the world, as the world was weary of him." There was nothing now for him to do; and the world at its best, even without massacres of St. Bartholomew, is not so sweet a place, that men like him care to linger in it longer than necessary. A few days before he died, feeling what was coming, in a quiet simple way he set his house in order and made his few preparations. We find him paying his servants' wages, telling them these were the last which they would ever receive from him, and so giving them each twenty shillings over. Two friends come in to dine with him, not knowing of his illness, and for their cause he came to the table, and caused pierce an hogged of wine which was in the cellar, and willed them send for the same as long as it lasted, for that he would not tarry till it was drunken."

As the news got abroad, the world, in the world's way, came crowding with their anxieties and inquiries. Among the rest came the Earl of Morton, then just declared regent; and from his bed the old man spoke words to him which, years after, on the scaffold, Lord Morton remembered with bitter tears. One by one they came and went. As the last went out, he turned to Campbell of Braid, who would not leave him—

"Ilk ane," he said, "bids me gude night, but when will ye do it? I have been greatly behaudin and indebted to you, whilk I can never be able to recompense you. But I commit you to One who is able to do it, that is to the eternal God."

The curtain is drawing down; it is time that we drop it alto-

gether. He had taken leave of the world, and only the few dear ones of his own family now remained with him for a last sacred parting on the shore of the great ocean of eternity. The evening before he died, he was asked how he felt. He said he had been sorely tempted by Satan, "and when he saw he could not prevail, he tempted me to have trusted in myself, or to have boasted of myself; but I repulsed him with this sentence—*Quid habes quod non accepisti.*" It was the last stroke of his "long struggle," the one business of life for him and all of us—the struggle with self. The language may have withered into formal theology, but the truth is green for ever.

On Monday, the twenty-fourth of November, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself, but feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain; "It is no painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle."

His wife sate by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul, and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Towards evening he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, which was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard anything. "Aye," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound."

"Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which ofttime ye have shown to us, of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign,' and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and slepit away without ony pain."

In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God. What he had been to those who were gathered about his death-bed, they did not require to be taught by losing him. What he had been to his country, "Albeit," in his own words, "that unthankful age would not know," the after ages have experienced, if they have not confessed. His work is not to be measured by the surface changes of ecclesiastical establishments, or the substitution for the idolatry of the mass of a more subtle idolatry of formulæ.

Religion with him was a thing not of forms and words, but of obedience and righteous life; and his one prayer was, that God would grant to him and all mankind "the whole and perfect hatred of sin." His power was rather over the innermost heart of his country, and we should look for the traces of it among the keystones of our own national greatness. Little as Elizabeth knew it, that one man was among the pillars on which her throne was held standing in the hour of its danger, when the tempest of rebellion and invasion which had gathered over her passed away without breaking. We complain of the hard destructiveness of these old reformers, and contrast complacently our modern "progressive improvement" with their intolerant iconoclasm, and we are like the agriculturalists of a long settled country who should feed their vanity by measuring the crops which they can raise against those raised by their ancestors, forgetting that it was these last who rooted the forests off the ground, and laid the soil open to the seed.

The real work of the world is done by men of the Knox and Cromwell stamp. It is they who, when the old forms are worn away and will serve no longer, fuse again the rusted metal of humanity, and mould it afresh; and, by and by, when they are past away, and the metal is now cold, and can be approached without danger to limb or skin, appear the enlightened liberals with file and sand-paper, and scour off the outer roughness of the casting, and say—See what a beautiful statue *we* have made. Such a thing it was when we found it, and now its surface is like a mirror, we can see our own faces in every part of it.

But it is time to have done. We had intended to have said something of Knox's writings, but for the present our limits are run out. We will leave him now with the brief epitaph which Morton spoke as he stood beside his grave: "There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man."

ART. II.—OVER-LEGISLATION.

1. *Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the present Century.* Second edition. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1842.
2. *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849: being the Second Series of "Notes of a Traveller."* By Samuel Laing, Esq. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1850.
3. *Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein in 1851: being the Third Series of "Notes of a Traveller."* By Samuel Laing, Esq. With a Plan of the Battle of Idstedt. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1852.
4. *Navigation and Mercantile Marine Law.* By W. S. Lindsay, Second Edition. Post 8vo. Longman and Co. 1853.

FROM time to time there returns upon the cautious thinker, the conclusion that, considered simply as a question of probabilities, it is decidedly unlikely that his views on any debatable topic are correct. "Here," he reflects, "are thousands around me holding on this or that point opinions differing from mine—wholly in most cases; partially in the rest. Each is as confident as I am of the truth of his convictions. Many of them are possessed of great intelligence; and rank myself high as I may, I must admit that some are my equals—perhaps my superiors. Yet, whilst every one of us is sure he is right, unquestionably most of us are wrong. Why should not I be amongst the mistaken? True, I cannot realise the likelihood that I am so: but this proves nothing; for though the majority of us are necessarily in error, we all labour under the inability to think we are in error. Is it not then foolish thus to trust myself? When I turn and look back into the past, I find nations, sects, philosophers, cherishing beliefs in science, morals, politics, and religion, which we decisively reject. Yet they held them with a faith quite as strong as ours: nay—stronger, if their intolerance of dissent is any criterion. Of what little worth, therefore, seems this strength of my conviction that I am right! A like warrant has been felt by men all the world through; and, in nine cases

out of ten, has proved a delusive warrant. Is it not then absurd in me to put so much faith in my judgments?"

Barren of practical results as this reflection at first sight appears, it may, and indeed should, influence some of our most important proceedings. Though in daily life we are constantly obliged to act out our inferences, trustless as they may be—though in the house, in the office, in the street, there hourly arise occasions on which we may not hesitate; seeing that if to act is dangerous, never to act at all is fatal—and though, consequently on our private conduct, this abstract doubt, as to the worth of our judgments, must remain inoperative—yet, in our public conduct, we may properly allow it to weigh with us. Here decision is no longer imperative; whilst the difficulty of deciding aright is incalculably greater. Clearly as we may think we see how a given measure will work, we may infer, drawing the above induction from human experience, that the chances are many, against the truth of our anticipations. Whether, in most cases, it is not wiser to do nothing becomes now a rational question. Continuing his self-criticism, the cautious thinker may reason:—"If in these personal transactions, where all the conditions of the case were known to me, I have so often miscalculated, how much oftener shall I miscalculate in political ones, where the conditions are too numerous, too widespread, too complex, too obscure to be understood? Here, doubtless, is a social evil and there a desideratum; and were I sure of doing no mischief I would forthwith try to cure the one and achieve the other. But when I remember how many of my private schemes have miscarried—how speculations have failed, agents proved dishonest, marriage been a disappointment—how I did but pauperize the relative I sought to help—how my carefully-governed son has turned out worse than most children—how the thing I desperately strove against as a misfortune did me immense good—how whilst the objects I ardently pursued brought me little happiness when gained, most of my pleasures have come from unexpected sources—when I recall these and hosts of like facts, I am struck with the utter incompetence of my intellect to prescribe for society. And as the evil is one under which society has not only lived but grown, whilst the desideratum is one it may spontaneously secure, as it has most others, in some unforeseen way, I question the propriety of meddling."

There is a great want of this practical humility in our political conduct. Though we have less self-confidence than our ancestors, who did not hesitate to organize in law their judgments on all subjects whatever, we have yet far too much. Though we have ceased to assume the infallibility of our theo-

logical beliefs and so ceased to enact them, we have not ceased to enact hosts of other beliefs of an equally doubtful kind. Though we no longer presume to coerce men for their *spiritual good*, we still think ourselves called upon to coerce them for their *material good*—not seeing that the one is in truth as useless and as unwarrantable as the other. Innumerable failures seem, so far, powerless to teach this. Take up a daily paper and you will probably find a leader exposing the corruption, negligence, or mismanagement of some State-department. Cast your eye down the next column, and it is not unlikely that you will read proposals for an extension of State-supervision. Yesterday came a charge of gross carelessness against the Colonial office: to-day Admiralty-bunglings are burlesqued: to-morrow brings the question—"should there not be more coal-mine inspectors?" Now there is a complaint that the Board of Health is useless; and now an outcry for more railway regulation. Whilst your ears are still ringing with denunciations of Chancery abuses, or your cheeks still glowing with indignation at some well-exposed iniquity of the Ecclesiastical Courts, you suddenly come upon suggestions for organizing "a priesthood of science." Here is a vehement condemnation of the police for stupidly allowing sight-seers to crush each other to death: you look for the corollary that official regulation is not to be trusted: when instead, apropos of a shipwreck you read an urgent demand for government-inspectors to see that ships always have their boats ready for launching. Thus, whilst every day chronicles a failure, there every day reappears the belief that it needs but an Act of Parliament and a staff of officers to effect any end desired. Nowhere is the perennial faith of mankind better seen. Ever since society existed Disappointment has been preaching—"Put not your trust in legislation;" and yet the trust in legislation seems scarcely diminished.

Did the State fulfil efficiently its unquestionable duties, there would be some excuse for this eagerness to assign it further ones. Were there no complaints of its faulty administration of justice; of its endless delays and untold expenses; of its bringing ruin in place of restitution; of its playing the tyrant where it should have been the protector—did we never hear of its complicated stupidities; its 20,000 statutes, which it assumes all Englishmen to know, and which not one Englishman does know; its multiplied forms, which in the effort to meet every contingency, open far more loopholes than they provide against—had it not shown its folly in the system of making every petty alteration by a new act, variously affecting innumerable preceding acts; or in its score of successive sets of Chancery rules, which so modify and limit, and extend, and abolish, and alter each other,

that not even Chancery lawyers know what the rules are—were we never astounded by such a fact as that, under the system of land-registration in Ireland, 6000*l.* have been spent in a “negative search” to establish the title of an estate—did we find in its doings no such terrible incongruity as the imprisonment of a hungry vagrant for stealing a turnip, whilst for the gigantic embezzlements of a railway director it inflicts no punishment—had we, in short, proved its efficiency as judge and defender, instead of having found it treacherous, cruel, and anxiously to be shunned, there would be some encouragement to hope other benefits at its hands.

Or if, whilst failing in its judicial functions, the State had proved itself a capable agent in some other department—the military for example—there would have been some show of reason for extending its sphere of action. Suppose that it had rationally equipped its troops instead of giving them cumbrous and ineffective muskets, barbarous grenadier caps, absurdly heavy knapsacks and cartouche-boxes, and clothing coloured so as admirably to help the enemy’s marksmen—suppose that it organized well and economically, instead of salarizing an immense superfluity of officers, creating sinecure colonelcies of 4000*l.* a-year, neglecting the meritorious, and promoting incapables—suppose that its soldiers were always well housed instead of being thrust into barracks that invalid hundreds, as at Aden, or that fall on their occupants as at Loodianah, where ninety-five were thus killed—suppose that, in actual war, it had shown due administrative ability, instead of occasionally leaving its regiments to march barefoot, to dress in patches, to capture their own engineering tools, and to fight on empty stomachs, as during the Peninsular campaign—suppose all this, and the wish for more State-control might still have had some warrant.

Even though it had bungled in everything else, yet had it in one case done well—had its naval management alone been efficient—the sanguine would have had a colourable excuse for expecting success in a new field. Grant that the reports about bad ships, ships that will not sail, ships that have to be lengthened, ships with unfit engines, ships that will not carry their guns, ships without stowage, and ships that have to be broken up, are all untrue—assume those to be mere slanderers who say that the *Megara* took double the time taken by a commercial steamer to reach the Cape; that during the same voyage the *Hydra* was three times on fire, and needed the pumps kept going day and night; that the *Charlotte* troop-ship set out with 75 days’ provisions on board, and was three months in reaching her destination; that the *Harpy*, at an imminent risk of life, got home in 110 days from Rio—disregard as calumnies the statements about septuagenarian admirals, dilettante ship-building, and

“cooked” dockyard accounts—set down the affair of the Goldner preserved meats as a myth, and consider Professor Barlow mistaken when he reported of the Admiralty compasses in store, that “at least one-half were mere lumber”—let all these, we say, be held groundless charges, and there would remain for the advocates of much government some basis for their political air-castles, spite of military and judicial mismanagement.

As it is, however, they seem to have read backwards the parable of the talents. Not to the agent of proved efficiency do they consign further duties, but to the negligent and blundering agent. Private enterprise has done much, and done it well. Private enterprise has cleared, drained, and fertilized the country, and built the towns—has excavated mines, laid out roads, dug canals, and embanked railways—has invented, and brought to perfection, ploughs, looms, steam-engines, printing-presses, and machines, and processes innumerable—has built our ships, our vast manufactories, our docks—has established banks, insurance societies, and the newspaper press—has covered the sea with lines of steam-vessels, and the land with electric-telegraphs. Private enterprise has brought agriculture, manufactures, and commerce to their present height, and is now developing them with increasing rapidity. Therefore, do not trust private enterprise. On the other hand, the State so fulfils its protective function as to ruin many, delude others, and frighten away those who most need succour; its national defences are so extravagantly and yet inefficiently administered, as to call forth almost daily complaint, expostulation, or ridicule; and as the nation’s steward, it obtains from some of our vast public estates a minus revenue. Therefore, trust the State. Slight the good and faithful servant, and promote the unprofitable one from one talent to ten.

Seriously, the case, whilst it may not, in some respects, warrant this parallel, is, in one respect, even stronger; for the new work is not of the same order as the old, but of a more difficult order. Badly as government discharges its true duties, any other duties committed to it are likely to be still worse discharged. To guard its subjects against aggression, either individual or national, is a straightforward and tolerably simple matter; to regulate, directly or indirectly, the personal actions of those subjects is an infinitely complicated matter. It is one thing to secure to each man the unhindered power to pursue his own good; it is a widely different thing to pursue the good for him. To do the first efficiently, the State has merely to look on whilst its citizens act, to forbid unfairness, to adjudicate when called on, and to enforce restitution for injuries. To do the last efficiently it must become an ubiquitous worker, must know

each man's needs better than he knows them himself—must, in short, possess superhuman power and intelligence. Even, therefore, had the State done well in its proper sphere, no sufficient warrant would have existed for extending that sphere; but seeing how ill it has discharged those simple offices which we cannot avoid consigning to it, small indeed is the probability of its discharging well, offices of a more complicated nature.

Change the point of view however we may, and this conclusion still presents itself. If we define the primary State-duty as protecting each individual against others, then all other State action comes under the definition of protecting each individual against himself—against his own stupidity, his own idleness, his own improvidence, rashness, or other defect—his own incapacity for doing something or other which should be done. There is no questioning this classification; for manifestly all the obstacles that lie between a man's desires and the satisfaction of them, are either obstacles arising from other men's counter desires, or obstacles arising from inability in himself. Such of these counter desires as are just, have as much claim to satisfaction as his; and may not, therefore, be thwarted. Such of them as are unjust it is the State's duty to hold in check. The only other possible sphere for it, therefore, is saving the individual from the results of his own weakness, apathy, or foolishness—warding off the consequences of his nature; or, as we say—protecting him against himself. Making no comment, at present, on the policy of this, and confining ourselves solely to the practicability of it, let us inquire how the proposal looks when reduced to its simplest form. Here are men endowed with instincts, and sentiments, and perceptions, all conspiring to self-preservation. Each of these faculties has some relationship, direct or indirect, to personal well-being. The due action of each brings its quantum of pleasure; the inaction, its more or less of pain. Those provided with these faculties in due proportions prosper and multiply; those ill-provided, unceasingly tend to die out. And the general success of this scheme of human organization is seen in the fact that, under it, the world has been peopled, and by it the complicated appliances and arrangements of civilized life have been developed. It is complained, however, that there are certain directions in which this apparatus of motives works but imperfectly. Whilst it is admitted that men are duly prompted by it to bodily sustenance, to the obtaining of clothing and shelter, to marriage and the care of offspring, and to the establishment of the more important industrial and commercial agencies, it is yet argued that there are many desiderata, as pure air, more knowledge, good water, safe travelling, and so forth, which it does not duly achieve. And these short-comings being assumed permanent, and not temporary, it is urged that

some supplementary means must be employed. It is therefore proposed that out of the mass of men thus imperfectly endowed, a certain number, constituting the legislature—a body originally appointed for quite other purposes, and whose members are now usually selected rather from class motives than from a regard to their administrative qualifications—shall be instructed to secure these various objects. The legislators thus instructed (all of them characterized, on the average, by the same defects in this apparatus of motives as men in general), being unable personally to fulfil their tasks, must fulfil them by deputy—must appoint commissions, boards, councils, and staffs of officers, and must construct their agencies of this same defective humanity that acts so ill. Why now should this system of complex deputation succeed where the system of simple deputation does not? The industrial, commercial, and philanthropic agencies which citizens form spontaneously, are directly deputed agencies; these governmental agencies made by electing legislators who appoint officers are indirectly deputed ones. And it is hoped that, by this process of double deputation, things may be achieved which the process of single deputation will not achieve. What, now, is the *rationale* of this hope? Is it that legislators, and their *employés*, are made to feel more intensely than the rest these evils they are to remedy, these wants they are to satisfy? Hardly; for by position they are mostly relieved from such evils and wants. Is it, then, that they are to have the primary motive replaced by a secondary motive—the fear of public displeasure, and ultimate removal from office? Why, scarcely; for the minor benefits which citizens will not organize to secure *directly*, they will not organize to secure *indirectly*, by turning out inefficient servants—especially if they cannot readily get efficient ones. Is it, then, that these State-agents are to do, from a sense of duty, what they would not do from any other motive? Evidently this is the only possibility remaining. The proposition on which the advocates of much government have to fall back is, that the things which the people will not unite to effect for personal benefit, a law-appointed portion of them will unite to effect for the benefit of the rest. Public men and functionaries love their neighbours better than themselves. The philanthropy of statesmen is stronger than the selfishness of citizens.

No wonder, then, that every day adds to the list of legislative miscarriages. If colliery explosions increase, notwithstanding the appointment of coal-mine inspectors, why it is but a natural moral to these false hypotheses. If Sunderland shipowners complain that, as far as tried, “the Mercantile Marine Act has proved a total failure;” and if, meanwhile, the other class affected by it—the sailors—show their disapprobation by extensive strikes, why it does but exemplify the folly of trusting a theorizing bene-

violence rather than an experienced self-interest. On all sides we may expect such facts; and on all sides we find them. Government, turning engineer, appoints its lieutenant the Sewers' Commission, to drain London. Presently Lambeth sends deputations to say that it pays heavy rates and gets no benefit. Tired of waiting, Bethnal-green calls meetings to consider "the most effectual means of extending the drainage of the district." From Wandsworth come complainants, who threaten to pay no more until something is done. Camberwell proposes to raise a subscription and do the work itself. Meanwhile no progress is made towards the purification of the Thames; the weekly returns show an increasing rate of mortality; in Parliament, the friends of the Commission have nothing save good intentions to urge in mitigation of censure; and, at length, despairing members gladly empower a private company to do, what their own agent has been unable to do. As architectural surveyor, the State has scarcely succeeded better than as engineer; witness the Metropolitan Buildings' Acts. New houses still tumble down from time to time. A few months since two fell at Bayswater, and one more recently near the Pentonville Prison: all notwithstanding prescribed thicknesses, and hoop-iron bond, and inspectors. It never struck those who provided these delusive sureties that it was possible to build walls without bonding the two surfaces together, so that the inner layer might be removed after the surveyor's approval. Nor did they foresee that in dictating a larger *quantity* of bricks than experience proved absolutely needful they were simply insuring a slow deterioration of *quality* to an equivalent extent.* The government guarantee for safe passenger-ships answers no better than its guarantee for safe houses. Though the burning of the *Amazon* arose from either bad construction or bad stowage, she had received the Admiralty certificate before sailing. Notwithstanding official approval, the *Adelaide* was found, on her first voyage, to steer badly, to have useless pumps, ports that let floods of water into the cabins, and coals so near the furnaces that they twice caught fire. The *W. S. Lindsay*, which turned out unfit for sailing, had yet been passed by the government agent; and, but for the owner, might have gone to sea at a great risk of life. The *Melbourne*—originally a State-built ship—which took twenty-four days to reach Lisbon, and then needed to be docked to undergo a thorough repair, had been duly inspected. And lastly,

* The *Builder* remarks, that "the removal of the brick duties has not yet produced that improvement in the make of bricks which we ought to find, but as bad bricks can be obtained for less than good bricks, so long as houses built of the former will sell as readily as if the better had been used," no improvement is to be expected.

the notorious *Australian*, before her third futile attempt to proceed on her voyage, had, her owners tell us, received "the full approbation of the government inspector." Neither does the like supervision give security to land-travelling. The iron bridge at Chester, which, breaking, precipitated a train into the Dee, had passed under the official eye. Inspection did not prevent a column on the South-Eastern from being so placed as to kill a man who put his head out of the carriage window. The locomotive that burst at Brighton lately did so, notwithstanding a State-approval given but ten days previously. And—to look at the facts in the gross—this system of supervision has not prevented the gradual increase of railway accidents, which, be it remembered, has arisen *since* the system was commenced.*

"Well, let the State fail. It can but do its best. If it succeed, so much the better: if it do not, where is the harm? Surely it is wiser to act, and take the chance of success, than to do nothing." To this plea the rejoinder is, that unfortunately the results of legislative intervention are not only negatively bad, but often positively so. Acts of Parliament do not simply fail; they frequently make worse. The familiar truth that persecution aids rather than hinders proscribed doctrines—a truth lately afresh illustrated by the forbidden work of Gervinus—is a part of the general truth that legislation often does indirectly the reverse of that which it directly aims to do. Thus—referring again to some of the measures above mentioned—has it been with the Metropolitan Buildings' Act. As was lately agreed unanimously by delegates from all the parishes in London, and as was stated by them to Sir William Molesworth, this act "has encouraged bad building, and has been the means of covering the suburbs of the metropolis with thousands of wretched hovels, which are a disgrace to a civilized country." Thus, too, has it been with the Passengers' Act. The terrible fevers which arose in the *Australian* emigrant ships a few months since, causing in the *Bourneuf* 83 deaths, in the *Wanota* 39 deaths, in the *Marco Polo* 53 deaths, and in the *Ticomanderoga* 104 deaths, arose in vessels sent out by government, and arose *in consequence* of the close packing which the Passengers' Act authorizes.† Thus again

* If government would simply fulfil its true function in the matter, by administering justice between the railway companies and their passengers—if it would give the passengers an easy remedy for breach of contract when trains are behind time—it would do more to prevent accidents than can be done by the most cunningly devised regulations. For it is notorious that the majority of those accidents are primarily caused by irregularity.

† Against which close packing, by the way, a *private mercantile body*—the Liverpool Shipowners' Association—unavailingly protested when the act was before parliament.

has it been with the Joint-stock Companies' Registration Act. As was shown by Mr. James Wilson in his late motion for a select committee on life-assurance associations, this measure, passed in 1844 to guard the public against bubble schemes, actually facilitated the rascalities of 1845 and subsequent years. The legislative sanction, devised as a guarantee of genuineness, and which was habitually supposed by the people to be such, clever adventurers have without difficulty obtained for the most worthless projects; having obtained it, an amount of public confidence has followed which they could never otherwise have gained; and in this way, literally hundreds of sham enterprises that would not else have seen the light, have been fostered into being; and thousands of families have been ruined who would never have been so but for legislative efforts to make them more secure.

Moreover, when these topical remedies applied by statesmen do not exacerbate the evils they were meant to cure, they constantly—we believe invariably—induce collateral evils; and these often of a graver nature than the original ones. It is the vice of this empirical school of politicians that they never look beyond proximate causes and immediate effects. In common with the uneducated masses they habitually regard each phenomenon as involving but one antecedent and one consequent. They do not bear in mind that each phenomenon is a link in an infinite series—is the result of myriads of preceding phenomena, and will have a share in producing myriads of succeeding ones. Hence they overlook the fact, that in disturbing any natural chain of sequences they are not only modifying the result next in succession, but all the future results into which this will enter as a part cause. The serial genesis of phenomena, and the interaction of each series upon every other series, produces a complexity utterly beyond human grasp. Even in the simplest cases this is so. A servant who mends the fire sees but few effects from the burning of a lump of coal. The man of science, however, knows that there are very many effects. He knows that the combustion establishes numerous atmospheric currents, and through them moves thousands of cubic feet of air inside the house and out. He knows that the heat diffused causes expansions and subsequent contractions of all bodies within its range. He knows that the persons warmed are affected in their rate of respiration and their waste of tissue, and that these physiological changes must have various secondary results. He knows that, could he trace to their ramified influences all the forces disengaged, mechanical, chemical, thermal, electric—could he enumerate all the subsequent effects of the evaporation caused, the gases generated, the light evolved,

the heat radiated—a volume would scarcely suffice to enter them. If now from a simple inorganic change such complex results arise, how infinitely multiplied, how utterly incalculable must be the ultimate consequences of any force brought to bear upon society. Wonderfully constructed as it is—mutually dependent as are its members for the satisfaction of their wants—affected as each unit of it is by his fellows, not only as to his safety and prosperity, but in his health, his temper, his culture—the social organism cannot be dealt with in any one part without all other parts being influenced in ways that cannot be foreseen. You put a duty on paper, and by-and-by find that through the medium of the jacquard-cards employed you have inadvertently taxed figured silk, sometimes to the extent of several shillings per piece. On removing the impost from bricks you discover that its existence had increased the dangers of mining, by preventing shafts from being lined and workings from being tunneled. By the excise on soap you have, it turns out, greatly encouraged the use of caustic washing-powders, and so have unintentionally entailed an immense destruction of clothes. In every case you perceive, on careful inquiry, that besides acting upon that which you sought to act upon, you have acted upon many other things, and each of these again on many others, and so have propagated a multitude of changes more or less appreciable in all directions. We need feel no surprise, then, that in their efforts to cure specific evils legislators have continually caused collateral evils they never thought of. No Carlyle's wisest man, nor any body of such, could avoid causing them. Though their production is explicable enough after it has occurred, it is never anticipated. When under the New Poor-Law, provision was made for the accommodation of vagrants in the Union-houses, it was hardly expected that a body of tramps would be thereby called into existence who would spend their time in walking from Union to Union throughout the kingdom. It was little thought by those who in past generations assigned parish-pay for the maintenance of illegitimate children, that as a result, a family of such would by-and-by be considered a small fortune, and the mother of them a desirable wife; nor did the same statesmen see that by the law of settlement they were organizing a disastrous inequality of wages in different districts, and entailing a system of clearing away cottages, which would result in the crowding of bedrooms, and in a consequent moral and physical deterioration. The English tonnage law was enacted simply with a view to regulate the mode of measurement; its framers overlooked the fact that they were practically providing "for the effectual and compulsory construction of bad ships," and that "to cheat the law, that is,

to build a tolerable ship in spite of it, was the highest achievement left to an English builder."* Greater commercial security was alone aimed at by the partnership law. We now find, however, that the unlimited liability it insists upon is a serious hindrance to progress; it practically forbids the association of small capitalists; it is found a great obstacle to the building of improved dwellings for the people; it prevents a better relationship between artizans and employers; and by withholding from the working-classes good investments for their savings, it checks the growth of provident habits and encourages drunkenness. Thus on all sides are well-meant measures producing unforeseen mischiefs — a licensing law that promotes the adulteration of beer, a ticket-of-leave system that encourages men to commit crime, a police regulation that forces street-huxters into the workhouse. And then, in addition to the obvious and proximate evils, come the less distinguishable and more remote ones, which, could we estimate their accumulated result, we should probably find even more serious.

But the thing to be discussed is not so much whether, by any amount of intelligence, it is *possible* for a government to work out the various ends consigned to it, as whether its fulfilment of them is *probable*. It is less a question of *can* than a question of *will*. Granting the absolute competence of the State, let us consider what hope there is of getting from it satisfactory performance. Let us look at the moving force by which the legislative machine is worked, and then inquire whether the force is thus employed as economically as it would otherwise be.

Manifestly as desire of some kind is the invariable stimulus to action in the individual, every social agency of what nature soever must have some aggregate of desires for its motive power. Men in their collective capacity can exhibit no result but what has its origin in some appetite, feeling, or taste common amongst them. Did not they like meat, there could be no cattle-graziers, no Smithfield, no distributing organization of butchers. Operas, Philharmonic Societies, music-publishers, and street organ-boys, have all been called into being by our love of melodious sounds. Look through the trades'-directory; take up a guide to the London sights; read the index of Bradshaw's time-tables, the reports of the learned societies, or the advertisements of new books, and you see in the publication itself, and in the things it describes, so many products of human activity, stimulated by human desire. Under this stimulus grow up agencies alike

* Lecture before the Royal Institution, by J. Scott Russell, Esq., "On Wave-line Ships and Yachts," Feb. 6, 1852.

the most gigantic and the most insignificant, the most complicated and the most simple—agencies for national defence and for the sweeping of crossings; for the daily distribution of letters, and for the collection of bits of coal out of the Thames mud—agencies that subserve all ends, from the preaching of Christianity to the protection of animals from ill-treatment; from the production of bread for a nation to the supply of groundsel for caged singing-birds. The accumulated desires of individuals being then the moving power by which every social agency is worked, the question to be considered is—Which is the most economical kind of agency? The agency having no power in itself, but being merely an instrument, our inquiry must be for the most efficient instrument—the instrument that costs least, and wastes the smallest amount of the moving power—the instrument least liable to get out of order, and most readily put right again when it does so. Of the two kinds of social mechanism exemplified above, the spontaneous and the governmental, which is the best?

From the form of this question will be readily foreseen the intended answer—that is the best mechanism which contains the fewest parts. The common saying, “What you wish well done you must do yourself,” embodies a truth equally applicable to political as to private life. The experience of the agriculturist who finds that farming by bailiff entails loss, whilst tenant-farming pays, is an experience still better illustrated in national history than in a landlord’s account-books. The admitted fact, that joint-stock companies are beaten wherever individuals can compete with them, is a still more certain fact when the joint-stock company comprehends the whole nation. This transference of power from constituencies to members of parliament, from these to the executive, from the executive to a board, from the board to its inspectors, and from inspectors through their subs down to the actual workers—this operating through a series of levers, each of which absorbs in friction and inertia part of the moving force—is as bad in virtue of its complexity as the direct employment by society of individuals, private companies, and spontaneously-formed institutions, is good in virtue of its simplicity. Fully to realize the contrast, we must compare in detail the working of the two systems.

Officialism is habitually slow. When non-governmental agencies are dilatory, the public has its remedy; it ceases to employ them, and soon finds quicker ones. Under this discipline all private bodies are taught promptness. But for delays in State-departments there is no such easy cure. Life-long Chancery suits must be patiently borne; Museum-catalogues must be hopelessly waited for. Whilst, by the people themselves, a Crystal Palace is designed, erected, and filled, in the course of a few months, the

legislature takes twenty years to build itself a new house. Whilst by private persons, the debates are daily printed and dispersed over the kingdom within a few hours of their utterance, the Board of Trade tables are regularly published a month, and sometimes more, after date. And so throughout. Here is a Board of Health which, since 1849, has been about to close the metropolitan graveyards, but has not done it yet; and which has so long dawdled over projects for cemeteries, that the London Necropolis Company has taken the matter out of its hands. Here is a patentee who has had fourteen years' correspondence with the Horse-guards before getting a definite answer respecting the use of his improved boot for the Army. Here is a Plymouth port-admiral who delays sending out to look for the missing boats of the *Amazon* until ten days after the wreck.

Again, officialism is stupid. Under the natural course of things each citizen tends towards his fittest function. Those who are competent to the kind of work they undertake, succeed, and, in the average of cases, are advanced in proportion to their efficiency; whilst the incompetent, society soon finds out, ceases to employ, forces to try something easier, and eventually turns to use. But it is quite otherwise in State-organizations. Here, as every one knows, birth, age, back-stairs intrigue, and sycophancy, determine the selections, rather than merit. The "fool of the family" readily finds a place in the Church, if "the family" have good connexions. A youth, too ill-educated for any active profession, does very well for an officer in the Army. Grey hair, or a title, is a far better guarantee of naval promotion than genius is. Nay, indeed, the man of capacity often finds that, in government offices, superiority is a hindrance—that his chiefs hate to be pestered with his proposed improvements, and are offended with his implied criticism. Not only, therefore, is legislative machinery complex, but it is made of inferior materials. Hence the blunders we daily read of—the supplying to the dockyards from the royal forests of timber unfit for use—the administration of relief during the Irish famine in such a manner as to draw the labourers from the field, and diminish the subsequent harvest by one-fourth*—the building of iron, war-vessels that should have been of wood, and the insisting on wood for mail-steamers that should be of iron.

A further characteristic of officialism is its extravagance. In its chief departments, Army, Navy, and Church, it employs far more officers than are needful; and pays some of the useless ones exorbitantly. The work done by the Sewers Commission has cost, as Sir B. Hall tells us, from 300 to 400 per cent. over the

* See evidence of Major Larcom.

contemplated outlay; whilst the management charges have reached 35, 40, and 45 per cent. on the expenditure. The trustees of Ramsgate Harbour—a harbour, by the way, that has taken a century to complete—are spending 18,000*l.* a-year in doing what 5000*l.* has been proved sufficient for. The Board of Health is causing new surveys to be made of all the towns under its control—a proceeding which, as Mr. Stephenson states, and as every tyro in engineering knows, is, for drainage purposes, a wholly needless expense. These public agencies are subject to no such influence as that which obliges private enterprise to be economical. Traders and mercantile bodies succeed by serving society cheaply; such of them as cannot do this are continually supplanted by those who can. They cannot saddle the nation with the results of their extravagance, and hence they are prevented from being extravagant. A shopkeeper leaves out of his accounts no item analogous to that 6,000,000*l.* of its revenues, which Parliament allows to be deducted on the way to the Exchequer. Walk through a manufactory, and you see that the stern alternatives, carefulness or ruin, dictate the saving of every penny; visit one of the national dockyards, and the comments you make on any glaring wastefulness are carelessly met by the slang phrase—“Nunky pays.”

How invariably officialism becomes corrupt everyone knows. Exposed to no such antiseptic as free competition—not dependent for existence, as all private unendowed organizations are, upon the maintenance of a vigorous vitality, all law-made agencies fall into an inert, over-fed state, from which to disease is a short step. Salaries flow in irrespective of the activity with which duty is performed; continue after duty wholly ceases; become rich prizes for the idle well-born; and prompt to perjury, to bribery, to simony. East India directors are elected not for any administrative capacity, for any fitness or knowledge they may have, but they buy votes by promised patronage—a patronage alike asked and given, in utter disregard of the welfare of a hundred millions of people. Registrars of wills not only get many thousands a-year each for doing work which their miserably paid deputies leave half done, but they, in some cases, defraud the revenue, and that after repeated reprimands.* Dockyard promotion is the result not of efficient services, but of political favouritism. That they may continue to hold rich livings, clergymen preach what they do not believe; bishops make false returns of their revenues; and at their elections to college-fellowships, well-to-do priests make oath that they are *pauper, pius et doctus*. From the local inspector, whose eyes are shut to

* Evidence of Comptroller of the Legacy Duty.

an abuse by a contractor's present, up to the prime minister, who finds well-paid berths for his relations, this venality is daily illustrated; and that in spite of public reprobation and of perpetual attempts to prevent it. It is the inevitable result of destroying the direct connexion between the profit obtained and the work performed. No incompetent person hopes, by the offer of a *douceur* in the *Times*, to get a permanent place in a mercantile office; but where, as under government, there is no employer's self-interest to forbid—where the appointment is made by some one on whom inefficiency entails no loss—there a *douceur* is operative. In hospitals, in public charities, in literary funds, in endowed schools, in all social agencies in which duty done, and income gained, do not go hand in hand, the like corruption is found, and is great in proportion as the dependence of income upon duty is remote. In State-organizations, therefore, corruption is unavoidable; in trading organizations it rarely makes its appearance, and when it does, the instinct of self-preservation soon provides a remedy.

To all which broad contrasts add this, that whilst private bodies are enterprising and progressive, public bodies are unchanging, and, indeed, obstructive. That officialism should be inventive nobody expects. That it should go out of its easy mechanical routine to introduce improvements, and this at a considerable expense of thought and application without the prospect of profit is not to be supposed. But it is not simply stationary; it strenuously resists every amendment either in itself or in anything with which it deals. Until now, that County Courts are taking away their practice, all officers of the law have doggedly opposed law reform. The universities have maintained an old *curriculum* for centuries after it ceased to be fit, and are now sullenly obstructing a threatened reconstruction. Every postal improvement has been vehemently protested against by the postal authorities. Mr. Whiston can say how pertinacious is the conservatism of Church grammar-schools. Not even the gravest consequences in view can prevent official resistance; witness the fact that, though, as a while since mentioned, Professor Barlow reported, in 1820, of the Admiralty compasses then in store, that "at least one-half were mere lumber," yet, notwithstanding the constant risk of shipwrecks thence arising, "very little amelioration in this state of things appears to have taken place until 1838 to 1840."* Nor is official obstructiveness to be readily overborne even by a powerful public opinion; witness the fact, that though, for generations, nine-tenths of the nation have disapproved this ecclesiastical system which pampers

* "Rudimentary Magnetism." By Sir W. Snow Harris. Part III. p. 145.

the drones and starves the workers, and though commissions have been appointed to rectify it, it still remains substantially as it was. Not only do those State-instrumentalities resist reform in themselves, but they hinder reform in other things. In defending their vested interests, the clergy delay the closing of town burial-grounds. As Mr. Lindsay can show, Government emigration-agents are checking the use of iron for sailing vessels. Excise officers prevent improvements in the processes they have to overlook. That organic conservatism which is visible in the daily conduct of all men—that tendency to continue ancestral habits, which every nation exhibits more or less—is an obstacle which in private life self-interest slowly overcomes. The prospect of profit does, in the end, teach farmers that deep draining is good, though it takes long to do this. Manufacturers do, ultimately, learn the most economical speed at which to work their steam-engines, though precedent has long misled them. But in the public service, where there is no self-interest to overcome it, this conservatism exerts its full force, and produces results alike disastrous and absurd. For generations after book-keeping had become universal, the Exchequer accounts were kept by notches cut on sticks. In the estimates for the current year appears the item, “Trimming the oil-lamps at the Horse-Guards.”

Between these law-made agencies, and the spontaneously formed ones, who then can hesitate? The one class are slow, stupid, extravagant, corrupt, and obstructive: can any point out in the other vices that balance these? It is true that trade has its dishonesties, speculation its follies. These are evils inevitably entailed by the existing imperfections of humanity. It is equally true, however, that these imperfections of humanity are shared by State-functionaries; and that being unchecked in them by the same stern discipline, they grow to far worse results. Given a race of men having a certain proclivity to misconduct, and the question is, whether a society of these men shall be so organized that ill-conduct directly brings punishment, or whether it shall be so organized that punishment is but remotely contingent on ill-conduct? Which will be the most healthful community—that in which agents who perform their functions badly, immediately suffer by the withdrawal of public patronage, or that in which such agents can be made to suffer only through an apparatus of meetings, petitions, polling booths, parliamentary divisions, cabinet-councils, and red-tape documents? Is it not an absurdly utopian hope that men will behave better when correction is far removed and uncertain than when it is near at hand and inevitable? Yet this is the hope which most political schemers unconsciously cherish. Listen to their wor-

posals, and you find that just what they propose to have done, they assume that the appointed agents will do. That functionaries are trustworthy is their first postulate. Doubtless could good officers be ensured, there would be much to be said for officialism: just as despotism would have its advantages could we ensure a good despot.

If, however, we would duly realize the contrast between the artificial and the natural modes of achieving social desiderata, we must look not only at the vices of the one but at the virtues of the other. These are many and important. Consider first how immediately every private enterprise is dependent upon the need for it; and how impossible it is for it to continue if there be no need. Daily are new trades and new companies established. If they subserve some existing public want, they take root and grow. If they do not, they die of inanition. It needs no agitation, no act of parliament, to put them down. As with all natural organizations, if there is no function for them, no nutriment comes to them, and they dwindle away. Moreover, not only do the new agencies disappear if they are superfluous, but the old ones cease to be when they have done their work. Unlike law-made instrumentalities—unlike Heralds' Offices, which are maintained for ages after heraldry has lost all value—unlike Ecclesiastical Courts, which continue to flourish for generations after they have become an abomination—these private organizations are abolished when they become needless. A widely ramified coaching system ceases to exist as soon as a more efficient railway system comes into being. And not simply does it cease to exist, and to abstract funds, but the materials of which it was made are absorbed and turned to use. Coachmen, guards, and the rest, are employed to profit elsewhere—do not continue for twenty years a burden like the compensated officials of some abolished department of the State. Consider again how necessarily these unordained agencies fit themselves to their work. It is a law running throughout all organized things, that efficiency presupposes apprenticeship. It is not only true that the young merchant must begin by carrying letters to the post, that the way to be a successful innkeeper is to commence as waiter—it is not only true that in the development of the intellect there must come first the perception of identity, next of duality, next of number, and that without these, arithmetic, algebra, and the infinitesimal calculus, remain impracticable—but it is true that there is no part of any organism whatever but begins in some very simple form with some insignificant function, and passes to its final stage through successive phases of complexity. Every heart is at first a mere pulsatile sac; every brain begins as a slight enlargement of the spinal chord. This

law equally extends to the social organism. An instrumentality that is to work well must not be designed and suddenly put together by legislators, but must grow gradually from a germ; each successive addition must be tried and proved good by experience before another addition is made; and by this slow tentative process only, can an efficient instrumentality be produced. From a trustworthy man who receives deposits of money insensibly grows up a vast banking system, with its notes, cheques, bills, its complex transactions, and its Clearing-house. Pack-horses, then wagons, then coaches, then steam-carriages on common roads, and, finally, steam-carriages on roads made for them—such is the gradual genesis of our present means of communication. Not a trade in the directory but has formed itself an apparatus of manufacturers, brokers, travellers and distributors, in so gradual a way that no one can trace the steps. And so with organizations of another order. Here is the Zoological Gardens, the largest and best thing of its kind in the world, begun as the private collection of a few naturalists. Here is the best working-class school known—that at Price's factory, commenced with half-a-dozen boys sitting among the candle-boxes, after hours, to teach themselves writing with worn-out pens. Mark, too, that as a consequence of their mode of growth these spontaneous agencies expand to any extent required. The same stimulus which brought them into being makes them send their ramifications wherever they are needed. But supply does not thus readily follow demand in governmental agencies. Appoint a board and a staff, fix their duties, and let the apparatus have a generation or two to consolidate, and you cannot make it adapt itself to larger requirements without some act of parliament obtained only after long delay and difficulty.

Were there space, much more might be said upon the superiority of what naturalists would call the *exogenous* order of institutions over the *endogenous* one. But, from the point of view indicated, the further contrasts between their characteristics will be sufficiently visible.

Hence then the fact, that whilst the one order of means is ever failing, making worse, or producing more evils than it cures, the other order of means is ever succeeding, ever improving. Strong as it looks at the outset, State-agency perpetually disappoints every one: puny as are its first stages, private effort daily achieves results that astound the world. It is not only that joint-stock companies do so much; it is not only that by them a whole kingdom is covered with railways in the same time that it takes the Admiralty to build a hundred-gun ship; but it is that law-made instrumentalities are outdone even by individuals. The often quoted contrast between the Academy whose forty members

took fifty-six years to compile the French Dictionary, whilst Dr. Johnson alone compiled the English one in eight—a contrast still marked enough after making due set-off for the difference in the works—is by no means without parallel. Sundry kindred facts may be cited. That great sanitary desideratum—the bringing of the New River to London—which the wealthiest corporation in the world attempted and failed, Sir Hugh Myddleton achieved single-handed. The first canal in England—a work of which government might have been thought the fit projector, and the only competent executor—was undertaken and finished as the private speculation of one man—the Duke of Bridgewater. By his own unaided exertions, William Smith completed that great achievement, the geological map of Great Britain: meanwhile, the Ordnance Survey—a very accurate and elaborate one, it is true—has already occupied a large staff for some two generations, and will not be completed before the lapse of another. Howard and the prisons of Europe; Bianconi and Irish travelling; Dargan and the Dublin Exhibition—do not these suggest startling contrasts? Whilst, at Parkhurst, the State has laid out large sums in the effort to reform juvenile criminals, who are *not* reformed, Mr. Ellis takes fifteen of the worst young thieves in London—thieves considered by the police utterly irreclaimable—and reforms them all. Side by side with the Emigration Board, under whose management hundreds die of fever, from close packing, and under whose licence sail vessels which, like the *Washington*, are the homes of fraud, brutality, tyranny, and obscenity, stands Mrs. Chisholm's Family Colonization Loan Society, which does not provide worse accommodation than ever before, but much better; which does not demoralize by promiscuous crowding, but improves by mild discipline; which does not pauperize by charity, but encourages providence; which does not increase our taxes, but is self-supporting. Here are lessons for the lovers of legislation. The State outdone by a working shoemaker! The State beaten by a woman!

Yet, still stronger becomes this contrast between the results of public action and private action, when we remember that the one is constantly eked out by the other, even in doing the things unavoidably left to it. Passing over military and naval departments in which much is done by contractors, and not by men receiving government pay, let us look at the mode in which our judicial system is worked. Lawyers perpetually tell us that codification is impossible; and there are many simple enough to believe them. Merely remarking, in passing, that what government and all its employes cannot do for the acts of parliament in general, was done for the 1500 Customs acts in 1825 by the energy of one man—Mr. Deacon Hume, let us see how the absence of a digested system of law is made good. In preparing themselves

for the bar, and, finally, the bench, law students, by years of research, have to gain an acquaintance with this vast mass of unorganized legislation; and that organization, which it is held impossible for the State to effect, it is held possible (sly sarcasm on the State!) for each student to effect for himself. Every judge can privately codify, though "united wisdom" cannot. But how is each judge enabled to codify? By the private enterprise of men who have prepared the way for him; by the partial codifications of Blackstone, Coke, and others; by the digests of Partnership Law, Bankruptcy Law, Law of Patents, Laws affecting Women, and the rest that daily issue from the press; by abstracts of cases, and volumes of reports—every one of them unofficial products. Sweep away all these fractional codifications made by individuals, and the State would be in utter ignorance of its own laws! Had not the bunglings of legislators been made good by private enterprise, the administration of justice would have been impossible!

Where, then, is the warrant for the constantly-proposed extensions of legislative action? If, as we have seen in a large class of cases, government measures do not remedy the evils they aim at; if, in another large class, they make these evils worse instead of remedying them; and if, in a third large class, whilst curing some evils they entail others, and often greater ones; if, as we lately saw, public action is continually outdone in efficiency by private action; and if, as just shown, private action is obliged to make up for the shortcomings of public action, even in fulfilling the vital functions of the State, what reason is there for wishing more public administrations? The advocates of such may claim credit for philanthropy, and for ingenuity, but not for wisdom; unless wisdom is shown by disregarding experience.

"Much of this argument is beside the question," will rejoin our opponents. "The true point at issue is, not whether individuals and companies outdo the State when they come in competition with it, but whether there are not certain social wants which the State alone can satisfy. Admitting that private enterprise does much, and does it well, it is nevertheless true that we have daily thrust upon our notice many desiderata which it has not achieved, and is not achieving. In these cases its incompetency is obvious; and in these cases, therefore, it behoves the State to make up for its deficiencies; doing this, if not well, yet as well as it can."

Not to fall back upon the many experiences already quoted, showing that the State is likely to do more harm than good in attempting this; nor to dwell upon the fact that, in most of the alleged cases, the apparent insufficiency of private enterprise is a result of previous State-interferences, as may be conclusively

shown; let us deal with the proposition on its own terms. Though there would have been no need for a Mercantile Marine Act to prevent the inefficiency of captains, and the ill-treatment of sailors, had there been no Navigation Laws to produce these; and though were all like cases of evils and short-comings directly or indirectly produced by law, taken out of the category, there would probably remain but small basis for the plea above put; yet let it be granted that, every artificial obstacle being removed, there would still remain many desiderata unachieved, which there was no seeing how spontaneous effort could achieve. Let all this, we say, be granted, the propriety of legislative action might yet be rightly questioned.

For the said plea involves the quite unwarrantable assumption that social agencies will continue to work only as they are now working, and will produce no results but those they seem likely to produce. It is the habit of this school of thinkers to make a limited human intelligence the measure of phenomena which it requires omniscience to grasp. That which it does not see the way to, it does not believe will take place. Though society has, generation after generation, been growing to developments which none foresaw, yet there is no practical belief in unforeseen developments in the future. The parliamentary debates constitute an elaborate balancing of probabilities, having for data things as they are. Meanwhile every day adds new elements to things as they are, and seemingly improbable results constantly occur. Who, a few years ago, expected that a Leicester-square refugee would shortly become Emperor of the French? Who looked for free-trade from a landlords' ministry? Who dreamed that Irish over-population would spontaneously cure itself, as it is now doing? So far from social changes arising in likely ways, they almost always arise in ways that, to common sense, appear unlikely. A barber's shop was not a probable looking place for the germination of the cotton manufacture—a manufacture which is modifying the course of civilization. No one supposed that important agricultural improvements would come from a Leadenhall-street tradesman. A farmer would have been the last man thought of to bring to bear the screw-propulsion of steam-ships. The invention of a new order of architecture we should have hoped from any one rather than a gardener. Yet whilst the most unexpected changes are daily wrought out in the strangest ways, legislation daily assumes that things will — just as human foresight thinks they will go. Though by the trite exclamation—"What would our forefathers have said!" there is a constant acknowledgment of the fact, that wonderful results have been achieved in modes wholly unforeseen; yet there seems no belief that this will be again.

Would it not be wise to admit this probability into our politics? May we not rationally infer that, as in the past so in the future?

This strong faith in State-agencies is, however, accompanied by so weak a faith in natural agencies, (the two being antagonistic,) that, spite of past experience, it will by many be thought absurd to rest in the conviction, that existing social needs will be spontaneously met, though we cannot now say how they will be met. Nevertheless, there are not wanting illustrations exactly to the point, that are now transpiring before their eyes. Instance the adulteration of food—a thing which law has unsuccessfully tried to stop time after time, and which yet there seemed no power but law competent to deal with. Law, however, having tried and failed, here steps in *The Lancet*, and, with a view to extend its circulation, begins publishing weekly analyses, and gives lists of honest and dishonest tradesmen. By and by we shall be having these lists republished in other papers, as portions of the reports are already. And when every retailer finds himself thus liable to have his sins told to all his customers, a considerable improvement may be expected. Who, now, would have looked for such a remedy as this? Instance, again, the scarcely credible phenomenon lately witnessed in the midland counties. Every one has heard of the distress of the stockings—a chronic evil of some generation or two's standing. Repeated petitions have prayed parliament for remedy; and legislation has made attempts, but without success. The disease seemed incurable. Two or three years since, however, the circular knitting-machine was introduced—a machine immensely outstripping the old stocking-frame in productiveness, but which can make only the legs of stockings, not the feet. Doubtless, the Leicester and Nottingham artizans regarded this new engine with alarm, as one likely to intensify their miseries. On the contrary, it has wholly removed them. By cheapening production, it has so enormously increased consumption, that the old stocking-frames, which were before too many by half for the work to be done, are now all fully employed in putting feet to the legs which the new machines make. How insane would he have been thought who anticipated cure from such a cause. If from the unforeseen removal of evils we turn to the unforeseen achievements of desiderata, we find like cases. When omnibuses commenced plying at a shilling for all distances, no one recognised the event as the first step towards a system of conveyance for the people at three farthings a mile. No one expected railways to become agents for the diffusion of cheap literature, as they now are. No one supposed when the Society of Arts was planning an international exhibition of manufactures, that

the result would be a place for popular recreation and culture at Sydenham.

But there is yet a deeper reply to the appeals of impatient philanthropists. It is not simply that social vitality may be trusted to by-and-by fulfil each much-exaggerated requirement in some quiet spontaneous way—it is not simply that when thus naturally fulfilled it will be fulfilled efficiently, instead of being botched as when attempted artificially—but it is that until thus naturally fulfilled it ought not to be fulfilled at all. A startling paradox, this, to many; but one quite justifiable, as we hope shortly to show.

It was pointed out some distance back, that the force which produces and sets in motion every social mechanism—governmental, mercantile, or other—is some aggregate of personal desires. As there is no individual action without a desire, so, it was argued, there can be no social action without a compound desire. To which there here remains to add, that as it is a general law of the individual that the intenser desires—those corresponding to all-essential functions—are satisfied first, and if need be to the neglect of the weaker and less important ones, so it must be a general law of society that the chief requisites of social life—those necessary to popular existence and multiplication—will, in the natural order of things, be subserved before those of a less pressing kind. Having a common root in humanity, the two series of phenomena cannot fail to accord. As the private man first ensures himself food, then clothing and shelter; these being secured, takes a wife, and, if he can afford it, presently supplies himself with carpeted rooms and piano, and wines, hires servants and gives dinner parties; so, in the evolution of society, we see first a combination for defence against enemies, and for the better pursuit of game; by and by, come such political arrangements as are needed to maintain this combination; afterwards, under a demand for more food, more clothes, more houses, arises division of labour; and when satisfaction of the animal wants has been tolerably provided for, there slowly grow up science, and literature, and the arts. Is it not obvious that these successive evolutions occur in the order of their importance? Is it not obvious, that being each of them produced by an aggregate desire they *must* occur in the order of their importance, if it be a law of the individual that the strongest desires correspond to the most needful actions? Is it not, indeed, obvious that the order of relative importance will be more uniformly followed in social action than in individual action, seeing that the personal idiosyncrasies which disturb that order in the latter case are *averaged* in the former? If any one do not see this, let him take up a book describing life at the

gold-diggings. There he will find the whole process exhibited in little. He will read that as the diggers must eat, they are compelled to offer such prices for food that it pays better to keep a store than to dig. As the store-keepers must get supplies, they will give enormous sums for carriage from the nearest town; and some men quickly seeing they can get rich at that, make it their business. This brings drays and horses into demand; the high rates draw these from all quarters, and after them wheelwrights and harness-makers. Blacksmiths to sharpen pick-axes, doctors to cure fevers, get pay exorbitant in proportion to the need for them; and are so brought flocking in proportionate numbers. Presently commodities become scarce; more must be fetched from abroad; sailors must have increased wages to prevent them from deserting; this necessitates higher charges for freight; higher freights quickly bring more ships; and so there rapidly develops an organization for supplying goods from all parts of the world. Every phase of this evolution takes place in the order of its necessity; or as we say, in the order of the intensity of the desires subserved. Each man does that which he finds pay best; that which pays best is that for which other men will give most; that for which they will give most is that which, under the circumstances, they most desire; hence the succession must be throughout from the more important to the less important. A requirement which at any period still remains unfulfilled, must be one for the fulfilment of which men will not pay so much as to make it worth anyone's while to fulfil it—must be a *less* requirement than all the others for the fulfilment of which they will pay more—and must wait until other more needful things are done. Well, is it not clear that the same law holds good in every community? Will it not be true of the later phases of social evolution, as of the earlier, that when uncontrolled the smaller desiderata are postponed to the greater? No reasonable person can doubt it.

Hence, then, the justification of the seeming paradox, that until spontaneously fulfilled a public want should not be fulfilled at all. It must, on the average, result in our complex state, as in the simpler ones, that the thing left undone is a thing by doing which citizens cannot gain so much as by doing other things—is therefore a thing which society does not want done so much as it wants these other things done; and the corollary is, that to effect a neglected thing by artificially employing citizens to do it, as to leave undone some more important thing which they would have been doing—is to sacrifice the greater requisite to the smaller.

"But," it will perhaps be objected, "if the things done by a government, or at least by a representative government, are also

done in obedience to some aggregate desire, why may we not look for this normal subordination of the more needful to the less needful in them too?" The reply is, that though they have a certain tendency to follow this order—though those primal desires for public defence and personal protection, out of which government originates, were satisfied through its instrumentality in proper succession—though possibly some other early and simple requirements may have been so too—yet when the desires are not few, universal and intense, but, like those remaining to be satisfied in the latter stages of civilization, numerous, partial, and moderate, the judgment of a government is no longer to be trusted. To select out of an immense number of minor wants, physical, intellectual, and moral, felt in different degrees by different classes, and by a total mass varying in every case, the want that is most pressing, is a task which no legislature can accomplish. No man or men by inspecting society can *see* what it most needs; society must be left to *feel* what it most needs. The mode of solution must be experimental, not theoretical. When left, day after day, to experience evils and dissatisfactions of various kinds, affecting them in various degrees, citizens gradually acquire repugnance to these proportionate to their greatness, and corresponding desires to get rid of them, which are likely to end in the worst inconvenience being first removed. And however irregular and uncertain this process may be—and we admit, that in consequence of men's habits and prejudices, many anomalies, or seeming anomalies, are visible in it—it is a process far more trustworthy than are legislative judgments. For those who question this there are instances; and that the parallel may be the more conclusive, we will take a case in which the ruling power is deemed specially fit to decide—we refer to our means of communication.

Do those who maintain that railways would have been better laid out and constructed by government hold that the order of importance would have been as uniformly followed as it has been by private enterprise? Under the stimulus of an enormous traffic—a traffic too great for the then existing means—the first line sprung up between Liverpool and Manchester. Next came the Grand Junction and the London and Birmingham; afterwards the Great Western, the South Western, the South Eastern, the Eastern Counties, the Midland. Since then subsidiary lines and branches have occupied our capitalists. As they were quite certain to do, companies have made first the most needed, and therefore the best paying lines; under the same impulse that a labourer chooses high wages in preference to low. That government would have adopted a better order can hardly be, for the best has been followed; but that it would have adopted

a worse all the evidence we have goes to show. In default of materials for a direct parallel, we might quote cases of injudicious road-making from India and the colonies. Or as exemplifying State-efforts to facilitate communication, we might dwell on the fact, that whilst our rulers have sacrificed hundreds of lives, and spent untold treasure in seeking a North-west Passage, which would be useless if found, they have left the exploration of the Isthmus of Darien, and the cutting a canal through it, to a private company. But, not to make much of this indirect evidence, we will content ourselves with the one sample of a State-made channel for commerce, which we have at home—the Caledonian Canal. Up to the present time this public work has cost upwards of 1,100,000*l.*; it has now been open for many years, and salaried emissaries have been constantly employed to get traffic for it; the results, as given in its forty-seventh annual report, issued in 1852, are—receipts during the year, 7,909*l.*; expenditure ditto, 9,261*l.*; loss 1,352*l.* Has any such large investment been made with such a pitiful result by a private canal company?

And if a government is so bad a judge of the relative importance of social requirements, when these requirements are *of the same kind*, how worthless a judge must it be when they are of different kinds. If where a fair share of intelligence might be expected to lead them right, legislators and their officers go so wrong, how terribly will they err where no amount of intelligence would suffice them—where they must daily decide amongst hosts of needs,—bodily, intellectual, and moral,—that admit of no direct comparison; and how disastrous must be the results if they act out their erroneous decisions. Should any one need this bringing home to him by an illustration, let him read the following extract from the last of the series of letters some time since published in the *Morning Chronicle*, on the state of agriculture in France. After expressing the opinion that French farming is some century behind English farming, the writer goes on to say:—

“There are two causes principally chargeable with this. In the first place, strange as it may seem in a country in which two-thirds of the population are agriculturists, agriculture is a very unhonoured occupation. Develop in the slightest degree a Frenchman’s mental faculties, and he flies to a town as surely as steel filings fly to a loadstone. He has no rural tastes, no delight in rural habits. A French amateur farmer would indeed be a sight to see. Again, this national tendency is directly encouraged by the centralising system of government—by the multitude of officials, and by the payment of all functionaries. From all parts of France, men of great energy and resource struggle up and fling themselves on the world of Paris. There they try to

become great functionaries. Through every department of the eighty-four, men of less energy and resource struggle up to the *chef-lieu*—the provincial capital. There they try to become little functionaries. Go still lower—deal with a still smaller scale—and the result will be the same. As is the department to France, so is the *arrondissement* to the department, and the commune to the *arrondissement*. All who have, or think they have, heads on their shoulders, struggle into towns to fight for office. All who are, or are deemed by themselves or others, too stupid for anything else, are left at home to till the fields, and breed the cattle, and prune the vines, as their ancestors did for generations before them. Thus there is actually no intelligence left in the country. The whole energy, and knowledge, and resource of the land are barreled up in the towns. You leave one city, and in many cases you will not meet an educated or cultivated individual until you arrive at another—all between is utter intellectual barrenness.”—*Morning Chronicle*, August, 1851.

To what end now is this constant abstraction of able men from rural districts? To the end that there may be enough functionaries to achieve those many desiderata which French governments have thought ought to be achieved—to provide amusements, to manage mines, to construct roads and bridges, and erect numerous buildings—to print books, encourage the fine arts, control this trade, and inspect that manufacture—to do all the thousand-and-one things which the State does in France. That the army of officers needed for this may be maintained, agriculture must go unofficered. That certain social conveniences may be better secured, the chief social necessity is neglected. The very basis of the national life is sapped to gain a few non-essential advantages. Said we not truly, then, that until a requirement is spontaneously fulfilled, it should not be fulfilled at all?

And here indeed we may recognise the close kinship between the fundamental fallacy involved in these State-meddlings and the fallacy lately exploded by the free-trade agitation. These various law-made instrumentalities for effecting ends that might otherwise not yet be effected, all embody a subtler form of the protectionist hypothesis. The same short-sightedness which, looking at commerce, prescribed bounties and restrictions, looking at social affairs in general, prescribes these multiplied administrations; and the same criticism applies alike to all its proceedings.

For was not the error that vitiated every law aiming at the artificial maintenance of a trade, substantially that which we have just been dwelling upon—namely, the overlooking the fact, that in setting people to do one thing, some other thing is necessarily left undone? The statesmen who thought it wise to protect

home-made silks against French silks, did so under the impression that the manufacture thus secured, constituted a pure gain to the nation; they did not reflect that the men employed in this manufacture would otherwise have been producing something else—a something else which, as they could produce it without legal help, they could more profitably produce. Landlords who have been so anxious to prevent foreign wheat from displacing their own wheat, have never duly realized the fact, that if their fields would not yield wheat so economically as to prevent the feared displacement, it simply proved that they were growing unfit crops in place of fit crops; and so working their land at a relative loss. In all cases where, by restrictive duties, a trade has been upheld that would otherwise not have existed, capital has been turned into a channel less productive than some other into which it would naturally have flowed. In the absence of these restrictions the article made would have been fetched from some place where it was more cheaply made; and in exchange for it we should have made and given some article in which aptitude and local circumstances enabled us to excel those with whom we thus exchanged. And so, to pursue certain State-patronized occupations, men have been drawn from more advantageous occupations.

Is it not, then, as above alleged, that the same oversight runs through all these interferences; be they with commerce, or be they with other things? Is it not that in employing people to achieve this or that desideratum, legislators have not perceived that they were thereby preventing the achievement of some other desideratum? Has it not been constantly assumed that each proposed good would, if secured, be a pure good; instead of being a good purchaseable only by submission to some evil that would else have been remedied? And may we not rationally believe that, as in trade, so in other things, labour will spontaneously find out, better than any government can find out for it, the things on which it may best expend itself? Undoubtedly we may. Rightly regarded, the two propositions are identical. This division into commercial and non-commercial affairs is quite a superficial one. All the actions going on in society come under the generalization—human effort administering to human desire. Whether the administration be effected through a process of buying and selling, or whether in any other way, matters not so far as the general law of it is concerned. In all cases it will be true that the stronger desires will get themselves satisfied before the weaker ones; and in all cases it will be true that to get satisfaction for the weaker ones before they would naturally have it, is to deny satisfaction to the stronger ones.

After assigning reasons, thus fundamental, for condemning all State-action, save that which universal experience has proved to be absolutely needful, it would seem superfluous to assign subordinate ones. Else might we here comment at length upon the secondary evils attendant on the meddling system. Taking for text Mr. Lindsay's work, named at the head of this article, we might say much upon the complexity to which this process of adding regulation to regulation—each necessitated by foregoing ones—ultimately leads; a complexity which, by the misunderstandings, delays, and disputes it entails, indirectly inflicts greater evils than those that were to be remedied. Something, too, might be added upon the perturbing effects of that "gross delusion," as M. Guizot calls it, "a belief in the sovereign power of political machinery;" a delusion to which he partly ascribes, and, we believe, rightly so, the late revolution in France; and a delusion which is fostered by every new interference. But, passing over these, we would dwell for a short space upon the national enervation which this State-superintendence produces—an evil which, though secondary, is, so far from being subordinate, perhaps greater than any other.

The enthusiastic philanthropist, urgent for some act of parliament to remedy this evil or secure the other good, thinks it a very trivial and far-fetched objection that the people will be morally injured by doing things for them instead of leaving them to do things themselves. He vividly realizes the benefit he hopes to get achieved, which is a positive and readily imaginable thing: he does not realize the diffused, invisible, and slowly accumulating effect wrought on the popular mind, and so does not believe in it; or, if he admits it, thinks it beneath consideration. Would he but remember, however, that all national character is gradually produced by the daily action of circumstances, of which each day's result seems so insignificant as not to be worth mentioning, he would see that what is trifling when viewed in its increments, may be formidable when viewed in its sum total. Or if he would go into the nursery, and watch how repeated actions,—each of them apparently unimportant—create, in the end, a habit which will affect the whole future life, he would be reminded that every influence brought to bear on human nature tells, and, if continued, tells seriously. The thoughtless mother who hourly yields to the requests—"Mamma, tie my pinafore," "Mamma, button my shoe," and the like, cannot be persuaded that each of these concessions is detrimental: but the wiser spectator, sees that if this policy be long pursued, and be extended to other things, it will end in hopeless dependence. The teacher of the old school who showed his pupil the way out of every difficulty, did not perceive that he was generating an

attitude of mind greatly militating against success in life. Taught by Pestalozzi, however, the modern instructor induces his pupil to solve the difficulties himself; believes that in so doing he is preparing him to meet the difficulties which, when he goes into the world, there will be no one to help him through; and finds confirmation for this belief in the fact that a great proportion of the most successful men are self-made. Well, is it not obvious that this relationship between discipline and success holds good nationally? Are not nations made of men, and are not men subject to the same laws of modification in their adult as in their early years? Is it not true of the drunkard, that each carouse adds a thread to his bonds? of the trader, that each acquisition strengthens the wish for acquisitions? of the pauper, that the more you assist him the more he wants? of the busy man, that the more he has to do the more he can do? And does it not follow that if every individual is subject to this process of adaptation to conditions, a whole nation must be so—that just in proportion as its members are little helped by extraneous power they will become self-helping, and in proportion as they are much helped they will become helpless? What folly is it to ignore these results because they are not direct, and not immediately visible. Though slowly wrought out, they are inevitable. We can no more elude the laws of human development than we can elude the law of gravitation; and so long as they hold true must these effects occur.

If we are asked in what special directions this alleged helplessness, entailed by much State-superintendence shows itself, we reply that it is seen in a retardation of all social growths requiring self-confidence in the people—in a timidity that fears all difficulties not before encountered—in a thoughtless contentment with things as they are. Let any one, after duly watching the rapid evolution going on in England, where men have been comparatively little helped by governments—or better still, after contemplating the unparalleled progress of the United States, which is peopled by self-made men, and the recent descendants of self-made men—let such an one, we say, go on to the Continent, and consider the relatively slow advance which things are there making; and the still slower advance they would make but for English enterprise. Let him go to Holland and see, that, though the Dutch early showed themselves good mechanics, and have had abundant practice in hydraulics, Amsterdam has been without any due supply of water until now that works are being established by an English company. Let him go to Berlin, and there be told that, to give that city a water-supply such as London has had for many generations, the project of an English firm is about to be executed by English capital, under

English superintendence. Let him go to Paris, where he will find a similar lack, and a like remedy now under consideration. Let him go to Vienna, and learn that it, in common with other continental cities, is lighted by an English gas-company. Let him go on the Rhone, on the Loire, on the Danube, and discover that Englishmen established steam navigation on those rivers. Let him inquire concerning the railways in Italy, Spain, France, Sweden, Denmark, how many of them are English projects, how many of them have been largely helped by English capital, how many of them have been executed by English contractors, how many have had English engineers. Let him discover, too, as he will, that where railways have been government-made, as in Russia, the energy, the perseverance, and the practical talent developed in England and the United States have been called in to aid. And then if these illustrations of the progressiveness of a self-dependent race, and the torpidity of paternally-governed ones, do not suffice him, he may read Mr. Laing's successive volumes of European travel, and there study the contrast in detail. What, now, is the cause of this contrast? In the order of nature, a capacity for self-help must in every case have been brought into existence by the practice of self-help; and, other things equal, a lack of this capacity must in every case have arisen from the lack of demand for it. Do not these two antecedents and their two consequents agree with the facts as presented in England and Europe? Were not the inhabitants of the two, some centuries ago, much upon a par in point of enterprise? Were not the English even behind, in their manufactures, in their colonization, and in their commerce? Has not the immense relative change the English have undergone in this respect been coincident with the great relative self-dependence they have been since habituated to? And is not this change proximately ascribable to this habitual self-dependence? Whoever doubts it is asked to assign a more probable cause. Whoever admits it must admit that the enervation of a people by perpetual State-aids is not a trifling consideration, but the most weighty consideration. A general arrest of national growth he will see to be an evil greater than any special benefits can compensate for. And, indeed, when, after contemplating this great fact, the overspreading of the earth by the Anglo-Saxons, he turns from it to remark the absence of any parallel phenomenon exhibited by a continental race—when he reflects how this difference must depend chiefly on difference of character, and how such difference of character has been mainly produced by difference of discipline, he will perceive that the policy pursued in this matter may have a large share in determining a nation's ultimate fate.

We are not sanguine, however, that any amount of argument will change the convictions of those who put their trust in legislation. With men of a certain order of thought the foregoing reasonings will have weight; with men of another order of thought they will have little or none; nor would any accumulation of such reasonings affect them. The truth that experience teaches, has its limits. The experiences that will teach, must be experiences that can be appreciated; and experiences exceeding a certain order of complexity become inappreciable to the majority. It is thus with most social phenomena. If we remember that for these two thousand years and more, mankind have been making regulations for commerce, which have all along been strangling some trades and killing others with kindness; and that though the proofs of this have been constantly before their eyes, they have only just discovered that they have been uniformly doing mischief—if we remember that even now only a small portion of them see this; we are taught that perpetually repeated and ever accumulating experiences will fail to teach, until there exist the mental conditions required for the assimilation of them. Nay, when they are assimilated, it is very imperfectly; the truth they teach is only half understood even by those supposed to understand it best. For example, Sir Robert Peel, in one of his last speeches, after describing the immensely increased consumption consequent on free trade, goes on to say:—

“If, then, you can only continue that consumption—if, *by your legislation*, under the favour of Providence, *you can maintain the demand for labour and make your trade and manufactures prosperous*, you are not only increasing the sum of human happiness, but are giving the agriculturists of this country the best chance of that increased demand which must contribute to their welfare.”—*Times*, Feb. 22, 1850.

Thus the prosperity really due to the abandonment of all legislation is ascribed to a particular kind of legislation. “*You can maintain the demand*,” he says; “*you can make trade and manufactures prosperous*;” whereas, the facts he quotes prove that they can only do this by doing nothing. The essential truth of the matter—that law had been doing immense harm, and that this prosperity resulted not from law, but from the absence of law, is missed; and his faith in legislation in general, which should, by this experience, have been greatly shaken, seemingly remains as strong as ever. Here, again, is the House of Lords, apparently not yet believing in the relationship of supply and demand, adopting, within these few weeks, the standing order—

“That before the first reading of any bill for making any work in

the construction of which compulsory power is sought to take thirty houses or more inhabited by the labouring classes in any one parish or place, the promoters be required to deposit in the office of the clerk of the parliaments a statement of the number, description, and situation of the said houses, the number (so far as they can be estimated) of persons to be displaced, *and whether any and what provision is made in the bill for remedying the inconvenience likely to arise from such displacements.*"

If, then, in the comparatively simple relationships of trade, the teachings of experience remain for so many ages unperceived, and are so imperfectly apprehended when they are perceived, it is scarcely to be hoped that where all social phenomena—moral, intellectual, and physical, are involved, any due appreciation of the truths displayed will presently take place. The facts cannot yet get recognised as facts. As the alchemist attributed his successive disappointments to some disproportion in the ingredients, some impurity, or some too great temperature, and never to the futility of his process, or the impossibility of his aim, so every failure cited to prove the impotence of State-regulations the law-worshipper explains away as being caused by this trifling oversight, or that little mistake; all which oversights and mistakes will in future be avoided. Eluding the facts as he does after this fashion, volley after volley of them produce no effect.

Indeed, this faith in governments is in a certain sense organic; and can diminish only by being outgrown. A subtle form of fetishism, it is as natural to the present phase of human evolution as was its grosser prototype to an earlier phase. From the time when rulers were thought demi-gods, there has been a gradual decline in men's estimate of their power: this decline is still in progress, and has still far to go. Doubtless, every increment of evidence furthers it in *some* degree, though not to the degree that at first appears. Only in so far as it modifies character does it produce a permanent effect. For whilst the mental type remains the same, the removal of a special error is inevitably followed by the growth of other errors of the same genus. All superstitions die hard; and we fear that this belief in government-omnipotence will form no exception.

ART. III.—PEDIGREE AND HERALDRY.

1. *The Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain and Ireland.* By John Bernard Burke. Colburn. London.
2. *Dictionary of the Landed Gentry.* By John Bernard Burke. Colburn. London.
3. *Family Romance.* By John Bernard Burke. Hurst and Blackett. London.
4. *Birth and Worth; or, The Practical Uses of a Pedigree.* [Printed for private circulation. 1852.]
5. *Observations on Heraldry.* By the Rev. T. Hamerton. Churton. London. 1851.
6. *The Pursuivant of Arms; or, Heraldry founded upon Facts.* By J. R. Planché, F.S.A. Churton. London. 1851.

TWO preliminary remarks must commence our essay on this comprehensive and fertile subject, and must meet two difficulties, the fear of which retards our footsteps in entering upon its threshold. In the first place, then, we disclaim any intention of trenching on the province of the disciples of Dugdale—of exposing mistakes in the marriages in the *Baronage*—or affecting to settle the “Scrope and Grosvenor” controversy. In the second place, we desire to acquaint those who profess “liberal” and “enlarged” views, that we are not conscious of any peculiar mental contraction as the result of our studies in this department, or of any indifference to any kind of “progress” whatever, in consequence of the same. Our object here, in fact, is with the literature of aristocracy and heraldry as a subject of genial, and human, and historic interest. We propose to look at the “dim emblazonings” and the purple glories of the ancient and armorial shields of Europe with impartiality, though not with indifference, and in such a way as shall neither displease Garter King-of-Arms nor Mr. Cobden. A little of the common daylight—nay, even of the gas-light—of the nineteenth century let in upon venerable walls and solemn escutcheons can do them no harm; and, on the other hand, the mere pulling down of them, and scraping off their *arugo*, in the hope of being able to prove them brick-made, or pot-lids, is a task which can be performed by any scullery menial, and, though highly useful, is not the most honourable in the world, nor the one for which we feel any particular inclination at this moment. We prefer *constructive* to *destructive* criticism,—the criticism that does not so much love to dissect the subject in its decayed state, in order to show its unsound

parts—as to endeavour to know what the subject was in its beginning, and how and for what purpose it attained its organisation. Such is our general view. We may add, that we have always thought it extraordinary in a country so aristocratic in feeling as England really is, that so little should be known by people generally about these matters. One has only to go down Rotten-row, and linger by the Serpentine, on any of the pleasant evenings which are now passing over us, to see Heraldry, for example, in both copiousness and detail; yet to the many of the worthy cultivated classes, generally, what is Heraldry as a matter of knowledge or speculation? Little more, we fear, than what our old friend, the elder Mr. Weller, would describe as a something “well known to be a collection of fabulous animals!” And Pedigree? Here the general information is still thinner and vaguer. The Briton believes in his Peerage; the prosperous Briton hopes that his grandson may be a peer, or his granddaughter a peer’s wife. He vaguely associates coronets with Norman knights, and other fine objects seen through the haze of the popular knowledge of history; but of the actual constituency of the body of the Peerage he knows scarcely anything. A peer passes for a peer, as a pound does for a pound, in this country; but in what proportion of gold and alloy the coin rejoices, the multitude—*qui stupet in titulis et imaginibus*, as Horace saw it do of old—is more ignorant than it is of public matters generally.

With regard to the union of the subjects which combine to form our title, it is a very natural one—the union of Fact and Symbol. Heraldry is the symbol of gentility, historically speaking. We are well aware what disputes there are about its origin, and what changes have attended its history; but the general fact about it—the historic fact which constitutes its importance—is, that it is the symbol of aristocracy. England has a shield; a family has a shield. In each case, the shield is the symbol of the bearer. The figures, quaint and rude though they be, visible on the pennons found stained and bloody on the field of Flodden when the fight was done—the crosses and the wild cats, the crescents and the roses—these were the dearest symbols in life to the gentlemen who bore them. Two characters attached to them; they distinguished the family as well as the individual, and thus united the sentiment of home with the sentiment of honour; but, further than that, they distinguished the noble from the many, and marked out their possessor as one of the leading class of his age. To bear arms in the old days amounted to much. The times might be better or worse than other times, but, at all events, their work had to be done by somebody, and it gradually came about that Coat-armour, as it was called,

distinguished those who distinguished themselves. Its prime characteristic, then, is this, that it was the symbolic outcome of the age, a kind of ornamental blossoming-out of the life of those violent old days, even as a flower sprang out, according to the fable, from Ajax's blood. In this respect, if in this only, Heraldry would always have an interest among the things that have attained a strong vitality,—that it drew, in its way, upon Nature, as an object of human sentiment; men who depicted on their instruments of war, and made sacred the various animals of the field, the flowers, the stars, the moon, the shells on the Syrian coast where they had warred—so many objects, with such artistic variety—were making Poetry the companion of War. In a certain way, then, Poetry was represented by Heraldry or Armory. So much may be said of the philosophy of it as a preliminary; and it must be borne in mind, that in a practical way it constituted a stringent system of distinction. Nothing is more clear than that bearing arms was from the first considered a distinction of aristocracy, and the peculiar privilege of the well-born. Hence, in grants conferring nobility—deeds, the object of which was to elevate a man into the higher class—the privilege was accompanied with a grant of the “Arms” accompanying it, “*in signum nobilitatis*,”* which arms were *depicta*, and referred to in the deed, accordingly. And Sir Edward Coke, in an often-quoted passage, lays down this rule on the subject generally, “*Nobiles sunt qui arma gentilicia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt.*” The essential characteristic then, of Heraldry, is its symbolic nature; we must always bear that in mind; and now, looking at the system, as having long since hardened itself into the fossil state, we know not how we could better illustrate it than by likening it, with all its ornament, quaintness, and yet meaning, to a system of shells—mere ornaments, it is true, yet still pregnant with interest when we consider them as the offspring of the far-distant, vital, loud-sounding, feudal sea.

But before speaking further of heraldry as a science, and as influenced by gradual national change, we will direct our attention to the kindred subject of pedigree, or birth, or aristocracy, whereof heraldry was in its creation, and is, ideally speaking, still the collateral relative,—the ornament, but also something more than the ornament—as the flush in the cheek of the maiden is at once the cause of beauty, and the sign of health. How stands at present the world's account with that question? This is a curious inquiry,

* Harl. MS., 1507, quoted by Sir James Lawrence, “On the Nobility of the British Gentry.” Fraser.

but it is also an important one; and indeed in a country like England, it is actually a practical one. At this hour, while Europe is tumbling into ruins (as a system of institutions, that is,)—mass falling after mass of its old fabrics, with a noise that startles everybody (a head or two getting broken in the confusion, also,)—England makes, on all proper occasions, a profession of its belief in aristocracy. England has possessed in all ages, Saxon as well as Norman, a division of classes, a race set apart from the others, to govern; and this governing class, or rather this class whose theoretical business it is to govern, goes by a name taken from the old Greck one, and is written down, when described, as comprising the best. Such, at all events, is the nominal state of affairs. But it is characteristic of the times, that at every step you take in attempting to put the question to practical tests, in attempting even to get at the actual opinion in the world on the matter, you meet the most contradictory assertions, and certainly nothing like a general faith. “Blood, sir—we must have blood!” says “the young gentleman with the weak legs,” in “David Copperfield.” As Mr. Dickens has given the belief in “Blood” such an imbecile representative, we can guess at the turn of *his* opinions on the matter. We have the contrary view in Lord John Manners’ celebrated couplet.

Let arts and manners, laws and commerce die,
But leave us still our old nobility!

But far and wide, the discord on the point spreads. We doubt, for instance, whether anywhere, except in some inland county of old-fashioned habits, the proposer of an honourable candidate would not be in danger of ridicule, if he began by emphatically describing him as a “man of ancient family.” It is the fashion among journals which profess liberalism to assert boldly, that your great men all come from the middle class, and so on:—while, on the other hand, the success of the laborious, instructive, and interesting books of Mr. Burke, clearly shows that in other quarters of the world very different opinions are entertained. Many who believe in “Blood” cherish the faith secretly in an utilitarian age,—persecuted fire-worshippers, who follow their belief in private. Some who have the personal pretension, proclaim it to be of no consequence; some who have not the pretension, pay humble homage to it in others. The question is in the most contradictory condition altogether. Chesterfield placed at the head of his pedigree these two names—“*ADAM de Stanhope—EVE de Stanhope.*” The ridicule was very felicitous; but what think you he would have said, if you had proposed to deny the long line of intermediate Stanhopes, and to class him with the ordinary clay of the earth?

Experience proves that ideas which have once been the animating ones of a nation—that all, strictly, of a nation's historic ideas—do, in one form or another, survive even to the very dregs of its decay. In Rome, for instance, this idea of birth outlived the admission of plebeians to the great offices, outlived the liberties of the state and the emperorship of men of no family; and even transmitted itself to the new system of Europe; and inspired the patricians of Italy with the pride of being thought to descend from the consular families of the great nation. We never read Tacitus without being struck with the vitality of the idea in his time. No man of note appears on the splendid theatre of his history but we are informed, he was of the great Cornelian house, or he was *not* of that old Sempronian family; a *sutrinæ tabernæ alumnus* has a drop of satire let fall on him as the historian passes by, and you seem to see the writer's face glow, when, recording the degradation of some nobles of his time, he adds—"I do not give their names,—I think it due to their ancestors." So, too, in our own days, the same sentiment has outlived gradual and extraordinary changes in every form of European life. And a long-descended, brilliant Chateaubriand, an agent in the changes of his time, pauses when he tells you of his father's family and his youthful liberalism; and admits that in his bosom there lurks a spark of the feeling which was so potent in others of his race.

We sometimes think, that if the vulgar old phrase—"Pride of Birth," had been driven out to make room for one expressing juster ideas, and we had heard instead, of the "Sentiment of Birth," less offence would have been given by it to the many worthy people whom the pretension has offended. Anything in the way of beauty should be welcome in matters of opinion. To trace lineage,—to love and record the names and actions of those without whom *we* could never have been, who moulded us and made us what we are, and whom the very greatest genius of us all must know to have propagated influences into his being, which must, subtly but certainly, act upon his whole conduct in the world,—all this is implied in ancestry and the love of it, and is natural and good. Now, if these ancestors were the great men of the day, the leaders of armies, the heads of churches, or of less rank perhaps, yet part of the governing system—men of fair repute and positions of honour, sharing in what culture their age had to give them, and enjoying respect from the world round about? Here, the natural sentiment has something to stimulate it more; the man of such ancestry sees in each past time of his country's history a little spot of hearth-fire burning through the gloom, lighting up the dark space for him, and with a face that he knows visible by it. The great liberal, Franklin, comes

over from America, on one of the most important missions of his age; he goes down to the country from which his progenitors derived their lineage, and gives to the tracing of the line of the yeomen from whom he sprang, time that might have added to science and to politics. "Happy," says Jean Paul, in his autobiography, "happy is the man who can trace his lineage, ancestor by ancestor, and cover hoary time with a green mantle of youth!" A third child of the same century, and that the century of revolutions, gives testimony to the depth of the same feeling; and we find the great Jeremy Bentham showing the same love, and absolutely meditating the purchase of certain territories, the property of the Counts of Bentheim, from whom he *may* have descended.* So much for the mere strength and universality of the sentiment,—and that not in "barbarous" times, nor among prejudiced men. It follows only naturally enough, that the sentiment is deeper in proportion when the ancestors have been great and renowned; and that that which we should think honourable and interesting to ourselves, we esteem and regard in others. Our readers must often have smiled at the curious, modest, yet firmly self-asserting way in which Gibbon speaks of the respectable Gibbons of Kent, of whom he was a descendant. Here is his opinion, as a historian, on the general question we have been opening:—

"The superior prerogative of birth, when it has obtained the sanction of time, and popular opinions, is the plainest and least invidious of all distinctions amongst mankind."

However, we are well aware that the difficulties of the subject just begin about this stage of the inquiry. That the sentiment of birth is profoundly fixed in the human mind, and that it is the tendency of nations to make the children of their great men a hereditary order,—we need not assert,—for history asserts it for us. Nobody can deny the general fact; but now comes the rush of hostile queries:—"Such an order as you speak of, did it necessarily include the great men—did not accident and fraud raise many to it, whose descendants (on the aristocratic theory) assumed absurdly the superiority of a born Best class? Has not every class, even the very lowest, produced its great men, and how many more would it have produced, with equal chances? Finally, how does time operate on institutions of this character, and does the superiority (if we admit such to have ever actually existed) maintain itself, in a country of mixed races and classes;—and can you depend *practically*, now-a-days, on any such distinctions?"

* *Life of Jean Paul* (Eng. trans.); *Franklin's Works*, Spark's ed.; *Bowring's Bentham*.

Poor James Boswell, of Auchinleck (whose love of his pedigree was equal to his love of Dr. Johnson) would have answered all this with a shrug of the shoulders, and "*un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme.*" And, in his day, that was so completely the way of answering any such arguments, that such shrugs cost many shoulders the head, before the century was out! A traditional belief that the *noblesse* were, somehow or other, the natural born superiors of the *roturiers*, and heaven only knows how far superior to the *canaille*, was the unquestioned creed of the upper classes in Paris; and there cannot be any doubt that the natural indignation at this haughty assumption, the honest human disgust at the idea, that *such* classes were the "born kings of men," was a leading impellant of the violences of the Revolution. It is extremely curious to read the enumeration of the many sorts of *Noblesse*, to be found under the article on that word in the famous *Encyclopédie*. We have the *Noblesse de nom et d'armes*, which, we are told, is the *Noblesse ancienne et immémoriale*. "Les gentilshommes," says the writer, "qui ont cette noblesse, s'appellent gentilshommes de nom et d'armes; ils sont considérés comme plus qualifiés que les autres." He illustrates the natural feeling of a *Noblesse* by a curious parallel, involving a stroke of brilliant and well deserved satire. He states, with extreme gravity, that such feeling is very strong in—Japan!—"Un gentilhomme Japonnois ne s'allieroit pas, pour tout l'or du monde, à une femme roturière!" This *noblesse*, of course, carried to its possessors important and odious privileges, exemption from taxation, the great places in the Church and the honourable orders, the officerships in the army, which alone belonged to them, and many others. These advantages made admission to the *Noblesse* an object of immense importance. Accordingly, "lettres d'annoblissement" were granted by the French kings, for money *will* be recognised, let people say what they like; and for many years before the Revolution, new nobles had taken their places among the "natural superiors" of long-suffering mankind. The old nobles were indignant; and the kings themselves felt, at intervals, that they must "draw the line;" and they did what was gratifying to their own dignity,—decreed that no individual should be presented at Versailles, unless he could prove "400 years of gentility." With what feelings, at once ludicrous and melancholy, does one read in Chateaubriand's *Memoires*, that just on the eve of the Revolution, he had to send his pedigree for examination to an official before being permitted to hunt with the king? . . . Well, the Revolution came. It is customary with a certain class of writers to blame the *new nobility*, and to throw on them the blame of provoking the *excesses*; but where were Mad. de Stael's "two

hundred historic families" (which she asserts to have then existed in France,)—what had they been doing, what were they doing? And how had the elevated *parvenus* become dangerous, except by succeeding to privileges derived from the old nobility, which had become hateful and disgusting to the nostrils of mankind? No, no!—When the great earthquake tried the talents and spirits of Europe, the question of natural superiority came to a thorough test. Up from the despised plebeian classes came the Revolution Men and Napoleon's Marshals. Give to every man his honour; give to the French nobility those whom they may justly claim; Mirabeau, Lafayette, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, are their undoubted property, for example; but *la carrière ouverte aux talens* showed at once and for ever, that the world-famous principle of ancient blood could no longer be considered tenable. It might be doubted if the principle had always been false; but the same time which had given *prestige* to "the Families" had proved that, at all events, it was false *now*. What have we in this world to argue from but facts? If a Negro invented a system of Metaphysics, or a Malay wrote a *Macbeth*, the fact would be sufficient; the whole of these races would be in a new position in the scale of the races of mankind.

Now, we instanced France in first endeavouring to illustrate this idea of Birth, because in that country the distinction between noble and "ignoble" (which word we use in its technical sense) was more strongly marked, in law and in custom, than among ourselves; and, also, because France has done Europe the favour of bringing the question to trial at her own proper cost. Of Germany it is only needful to say, *en passant*, that while (socially speaking) she is perhaps the most aristocratic country in Europe, she owes her great modern renown in the world of intellect to men who *did not* belong to her rigid and long-descended and strict-quartering nobility. It is to our own country, as like or unlike these countries, that we naturally direct our main attention:—how different her condition has been in all the respects with which it is the object of this article to deal, is very easily shown.

As Sir Robert Peel was wont to puzzle the financiers by asking, "What is a Pound?" a favourite inquiry among our genealogists is, "What is a Gentleman?" In this simple query—in the fact that there is such a difficulty—lies a whole world of political importance. Ask a cultivated foreigner what a *gentilhomme* is, and the reply will be decided and unmistakable; he is a man who is *noble de race*. Tell an Englishman, that so-and-so is "of noble race," and he will understand you to mean that he springs from "a Lord." Yet, what the foreigner means by the phrase *noble de race*, strictly applies to the English gentry,

who, as descendants of the old feudal landlords and bearers of coat armour, are *gentilshommes* in the primitive application of the word, and so "noble," according to the general sense of the term in Europe; while the Lord, in spite of his peerage and his coronet, may be of origin almost immediately plebeian. This is one of our native curiosities, and has given rise to many mistakes on the continent, with much natural indignation occasionally on the part of our squires, amusing enough to a philosopher. In particular, foreigners cannot be brought to understand our "Commoner," or to conceive how such an equivocal word came to be the designation of individuals, who in descent and possessions are the equals of all the titled people in Europe.* While annoyance is sometimes caused to individuals from this confusion, Englishmen may well congratulate themselves on the fact, that such is the result of our history, and that it is a peculiarity which belongs to the very essence of our constitution. We soon discover, in the course of these studies, that while the Continental distinction has remained in *theory* here, and has had the support of the heralds and genealogists,—in practice, and specially in law, England has divided its nobility, that is, those whom we call the Peerage, and those who compose the Gentry, into two classes. The peers have certain privileges, not *as a caste*, but as a body occasionally recruited by creations by the Crown; while all others are equal in the eye of the law, and take their chance with the general subjects of the realm. Mr. Hallam has not failed to approve this, nor Mr. Macaulay. The former of these historians remarks, that the term "Gentleman" is not known to the law. There has been, however, within the last few years, a case in which a "surety" in a Bankruptcy Court, was objected to by counsel, because while described as a *gentleman*, he was in reality a clerk in a steam-packet company. The objection was held to be fatal. Now, of course, in the eye of a herald, or any one who judged these questions by the strictly aristocratic standard, his being a "clerk" would not necessarily make him cease to be "a gentleman:" whether he was so or not would be a question of blood. But the judge made not the objection on that ground; he went by the old legal custom of describing a gentleman as one who would be at the "port, charge, and maintenance" of one, or some general old notion, that any one who "lived without labour" was one. This would be monstrous in the eyes of a herald and genealogist, but it was good sense according to the customs of England.

* See Sir James Lawrence's well-written and very amusing treatise "On the Nobility of the British Gentry."

This word "gentleman" with its synonyms "*gentilhomme*" and "*gentiluomo*" has cost no little ink in its time. Its derivation from *gentilis* is obvious enough, and that it bore a distinct reference to race; and as early as we find it, it is a term of distinction, and indeed may be said to lie at the bottom of all distinctions between classes in modern history. Why, and how, the "Barbarians," our ancestors, came to use the word as a word of honour has been much disputed. One view is, that as the Barbarians were *gentiles*, or outer nations, to the Romans, the leaders of the conquering northerners assumed the appellation as one of honour, to distinguish themselves from the degenerate people they had enslaved. To this view inclined Selden, as may be seen in his great work, the "Titles of Honour;" but Gibbon considered "more pure and probable" the theory which would derive it from the civilians' use of the word, as synonymous with *ingenuus*. A "gentle" (its derivative) is used as the opposite to "simple." One writer suggests that a "simple" man was one of those who had only a single name, like John or Roger, while the proprietors (who were, no doubt, the first to do so,) distinguished themselves by adopting surnames—derived for the most part from the names of their possessions. According to the view of Mr. Hampson, the author of "*Origines Patriciæ*," nobody is a gentleman, in the strict sense, but one who traces himself to the first barbarian conquerors. But at all events, there does not seem ever to have been a time, when *gentilhomme* could not have been fairly rendered "man of family," which amounts to man of some power or position; for a family could never have become recognisable as an entity among the horde, unless it had had something to fix itself on, and maintain itself by. Land,* in those days, was to a family what earth is to a plant—the necessary support, and literal *locus standi*. And it is characteristic of the title "gentleman," and shows its connexion with race, that it was a self dependent title; one which grew by time, and was not made by charters; an inherent title of untraceable origin, which seems to have been as well known in description of certain people, as the name Northman or Frank. The uncertainty about its adoption is a proof of its antiquity. In fact, the origin of the rulers of the Northern nations went back into the darkness of far ages; their assumed descent from Odin and Thor was a clear enough expression of the fact, that their line had been of the highest type of their race, as far as the memory of all the generations of

* "Any man that held land by *knight-service*, vested in him by descent or heritage, was deemed to be of *gentlemanly* condition or degree."—Madox, *Baronia Anglica*.

whom they had tidings reached. From this feeling came the strange exaggerations of old writers, those most extraordinary writers, the early expounders of heraldry. "God Almighty cannot make a gentleman!" exclaims one of these worthies. Indeed, James the First is said to have answered his nurse, who wished him to create her son one, "Na, na! I can make him a lord, but I canna mak him a gentleman." We have, however, cases of Royal creations of gentlemen; there is the instance of one John Kingston, whom one of our kings "*ad ordinem generosorum adoptabat*;" but from the fuss the writers make about this case, it is clear that it was thought extraordinary, nay, so to speak, unnatural. In France, one of the patents of nobility of which we have spoken, though it made a man a privileged person, did not make him a noble in a satisfactory sense. It took some three or four generations to make the offspring "gentlemen of ancestry." Everything, in fact, shows, that "gentility," which is always spoken of as a matter of "blood"—that forcible and old metaphor—was an affair of Race. In the last result, and peering as far as we can into the *ante Agamemnona* days, we find that certain sections of men were bigger and stronger, and had more energy of every kind, than other men, and became their governors and rulers. Take a simple illustration of the estimation in which different sets of men were held in early times, afforded by our language. The terms *villain*, *churl*, *boor*, all passed from being simple terms of description, into terms implying humiliation; and on the other hand *gentillesse*, *gentleness*, and so on, became the names of qualities such as were supposed to belong to the class from whose designation they were derived.

"He was cummin of gentill-men,

* * * *

His father was a worthy knight,
His mother was a lady bright,"

sings Blind Harry of Sir William Wallace, who sprang from the De Walays of Normandy. Did the reader ever consider the testimony of those old ballads? They were written, it may be supposed, by the born singers of the humbler classes, in old days, when the gentleman's employment was war; they bear every trace of coming warm from the popular heart: now, how do they represent the Aristocracy? "Stout Erle Percy" and "Sir James, the bold Baron" are made noble figures of by these singers; "Good Sir Patrick Spens" is loveable, as seen by their light; and what more charming than their portraits of the noble ladies, whose "lily-white hands" were such constant objects of their simple admiration? Loyalty is the predominant feeling of these old songs.

It would be blasphemy against the nature of things to suppose, that the history of England or the history of Europe for long ages was all one false and mad state of society. We must therefore just accept Gentillesse, with its fiefs, tournaments, shields, heralds, pedigrees, and "prejudices," as the state of life through which Europe had necessarily to pass, and as that which formed the foundation of the existing state of civilization. Of course, if any one seriously maintains, that it would have been better for England if Jack Cade had succeeded, and

"When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

become the motto of England, we must leave him to consider us and our "Pedigree and Heraldry" insanity, and proceed with our further illustrations of the subject with what heart we can.

The gradual and important process by which the distinction between the greater and lesser nobles came about, is not easily traced; the constitution of Parliaments, in early reigns, is involved in obscurity and controversy. It would appear that there was an early distinction between *barones majores* and *barones minores*. The Reports of the Lords Committee on the Dignity of a Peer, esteemed this distinction earlier than the time of JOHN. Both classes were barons, and both, in Mr. Hallam's opinion, were constitutionally members of the *commune concilium*; there was no social distinction—that is, no distinction at all resembling that of caste—between them; and the *barones minores* were, in the words of Camden, those who "*vulgo generosi et gentes vocantur*." Extent of property was probably the cause of the gradual distinction. In the course of it, the *majores* became what we call the Peers—on which body the celebrated Madox, in his *Baronia Anglica*, has the following paragraph.

"Peerage was the state or condition of a peer. It consists chiefly in that relation which the barons or peers of the King's Court bare to one another. Baronial tenure or creation were the foundation of Peerage; for when a man was either left in barony, or was created a baron or earl, he was, *ipso facto*, a peer—one of the *Pares Curie Regis*."

But the *minores*, as the reader has seen, were equally of the aristocracy in the proper sense. When the custom began of summoning Parliament by two classes of writs—one addressed directly from the Crown to the great barons, the other through the sheriffs of counties to men of less consequence—this last class became what we now familiarly know as "county members," our ancient English "knights of the shire." By this means a mass of the aristocracy of the country became the leaders of the popular interest, and the first stand against Charles the First

came from men who in every other country of Europe would have been counts or marquises; such men as Hampden, Sir Dudley Digges, and Sir John Elliot. One consideration of great importance flows from a right understanding of the historic nature of the English aristocracy, and it is this. When the question is raised as to the number of eminent men produced relatively by the aristocracy and the people, it is never quite fairly argued, from the general misapprehension of the real character of what constitutes "nobility." But we shall devote a special paragraph to this point further on.

Let us now endeavour to sketch historically the state of aristocracy in the country. With a nobility which does not yield to any other in antiquity or possessions, the English view of the matter has always been more liberal than that of the continent. This is shown by many particulars. By the comparative indifference in matters of alliance to begin with; in Germany a *mésalliance* is ruinous to the best pedigree. But, chiefly, the fact is proved by the very little success which the Heralds' College, or College of Arms, has had in this realm; it has been, and is, a prosperous corporation enough, but it has never been what could be called a successful institution. Heralds are among the oldest officials known. During the days of chivalry, when the knights rode into the tilting field, glittering with armour from head to foot, the herald stood by and announced the individual from the arms upon his shield. He was the messenger of kings and potentates; the regulator of ceremonial and state; the superintendent of all that pertained to the pomp and ornament of life; the authority on arms and pedigree; and the regulator of the stately ceremonies which accompanied that last display of human pride wherein our feudal forefathers were wont to be particularly magnificent, the occasions when

A funeral with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot.

These vulgar hatchments—symbols which have lost all meaning—which infest Great-gaunt street, are only the miserable descendants of the warrior's shield hung outside his castle wall, to tell the country that the gentleman whom they had followed to battle had begun his long slumber. On such occasions as these funerals your antique herald was in his glory. For he was the lord of the symbolic, and the interpreter of the gorgeous imagery by which was expressed, in ornament and ceremony, the spirit of the ancient life. But though the King's heralds were formed into a constituted body; though Henry V. formed them into a College; and Richard III. granted them a charter of privileges; and Henry VIII. issued a commission to the Kings of

Arms (21 Henry VIII.); in spite of all this, England never took heartily to Norroy and Clarencieux.* A perpetual struggle went on between the heralds and the multitude. First, there was a war between them and those who *would*, without authority, assume coat-armour; and an amusing struggle between them and the local painters and undertakers, who presumed to arrange funerals, nay, "to wear gowns and tippets" (unhappy Clarencieux!) without authority, and contrary to all heraldic law and example. Their very visitations never received proper attention in England. Their first commission was the one above-mentioned, from Henry VIII. We will give a specimen of the way in which a Visitation[•] was conducted. When the deputy arrived in a neighbourhood he issued such a document as the following:†—

"Summons to a Gentleman to appear before a Deputy
to a King-at-Arms.

parish Co.

"To Mr.

"Sir,

"You are personally to appear before ——— Esq., Windsor (or other) herald of arms, on ——— being the —th of ——— next, by eight of the clock in the morning, at the sign of the ——— of ———, there to enter your descent and arms, and to bring with you such arms and crest as you bear. Whereof, you are not to fail as you will answer the same before the Lords Commissioners for the office of the Earl Marshal of England."

Many, of course, did (luckily for descendants of a genealogical turn of mind) obey these summonses; but many treated them with indifference. Old Gerard Leigh relates, in his *Armorie*, that some who were applied to concerning their "coats," made somewhat obvious jests touching other portions of their apparel, shocking to the heraldic mind.

As might be expected, the Stuarts contrived to create all the mischief that could be conveniently created out of such institutions as these. In 1633, Charles I. issued a commission, by which the kings-at arms had "liberty to reprove, controul, and make infamous, by proclamation at the assizes, or general session, all that have taken upon themselves the title of esquire, gentleman, or otherwise," and also to punish the shameless persons—goldsmiths and "tippet" people, mentioned above. Further than that, he used the "pursuivants-at-arms" to arrest Sir Dudley Digges and Sir John Elliot, for speaking against the Duke of Buckingham. But the Earl Marshal's Court, a kind

* Noble's College of Arms; Berry, Preface to *Encyclopædia Heraldica*, &c.

† Noble, *ubi sup.* (Appendix, p. 22.)

of court of honour to which the spirit of England was decidedly adverse, did most mischief to the cause of the heralds. This court took cognizance of "gentility," and made causes about what were properly matters of air and fancy. "Copley having spoken somewhat in defamation of Pierpoint's family, was fined 300*l*. And it was usual then, to censure men for words, as a person was for saying, that one Brown was no gentleman, but descended from Brown, the great pudding-eater in Kent."*

It was not likely that courts and commissions like these would outlive such a century as the seventeenth in England. The heralds made a good fight of it; the sturdy Dugdale, when he was Norroy, rigidly denounced pretenders, publicly disclaiming all who took upon them the title of gentleman or esquire—nay, sturdily *defacing tombstones* whereon arms were put without right, and so persecuting the poor *parvenu* even in his grave!† But ever the authority of the College was waning. In 1669, as ANTHONY à WOOD tells us, in the sour pages of his "Life," Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarencieux King-of-Arms, "was at the Crown Inn, near Carfax, in Oxon, in order to visit part of the county of Oxon . . . being part of the province belonging to Clarencieux." Anthony, a most laborious antiquary, devoted to learning in his heart, but irritable at the surface, with Papisitical tendencies, misogyny, and college scandal, preying thereon, was then indulging what he calls his "esurient genie for antiquities." However he spared time to look up at the proceedings of Bysshe, and so to inform us and the world, that "few gentlemen appeared, because at that time *there was a horse-race at Brackley*. Such that came to him he entered if they pleased. If they did not, he was indifferent. *Many looked on this affair as a trick to get money*." So far Anthony, in his sour and prickly way: he had seen many things galling to an antiquarian and Tory mind—how, at the "very fair church" of Banbury, out of "sixty coats of arms that were on the windows before the war began, only twelve or thirteen were left." This was in 1659. Likewise, he had seen the "ancient and noble seat of Workworth . . . lately belonging to the Chetwoods of Chetwood" "sold by them to Holman, a scrivener." And what was worst of all, he had seen Fulk Grevill of "the antient and gentile familie of the Grevilles in Warwickshire . . . condemned for highway robbery!" But we must not linger with Anthony. The last commission was issued to the kings-at-arms in the 2nd of James II. Visitations fell into disuse. The College of Arms grants arms on application still, for fees; but of course,

* Noble, from Rushworth.

† Life of Dugdale, prefixed to his "History of St. Paul's." He died in 1685.

interferes not either with shield or tombstone; and that ancient officer, the Herald, has passed, like so many other great officials, into Beadledom.

The truth is, that the ancient aristocracy, of which the two great appurtenances were the land and the sword, had waned; and were ever waning,—not only out of power, but out of existence altogether, long before the times of which we have just been speaking. It is only after poring over the huge tomes of the antiquary, that one begins to understand, either how great the old nobles were, or how entirely they passed away. In Queen Elizabeth's time, great social changes were going on. "Brooke, York Herald (we quote again from Noble,) says that Cook, Clarencieux, in this (Elizabeth's) reign, granted 500 coats-of-arms to different persons who applied for them; and that the two Dethicks gave more than that number; he also acquaints us that in his own time 120 were given within ten years." [Hist. of College of Arms, p. 161.] These grantees, of course, were new men, every day purchasing estates from the old families; and no doubt are the ancestors of many of our most potent "county families" at present. It was natural that moderate estates should not hold out in the same families many centuries. But meanwhile, what had become of the "mighty barons, who formerly overawed the Crown?" The curious particulars concerning these magnates with which we become acquainted in the great work of Dugdale, sufficiently inform us of the splendour of their condition. The primal BARON, who was a member of the King's Council before any other title but earl was known in England; who had his own heralds; whose manors were to be counted by dozens; who administered justice on his own land, like a prince; who was waited on at table by gentle blood,—he lies away, in our distant early history, as the Megatherium does in that of the world, the huge bulk of him only dimly conceivable! The wars and attainders—the fatal Roses, whose breath was as deadly as that of the flowers in Hawthorne's philosophical story,* were fatal to him. Innumerable families ended in heiresses; who carried the estates to smaller men, and gave to their modern descendants the right to boast of some little of the old blood of the rulers of Europe. But the Wars of the Roses gave the finishing blow to the old style of great nobility. A modern noble may achieve considerable splendour in the upholstery way by dint of money, but it is not the splendour of power.

There are various examples of the result of the horrible devastation of the Wars of the Roses in the way of family destruction. Of the great house of Stafford, Earls of Stafford, and

* "Rappacini's Daughter," in the "Mosses from an Old Manse."

Dukes of Buckingham, three successive heads died in the field; and the grandson of the third was beheaded by Henry VIII. This man's son was restored in blood, and the title of Lord Stafford remained to his race; but after public events had spared them, private injury completed the ruin of the male line. The restored lord's eldest son left a line which ended in an heiress, but that heiress married a Howard; and when the grandson of the restored lord (by a second son) claimed the title, he was bullied into silence and obscurity. He died without issue, which was the best thing he could do; but his sister Jane Stafford married a *joiner*, and produced a *cobbler*, who was living in 1637.

Regium certe genus et Penates
 . Mæret iniquos

—might have been with much propriety quoted of this poor fellow; for he had only to stir “beyond his last,” to claim kin with all that was noblest in England, and was descended from the Plantagenets!* But, not only did the Staffords come to extreme misery; the Hollands begged their bread in exile.—It is well known that though the House of Lords, when summoned in 1451 by Henry VI., counted fifty-three temporal Lords, yet when summoned by Henry VII. in 1485, it counted only twenty-nine, and of these several had been recently elevated to the peerage.† The reign of Henry VII. was no reign likely to bring them round again; for that cold, shrewd, thoughtful monarch “kept a tight hand upon his nobility,” says Lord Bacon, in that classical piece of biography, his life of Henry—“and chose rather to promote clergymen and lawyers, who though they had the interest of the people were more obsequious to him; to this I am persuaded was greatly owing the troubles of his reign, for though his nobility were loyal and at his command, yet they did not co-operate with him, but let every man go his own way.” We may avail ourselves further of Bacon's work, to illustrate our subject; and here we see how the Kentish men acted on a certain occasion: “The Kentish men perceiving that Perkin was not attended by any Englishmen of consequence.....applied to the *principal gentlemen of the county*.....desiring to be directed in what manner they could best act for the king's service.” Natural enough! The “gentlemen” were then actually expected to have some guidance and direction at command, and were looked to, to supply it—and not only to furnish soup kitchens and commit poachers!

* See Case of Roger Stafford, in the “Gentleman's Magazine,” for 1797.

† Macaulay, Hist. of England, vol. i., p. 38.

We likewise find Heraldry still enjoying considerable vitality in those days, for my Lord Audley having foolishly headed a West Country rabble, who marched to London on a wild goose chase, was taken and executed; there being affixed to his breast a piece of paper with his "arms" painted on it reversed. All reasonable and intelligible enough; for it was as much as to say, Know all men by this ignoble paper of my Lord Audley's "Arms" the disgrace of that lord; these "arms" which ought to be the symbol of his nobleness being the mark of his shame.

The House of Lords was very naturally recruited, in early times, from the landed men or gentry, the holders of feudal estates. It consisted, as we have seen, of a mere fifty or sixty. But, as years rolled on, and its numbers increased, and times changed, the House of Lords was added to, from many different sources.* The theory of its being, of course, was, that it was to compose the Greater Council of the kingdom, and so to consist of its greatest potentates—those who were strictly of most consequence by power and estates. This gave it weight and value; an old Earl was literally the Governor of the district whence he derived his title, and so forth. Everything, in short, in these early days, meant something, which is saying a good deal! During Elizabeth's long reign, she only made seven peers, and of these all but Cecil were of historic descent. King James was more lavish, and in his reign peerages were sold sometimes. We then begin to find families, whose names are now great in the land, coming to the surface: Cecil, the ancestor of the Marquis of Salisbury; Cavendish of Chatsworth sprung from Wolsey's gentleman-usher; and the old name of Grey in the persons of Grey of Groby and Grey of Werke comes into the Peerage. Sir John Holles, a very rich man, who sprang from a Lord Mayor (a functionary not rarely found the patriarch of our modern great houses), bought into the rank of Earl, and founded a house, which subsequently produced an heiress just in time to bring wealth to the Clintons. Law and Trade had already gained the high and serene air of the upper house; and these, directly and indirectly, will be found to be the sources of many peerages henceforth. Charles I. created fifty-six peerages—of course giving them right and left, to aid his desperate cause; but of these all but six are extinct—a fact which would alone show how lines wear out. Charles II. created some forty-eight (including those which we owe to his amours, and which he "created" in a very literal sense); and here, says a celebrated genealogist, a departure more strikingly took place from the old

* Grimaldi, *Origines Genealogicæ*; works of Sir Harris Nicolas and Sir Egerton Brydges; and the Peerages.

principle; not men of feudal property so much as *enrichis* were selected.

King William's peers amounted to some twenty-four,—which include the Dutch houses of Bentinck and Keppel. In Queen Anne's time, twelve peers were made in a day, which created a regular uproar. But that was a worthy opening of the last century, which was famous for jobbing peerages; for when the House of Lords was once made a place to reward partisans, it became a place of party and family convenience. There is a charming illustration of this, in the recent *Memorials of Fox*, edited by Lord John Russell, in which somebody writing to Fox says, "Lord Ossory is very desirous, from a dislike of the turmoil, and still more of the expense of elections, to obtain an English peerage." "Very likely!" And this is just the light in which the House of Lords has come to be regarded; and so we hear of men being "shelved" there, and sent there, when it is expected that they will be useless to the state, or when it is feared that they will be too active, and it is wished to reduce them to imbecility.

But surely the house remains, at all events, a body of venerable and ancient aristocracy hoary with time and honour, and so sheds a lustre from the old days of England over the land? The way in which its ranks have been recruited is not such as to tend to *this* result. Let us see. In the first place, the old peerages have been constantly becoming extinct. Then a lawyer's family—the utility of the individual having expired with himself—represent nothing but his talents for "getting on," and how often is there anything beautiful or venerable about that kind of modern career? The whole tendency of the creations during the last century was to vulgarise the institution. Bubb Doddington was made Lord Melcombe; and the uncle of Horace Walpole had, as his amiable nephew tells us—"his ambition and dirt crowned" by a similar reward. The same ambitious Horatio Walpole bettered his fortune by marrying a tailor's daughter—the tailor figuring in the peerages as "Peter Lombard, Esq.:" she was, however, a very sensible woman; when the Queen of France asked her—"De quelle famille êtes vous?" she answered, "*D'aucune!*" Of the thirty-two peers whom George II. made, five only are calculated to have been country gentlemen of ancient descent and good estates; and the old titles died out, almost as quickly as the new ones were made. In this reign, the existing Dukedom of Northumberland was created. Three times the noble line of Percy has ended in an heiress; the first time, the lady married Josceline de Lovaine; the second time, the prize fell to the proud Duke of Somerset; the third heiress carried the estates to Sir Hugh Smithson, the

son of an apothecary, who had been created a baronet. What proportion of the old Percy blood flows in the veins of those who claim the honour of the family's representation? The *fanatics* of "blood," i. e., those who are not content to yield that reasonable amount of regard to it, which sense and sentiment both permit, should remember that when the main line has merged, again and again, into other families, the original blood must be but a small constituent of the remote descendant's personality.

The great subverter of the aristocratic principle in the creation of peers, was Pitt. In fighting his battle against the Whigs, he availed himself immensely of the monied interest; and rewarded the supporters of party with the honours of the Crown. At every general election a batch was made: *eight* peerages were created in 1790; and in 1794, when a Whig defection to him took place, *ten* were created. Sir Egerton Brydges, a very accomplished man, both as a genealogist and a man of letters, published a special pamphlet on the point in 1798. He undoubtedly expressed the views of the old aristocratic party when he said—

"In every parliament I have seen the number augmented of busy, intriguing, pert, low members, who, without birth, education, honourable employments, or perhaps even fortune, dare to obtrude themselves, and push out the landed interest."

One effect of granting these peerages in such a way is obvious enough. Society in England has always been based on aristocracy. Now, by giving a sort of preference to men who had no aristocratic pretensions over their untitled neighbours who *had*, the traditionary order of affairs throughout England was broken in upon, and not—mark this!—broken in upon to replace an effete order by new genius and natural nobility, but by mere monied jobbers and adventurers. From 1784 to 1830 were created 186 peerages; and 34 having become extinct during that time, the addition of 152 remained.

What then is at present the proportion of genuine aristocracy in the House of Lords? Calculations have been made by genealogists on this subject, of which we shall avail ourselves.

The learned author of the *Origines Genealogicæ* analysed the printed peerage of 1828, and found that of 249 noblemen 35 "laid claim" to having traced their descent beyond the Conquest; 49 prior to 1100; 29 prior to 1200; 32 prior to 1300; 26 prior to 1400; 17 to 1500; and 26 to 1600. At the same time 30 had their origin but little before 1700. . . Here then we have a result of one-half of the peerage being at all events

* "On the recent Augmentations of the Peerage." 1798. Dodsley.

traceable to a period antecedent to the Wars of the Roses. But of these a third only had emerged at all out of insignificance during the two previous centuries.

Sir Harris Nicolas fixes as his standard of pretension in Family, the having been of consideration, that is, of baronial or knightly rank, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and on applying that test to the English Peerage in 1830, found that ONE-THIRD of the body were entitled to it.

There still remain in the male line, up and down England, a considerable number of landed families of very high antiquity; but the gradual decay and extinction of these is the constant theme of genealogists. Hear old Dugdale in the Preface to his *Baronage* in 1675.

He first speaks of the Roll of Battle Abbey, and says of it:—"There are great errors or rather falsities in most of these copies. . . . Such hath been the subtilty of some monks of old." But, speaking of his labours generally, he has these more remarkable words:—

"For of no less than 270 families touching which this first volume doth take notice; there will hardly be found above eight, which do to this day continue; and of those not any whose estates (compared with what their ancestors enjoyed) are not a little diminished. Nor of that number (I mean 270) above twenty-four who are by any younger male branch descended from them, for aught I can discover."

He was only stating, in a business-like way, what had been echoed and re-echoed in England for a century before. Peacham, the author of that curious book, the *Compleat Gentleman*, (edition of 1634,) speaks of the "ordinary purchasing of armes and honours for money," and says that the French called these intruders "*Gentill-villains*," with more of the same sort. Massinger was illustrating the same fact when he made Sir Giles Overreach exclaim—

"'Tis a rich man's pride !—there having ever been,
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,—
Between us and true gentry."

No sources more abundantly show the decay of the ancient aristocracy than those huge and useful works, which so often ruin their projectors, our County Histories. Lyson's *Magna Britannia* has many instances of it under the various counties. One fact may serve as a specimen. In the 12th year of Henry VI., about the middle of the fifteenth century, a dozen generations ago, a list of the Gentry of *Berkshire* was made out. "It is remarkable," says our author, "that there is not one family descended in the male line from any of the gentry enumerated in the above list now left in the county."

Various curious deductions may be made from facts like these, and some very important ones, *both tending to mitigate existing caste-pride*.* Such as the great mixture of classes by middle-class families having married heiresses of ancient ones; the extreme probability that much of the most ancient blood in the country—the blood of the oldest classes of feudal proprietors—flows in the veins of the common people and peasantry. If, however, we broach the great query, *what blood has governed England* for the last three centuries, we shall find that an answer must be given materially different now from the answer which would have leaped to the lips of a gentleman in the days of regal Bess!

A man must be very democratic indeed, who would deny to the aristocracy, that is, the nobility, greater and less, the lords and the gentry, the merit of having governed England during the whole period of the formation of the Constitution. And when we argue such a question, it must never be forgotten that the tacit, the local administration, the general organization, must be taken into account. But with the progress of time the other classes have more and more exercised an influence. The leading men on both sides during the Civil War were of good family;† but the party which was least aristocratic in its elements was the one which triumphed. In the next century, again, the Foxes, Lords Holland,‡ started from a plebeian of Charles II.'s time; the Walpoles and Pitts were plain country squires; the Pelhams owed their wealth to an ancestral citizen; the North family was new; Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Peel, sprung from the middle class.

One often hears the question, what kind of families have produced men of distinction, brought up in conversation. As we have said before, it is not always quite fairly put. For instance, when it is recorded that Milton's father was a "scrivener," it should be remembered that he was of ancient lineage. The Families may claim among poets, Spenser, Dryden, Waller, Surrey, George Herbert, Beaumont, Byron, Shelley, Cowper; among great writers generally, Bacon, Boyle, Gibbon, Hume, Fielding, Smollet, Congreve, Swift, Sterne, Arbuthnot, Walter Scott, Goldsmith. These men were all what a herald would

* The sort of pride which is obliged (a very ominous symptom) to borrow its phrases from the French heraldic writers, and talks of *pur sang*; *crème de la crème*; *parfum de noblesse*, and other pet absurdities of "Jenkins's!"

† As Cromwell, St. John, Hampden, Bradshaw, Admiral Blake, &c., on the popular side; the fact about the other needs no detail.

‡ Charles James, however, was fourth in descent from Charles II. by his mother; and several points of likeness in him to the Stuart, show how surely character transmits itself.

designate gentlemen. Doubtless, we omit others, for we quote from memory: but the opposite side has a formidable list:—Ben Jonson, Cowley, Prior, Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Johnson, Collins, Gray, Selden, Keats, Richardson, Franklin, Bunyan (by some, supposed to descend from the gypsies, a point worth searching into), Moore, Crabbe, all came out of the inferior *strata* of society. The mighty Shakspeare had a share of all blood as of all else in Nature. His paternal pedigree stops with his grandfather, and his coat-of-arms was not older than himself; but his mother's family, the Ardens, belonged to the ancient gentry of Warwickshire. Bring a man from one class, you can always match him from the other. Martin Luther may outweigh innumerable *quarterings*. As for the theory of "pure blood," the Spanish nobles are very bad instances of its effects in practice; some of the greatest potentates amongst them are said to be actually of stunted growth. We remember being much amused by reading in the late Mr. T. M. Hughes's book on Spain, that one of their nobles, while professing to descend *from the Giant Geryon*, was himself, in stature, some four feet two!—

So fades, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of.

What a sight for our posterity should this degeneracy continue, and some future Barnum go about exhibiting some future — di — "as a very singular specimen of that now nearly extinct race, the hereditary governor of mankind, and (theoretical) 'King of Men!'"

The standard old books of Heraldry, such as the "Boke of St. Albans," the "Glory of Generosity," the huge tome which goes by the name of "Guillim's Heraldry," and others, we reckon among the most extraordinary specimens of the human intellect. The inquirer of the nineteenth century, when he wanders into that region, is at first struck dumb with surprise; he finds himself, in a chill, unearthly atmosphere, like that of a vault. It is a region of fossils. Here is a dead leaf with some strange lines on it; yon bed of thickest clay has traces which indicate that some organized body has stamped itself on it. You grope curiously about. Presently you say, there has been life here! Yes, the great sea of ancient European life receding away has left these traces of itself and its products, in every sort of form and shape, indicating that there has been life there, but leaving you only the most curious images and hints of itself to wonder over.

Something like this, we say, strikes on the mind at once. For the old heraldic writers are pedants to a man: and on a subject

which gives every encouragement to a pedantic mind. We have indicated above, the gradual formation of the primal aristocracy into a greater and lesser body of nobles, the latter comprising what we call the gentry.* The fact of such distinction, with its division of powers, was part of the very essence of the English character and constitution. Some consciousness of a similar rank in "blood" would of course dwell long in the minds of the great squires. A squire of Elizabeth's time, we can fancy, when he saw some neighbour of less distinguished pedigree, but whose father had by a lucky haul of Church property got himself made a peer,—when he saw him taking precedence and so on, might grumble a little over his canary, and assert that he was as good a gentleman as any in the kingdom; that he had heard that his ancestor had sat as a Baron in Edward I.'s time, and that the Swigvilles were a match for e'er a lord in the land. All this was natural enough; and on the blood theory, perfectly just. But the heraldic writer never considered that Swigville was a commoner in the eye of the law, and that it was very lucky for England, and belonged to the liberal character of her institutions, that she had no *caste* of Nobles, invidiously distinguished by common privileges, from the rest of the kingdom, and so helping to produce some bloody convulsion, and disorganisation, for a future posterity! No. *He* never looked beyond the coat-of-arms. He saw everything through a haze of *or* and *azure*. The human race were divided into "ye noble," and "ye ignoble;" "ye gentill-man of blood," and "ye churle." "Ye noble" should not, according to him, marry with "ye churle;" for then he "would bar his progeny of noblesse."† It was assumed that mankind were composed of two separate bodies, of whom, one was as superior to the other, as "ye horse" to "ye asse;" everybody with an old shield belonged to one, and everybody without one to the other.

But while the Heraldic writer sinned monstrously against Physiology, he played still more extraordinary tricks with the history of the world.

"He sees himself in all he sees,"

—to his eye, his darling and exalted science had existed in its present form since the beginning of the world. The shape of the shield had probably been suggested by the spade of Adam.

* This distinction of rank with similarity of origin is admitted in its favourableness to the gentry, by the liberal historians. Hallam says, "Nobility, *that is, gentility of birth*, might be testified by a pedigree, but a peer was to be in arms for the crown."—Suppt. to the "Middle Ages."

† Sir John Ferne's "Glory of Generosity," a book which, according to Peacham, was in his day "daily sought after as a jewel."

The distinction of classes had begun with the first generation. Hear the Book of St. Albans, which was written in the fifteenth century, and printed by Wynkin de Worde:—

“*Cain* and all his offspring became *churls*, both by the curse of God and his own father. *Seth* was made a *gentleman*, through his father and mother’s blessing, from whose loins issued *Noah*, a *gentleman* by kind and lineage. Of *Noah*’s sons *Chem* became a *churl* by his father’s curse, on account of his gross barbarism towards his father. *Japhet* and *Shem*, *Noah* made *gentlemen*. From the offspring of *gentlemanly Japhet* came *Abraham*. *Moses* and the prophets, and also the king of the right line of *Mary*, of whom *that only absolute gentleman, Jesus*, was born; perfitte God, and perfitte man, according to his manhood, King of the land of *Juda* and the *Jews*, and *gentleman* by his mother *Mary*, *princess of coat-armour*.”

This book was written by an ecclesiastic; whether by Dame Juliana Berners, or one of the stronger sex, is uncertain. Very pretty and profitable reading for youth, in the days when not many besides “ye gentill-men” were likely to have a chance of being able to read! No wonder new men hastened to get “coat armour” and escape, or enable their descendants to escape, out of the list of the descendants of Cain! When one sees that such books as this were written with all seriousness, one begins to understand how Froissart could see nothing in the *Jacquerie*, but a “rising of the meaner sort;” and how Bacon could palliate some severities of Henry VII., on the ground that they were inflicted “but upon the scum of the people.”

The Heraldic writer propounded views of natural history, on a par with his civil history and his science. His discourses on the infinite number of animals borne as “charges” in the art, commence invariably with the most monstrous dreams of antiquity on the subject. The lion when sick “cureth himself with the blood of an ape;” and singles out the particular man who has wounded him, from a crowd. But it is when the application of this knowledge is to be made to the illustration of his heraldic art that our friend becomes transcendantly ridiculous; he has a story to account for the origin of each family’s “arms;” he always implies that the arms were assumed with some mystical motive. *Argent* signifies *purity*, &c.: as if every family would not have testified to its own purity, if any such refined symbolism had existed in early times! As if early Heraldry had been sentimental only, and not at once useful, significant, and poetic, too!

To the Heralds we owe those silly fables about the *origin* of families, which figure in the commencement of pedigrees, as “traditions;” such as the story of the “old man *Hay*,” and of the

ancestor of the Napiers, with the "na peer" punning derivation. The mass of such stories are myths, which have gradually sprung out of the constant human tendency to account for the origin of things; in the particular cases alluded to, to account for the subject in the coat-armour. Old families must have had coat-armour* even earlier than they had surnames; and whenever we get the safe evidence of a charter about a great house, we find nothing to make it probable that a poor old reaper "with three sons," or any other mythical figure, was the founder, but some stout Teutonic knight, of use and importance in his generation.

It says a great deal for the good sense of England, aristocratic as she is ever considered, that these big Heraldic books never have had much success. It was not till within the last century, that anything like a scientific work on the subject was written; and really Mr. Planché's is the only noticeably sensible book that we ever remember reading about it.† He goes to work in a rigidly business-like way. What is the earliest evidence we have of the use of armorial bearings? What do the figures in the Bayeux Tapestry amount to? Can we hope to know precisely, why, and when, particular bearings were adopted?—

For our own part, we never intended to write an antiquarian dissertation on the subject. We do not value antiquities nor antiquarians, except in so far as they enable us better to understand the human life of our fellow-creatures in old days. We must be excused, therefore, for putting down, without controversial detail, the essence of what we have gathered on the subject:—

1. We think that there is no evidence of anything like Heraldry as a system prior to the time of Richard I.

2. But as everything grows, though we do not see the growth of institutions, more than that of trees, we must suppose Heraldry to have grown too; and we clearly see the rude germs of it in the figures which Mr. Planché has given from the Bayeux Tapestry.

3. We accept the universal belief, that the system owed almost everything, as a system, to the Crusades.

4. We are inclined to think that Mr. Planché's view, of the braces and clamps of the shield being the natural early heraldic figures, is a very reasonable one.

* When Froissart is relating who was killed in any of the innumerable fights he writes of, he sometimes says only, "*he wore*" so-and-so. The *arms* of a house in early days were far stronger marks of distinction than the name.

† We hear the "Curiosities of Heraldry," by Lower, well spoken of, but have never seen it.

Whether or not these notions be just, the only interest a subject such as this can have for mankind now, is its symbolic interest. And all that we could ever see, to have been discovered about the earliest practice of heraldry convinces us that its origin was natural and beautiful; that it was a kind of homage to the beautiful on the part of the leaders of Europe in days when life, though violent, was noble. It was the distinctive mark of these leaders, too, and a not ungraceful assertion of the fact of their leadership. Fossil-like as it has become now, who knows whether it may not yet once more acquire a symbolic value, if only as a kind of disgraceful signal that a man assumes to belong to the leading class without doing anything but put an odd figure on his spoons by way of showing it! Pedigree and Heraldry, exist as a reproach to this last-mentioned gentleman; who forgets that the word "Gentleman" was, for long centuries, a faith of its kind throughout Europe. While this is forgotten, and perhaps naturally forgotten in our progress to other forms of life, it is as well, now and then, to look at these older forms sometimes, and try to get clear notions out of them. For gentleman has gradually come to mean a person of some kind of polish and assumption; though it is the *man* which is the base of the word, which is also the life of it: and which will have to begin again in its native vigour, after this peculiar feudal modification of it shall have outlived its utility.



ART. IV.—SECTS AND SECULAR EDUCATION.

1. *Public Education.* By Sir James Kay Shuttleworth. London: Longman and Co. 1853.
2. *National Education: the Three Schemes contrasted.* By the Rev. Francis Close, M.A. London: Hatchard. 1852.
3. *A Survey of the System of National Education in Ireland.* By Charles Buxton, Esq. London: Murray. 1853.
4. *Strictures on the New Government Measure of Education.* By Edward Baines. London: Snow. 1853.
5. *The Scheme of Secular Education proposed by the National Public Schools' Association compared with the Manchester and Salford Education Bill.* London: Longman and Co. 1851.

LET us suppose the case of a gentleman, who, totally ignorant of the French language, had the offer of a valuable appointment at Paris, to which a knowledge of French was indispensably necessary. Let us, moreover, suppose that this gentleman, like a sensible gentleman, sent as soon as possible for a French teacher, in order that he might be in a condition to perform the required duties, and receive the promised salary consequent on his appointment. So far the supposition is easy and natural enough. But let us now suppose that the gentleman has an influential adviser, who warns him against taking lessons of any French teacher, who will not preface his dissertations on genders, conjugations, and idioms, with an exposition of the Church of England catechism. Let us further suppose, that our imaginary gentleman has abundance of time, wherein he may study the Church of England catechism—ay, and the Scotch catechism, too, into the bargain. Let him now on finding that a Parisian Frenchman, who will both teach his own language, and expound the Anglican catechism, is not so easy to be found, remonstrate with his adviser, and state alike his difficulties and his facilities. Last of all, let us suppose that the inflexible adviser tells his friend that he ought to give up the Parisian appointment, salary and all, rather than have a French teacher who will not expound the Church catechism.

Now, however we may turn about the question of government education,—however great may be our efforts to gain, by a variety of pamphlets, a number of ways of viewing the same subject,—we cannot find a single particular in which the case differs from that which is hypothetically stated above. A vast number of

individuals are in absolute need of an education requisite to the performance of their duties as citizens in a civilized community; the means of obtaining this education can be furnished without material difficulty; for we find that those legislators who are most rigid on the subject of public expenditure are precisely those who are most ready to devote funds to this particular object. And yet an impediment arises in all directions, because it is insisted that the foundation for performing the duties of a citizen shall not be laid unless the schoolmaster shall also inculcate certain religious dogmas, which have no connexion whatever with the relation between citizen and state, save in so far as they coincide with the precepts of general morality. The yet uneducated portion of our countrymen represent the gentleman with the expected appointment, for in these days of increasing democratic power, who shall say that any member of the community is not a possible legislator, with the advantages and responsibilities proper to such a vocation? The adviser represents—nay, whom does he not represent? Not one religious sect in particular, but all, from the ultramontane Romanist to the most independent congregationalist. “If you cannot be taught my particular dogmas,” says one sect after the other, “better not be taught at all.” If none of these can agree to leave the educational power in the hands of a rival, just as little can they agree to a system in which all share alike. Here is a question with respect to which peace is declared an absolute impossibility. As to the manner in which the nation shall be educated all will differ, with a thousand shades of difference. On the propriety of having the nation uneducated rather than make some slight concession, the unanimity of all is wonderful. While the peacemaker is absent they can all fling hard words at each other; when the peacemaker comes they have all formed into one compact phalanx, and the epithet “godless,” sounds with equal sonorousness from every throat. “My cousin Francis and I,” said the emperor Charles V., “are perfectly agreed on the subject of Milan; he wants it for himself, and so do I.” The question of leaving Milan alone was not on the *tapis*. Sooner should the whole territory be ravaged with fire and sword, and sooner should the throat of every Milanese be cut, than Charles give way to Francis, or Francis to Charles. Rather let the inhabitants of whole districts be allowed to wallow in the most bestial ignorance, to their own utter degradation and the infinite danger of the rest of the community, than the slightest concession be made by any one party, even if a similar concession on the part of an antagonist is a feature in a proposed scheme for national education.

If there was to be found among any party a doubt as to the importance of educating the multitude, it would be easy enough

to account for the obstacles which are constantly thrown in the way of any comprehensive plan, and which must appear trifling to any mind that takes a large view. When trifles are at stake, trifles may consistently influence the contending parties. But on these two propositions, namely, that the multitude ought to be educated, and that the multitude is not adequately educated at the present day, all sects and denominations are perfectly agreed. Frame these propositions, just as they stand, without addition or application, into a couple of resolutions, and they will be passed unanimously at an assemblage either of Puseyites or of Baptists. Embody into a third resolution a scheme that shall be the only one that can make a practical application of the preceding admission, and Baptist and Puseyite will vie with each other in the vigour with which they reject it.

If we want to record votes as to the importance of a more general system of education, we have only to turn to the books enumerated at the head of this article, each of which is the representative of a definite party.

The author of the pamphlet, "*The Secular Scheme of Education Compared*," &c., says:—

"Without attaching undue importance to the fact, that South Lancashire has the unenviable position, in a comparison for four years, to stand fifth of the English counties in the consecutive order of criminality; it is certain that convictions for crime are so far an indication of the state of society, that in proportion to the number of persons who pass the limit when they become amenable to public punishment, is the degraded condition of that portion of society out of which they are furnished. Hence the state of ignorance of criminals . . . indicates the ignorance of the whole class of persons from whom these criminals are derived."

Again:—

"Crime, and ignorance, and pauperism, are not to be regarded merely as a charge upon society; they inflict upon it also a most serious loss. They deprive the social state of an amount of labour and production, and of intellectual service, which is highly prejudicial to its interests; and, at the same time, their infectious influence stops the progress of social elevation, and keeps the masses of the people back from privileges which under other circumstances would become their right."

Nothing can be more clear or sound than all this. The direct proportion between crime and ignorance is admitted in unequivocal terms, and the subject is regarded not only in the interest of morality, but in that of political economy. Yet how does the writer of the pamphlet intend to grapple with the evil which he so plainly sees before him? He is merely an advocate of the "*Manchester and Salford*" scheme—a half-measure, which, by

insisting on the reading of the holy scriptures in the schools to be erected under its provisions, at once excludes the whole body of Roman Catholics from every school erected out of the rates laid for education, as is amply proved by a declaration of the Catholic clergy published in an appendix to this very pamphlet.

From another pamphlet we take an extract of a more eloquent kind, partly because we think many of our readers will be pleased to see such forcible plain-speaking in the right direction; partly (and chiefly) because it affords a remarkable instance of the strange phenomenon to which we are now calling attention.

"A great nation" (says our philanthropist, and this first proposition is printed in capitals) "seeks the universal education of her children. When shall it be accomplished? The question is a short one, but it must receive a lengthened answer. But are you sure that the question is asked? Is such a need expressed? Is it the will and pleasure of the great bulk of the inhabitants of this country, at least of those of them who are capable of thought and reflection, that the children of the people should, one and all, enjoy the benefits of universal education? The time is come when, we think, that we may assume this as no longer a moot point; it is a matter proven, established, uncontroverted; with the exception of a few thin, attenuated persons of meagre form and blighted intellect, wandering remnants of a nearly extinct species, the voice of the nation is all but unanimous—our children must be educated!—(more capitals.) For once, at least, the *vox populi* is attuned to the *vox Dei*."

Here is a splendid exordium, showing that not only the writer's head is convinced, but that his heart is glowing with enthusiasm. That the national will may be exhibited to us with the greater force, the nation is personified, and the relation between mother and child is pathetically brought into the foreground. Nay, as if the national will, clearly expressed, were still not enough to invoke—as if something were yet wanting to kindle the proper degree of fervor—the generous lover of mankind soars beyond the nation, and even beyond the world, and comes back to tell us that, in this case, the voice of the people coincides with the voice of God. That his views are most comprehensive, that there is nothing sectarian in his mind, is of course sufficiently proved by the word "universal," which, a few lines onwards, is clinched by the unmistakeable expression, "one and all." As for those who would throw obstacles in the way of this universal education, his hatred against them is so great, as even to transcend the bounds of courtesy, since he attacks not only the minds but the persons of the bigots who may venture to take an opposite side. They are not merely intellectually blighted, but they are "thin," a personal peculiarity which our zealous ally regards with such evident abhorrence,

that we may suppose *embonpoint* to be one of his own characteristics.

But after all, who is this ardent philanthropist? and what does he propose? Our readers have already guessed that he is some disciple of Mr. Combe or Mr. Simpson, who, coming red-hot from a meeting in favour of a general system of education, has jotted down his feelings while the glow is yet fresh upon him. Nothing can be further from the truth. The writer of the passage just cited is only the Rev. Francis Close, of Cheltenham, who, after reviewing the "Three Schemes" for education, selects the least efficient of them all. The eloquence with which this spiritual Quixote describes the necessity of combating the dragon of ignorance, is only equalled by the instinctive predilection with which he selects the bluntest weapons.

Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, who has given the result of his experience in a thick book, valuable for its statistical information, but elaborately uninteresting to those who wish to see principles clearly and largely discussed, comes, after wading his way through whole forests of figures, to this conclusion:—

"If the monarchy and the representative system of Great Britain are to perish, it will not be from any conspiracy of the nobles. Magna Charta and the revolution settlement secured and united their influence in the constitution. Nor will it arise from the rebellion of the middle classes, who acquired their due share of political power by the Reform Bill. But the dominion of an ignorant and demoralized democracy is scarcely more fatal than the growth of popular discontent—the inevitable consequence of the waste of national resources by a people who multiply without forethought; purchase misery by improvidence, and exchange the frenzy of inebriety for the madness of political fanaticism. The sure road to socialism is by a prolongation of the contrasts between luxury and destitution; vast accumulations and ill-rewarded toil; high cultivation and barbarism; the enjoyment of political privileges, and the exclusion from all rights by ignorance or indigence."

And yet Sir J. K. Shuttleworth does not get beyond the weak scheme last propounded by the Government, which distinctly repudiates, not without expressed abhorrence on the part of Lord John Russell, all notion of a "secular education"—that is to say, of the only system which offers an universal remedy to an universal evil.

On any other subject but this of national education, we should be surprised to meet such a quantity of controversy when so much is generally admitted; not only a controversy between the representatives of antagonistic sects, but an inconsistency which leads to a battle between the author and—himself. From any one of the numerous books now before us, we could extract passages indicative of a feeling which nothing but the most universa

system could satisfy; but, when we look a little closer at the general tenor of the work, we find that, after all, nothing but some miserable half-measure is advocated, and we begin to doubt whether the writer is, after all, sincere in the apprehensions he vividly sets forth, or whether he is only trying to amuse us by a display of clap-trap eloquence.

On any other subject, we say, we should be greatly astonished at the absurd combination of a vehement desire for an admitted good, with a constant effort to throw up obstacles against its attainment. But, unfortunately, on this subject we have had too much experience of inconsistency to be astonished at anything. Indeed, one little sentence uttered by the late Dr. Hamilton of Leeds, a distinguished leader of the Independents, contains the whole philosophy of the matter. On going over from the liberal to the sectarian side, the worthy Independent was honest enough to avow his tergiversation, and he apologised for a seeming inconsistency, by saying that "he had enrolled himself in the 'British system,' as a patriot and a Christian; he owned a heart larger than his denomination." Now, on any subject in the world in which there was not an admixture of the religious element, a man would be ashamed to speak of his preference of the duties of a Christian and a patriot to the interests of a denomination as a sort of amiable weakness—a venial error, not to be too hardly judged, if the delinquent promised to be less Christian and patriotic, and to have a smaller heart in future. But it is the peculiar misfortune of the religious element that it can give a sanction—ay, and a respectable sanction—to any wrong, from a general massacre, to a sneaking dereliction of principle, so that an unblushing avowal of the unrighteousness will be not only tolerated but applauded. Many a man infinitely prefers the interests of his own shop to those of mankind in general, but no man dare state that preference to an assembled meeting, or even to a number of isolated readers. The currier who, in the old fable, suggested, for the benefit of his own trade, that the city walls should be made of leather, at least took the pains to persuade his fellow-townsmen that leather was a fit and proper material for fortification. But the religious partizan need employ no such mask. He can look boldly at a measure which promises incalculable benefits to a nation, and he can unblushingly reject it from the avowed motive that it does not furnish recruits to his own chapel.

Mr. Church, whose letter to Mr. Cobden on "the Rise and Progress of National Education in England" cannot be too strongly recommended as a valuable history of facts, and an able exposition of principles, uses the little confession of Dr. Hamilton to account for the great backsliding of the dissenters in 1846, from the principles they had maintained in 1839, and for

similar proceedings on the part of the Church; but it may also be used to explain that strange discrepancy between the powerful description of evil and the feeble suggestions of remedy that occur in all the "moderate" pamphlets which are written on this important topic. Mr. Close, when he talks of the "great nation," and abuses the "thin" bigots, is the Christian and the patriot with the large heart; the same Mr. Close, who flinches from an "anti-Bible scheme," is simply the incumbent of Cheltenham. So with Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, and the writer of the pamphlet first quoted; they are universalists when they profess their abhorrence of ignorance, sectarians when they recommend means of education,—the plea of religion allowing them to assume both these characters undisguisedly.

The war between the patriot and the sectarian, which, as we have seen, can even be fought within the bosom, or, at any rate, within the book, of a single individual, has now been going on for upwards of forty years; and though we may rejoice at the progress made to some extent in the liberal direction, yet we have more reason to lament, at finding that the same *animus* which was exhibited on the subject of education at the beginning of the present century, is alive and active now. The border-land on which the battle is fought, is not in precisely the same situation in which it was formerly, but the battle is still fought with the same bitterness; the watchwords of party are the same—or the same in signification—as they were in the bad "good old times;" and there is still apparent the same selfish spirit, which would sacrifice the common good of mankind to the interests of particular sects. "Let the state, avoiding minor differences, educate the mass of the people so as to make them good citizens," says the voice of reason, and, honestly expressed, the voice of the nation. "Perish the duties of the citizen, if the scholar cannot be made a good churchman, or a good Wesleyan, or a good Muggletonian, or a good some-sectarian-or-other," say the representatives of the various denominations with one discordant accord.

At the beginning of the present century the victim in the cause of education was the quaker Lancaster, respectable rather as a martyr than a preceptor, for he shared, with Dr. Bell, the notable scheme of combining the instruction of the largest possible number of pupils with the smallest possible efficiency of teachers. But Bell made the Church Catechism an essential article in his items of teaching; whereas Lancaster, taking what might now in one sense be called a Manchester and Salford view of the matter,*

* This scheme demands the reading of the Bible as the lowest condition on which it will admit schools; it also exempts dissentients from learning a creed in a set form of words, but gives power to the schoolmaster to teach all his own doctrinal peculiarities in any other shape.

confined himself to the Bible alone; conceiving that he would thus give admission to a larger number of his fellow-Christians. At this stage of the history, be it distinctly borne in mind, there was no notion of a state interference—the doctrine that a state should look after the education of its citizens had not been so much as started; but a benevolent man proposes a voluntary system, unaccompanied by tax or rate—in short, a charity subscription club, which inculcates the reading of the Scriptures. What does he get for his pains? He is written against, preached against, thundered against in every moral form, he is branded as a “deist;” many of the dissenters are in the back ground, and give no sign; and the man who shall dare to teach children to read or write, without teaching them what their godfathers and godmothers did for them—ay, though he pays the expenses out of his own pocket, is a profane wretch, and nothing more.

There is, indeed, one particular in the Lancasterian controversy which may kindle a feeling of pride in the present generation. We have learned to call names better. When Archdeacon Daubeney proclaimed a man who insisted on the reading of the Bible an infidel and a deist, he might with a very mild expenditure of logic have been turned round on his own words, and convicted of a *contradictio in adjecto*. But the word “deist,” used forty years ago, would now have for its substitute the word “godless,” which is far more suitable for its purpose. “Godless” has both a negative and a positive signification, and the artful writer can easily use it in one sense, so as to satisfy (or cheat) his own conscience, while he intends that his readers shall swallow it in the other. An academy that teaches writing and ciphering, without regard to any other branches of learning, moral or intellectual, may in a certain sense be called “godless,” just as a tavern-bill may be called “godless,” because, in addition to its various items, it does not contain a form for grace before or after meat. Precisely in this sense, which conveys no reprehension whatever, may a secular system be called “godless;” and the sectarian demagogue who employs the word is, to a certain extent, correct. But he knows very well that his hearers will supply the other active meaning of “impious,” “anti-religious,” and so forth; and his skill in this respect honourably distinguishes him from his fellow-bigots of forty years ago, who used such clumsy unequivocal words as “deist,” and what not.

To return to our dismal history. The Lancasterian controversy exhibited the Church of England as the enemy of the system of general education then proposed. Bell, who taught on a bad system, with the church catechism, was the saint; Lancaster, who taught on the same bad system, without the church catechism, was the infidel of his day. In 1818, when

the "National" and the "British and Foreign Schools" had been for seven years respectively founded on the principles of the two patriarchs of popular education, an inquiry was made by the House of Commons into the number of schools throughout England and Wales, and resulted in the discovery that there was no close correspondence between demand and supply in the article of general instruction. Mr. Brougham brings in a bill to promote the education of the "lower classes," but his measure gives the clergy too much advantage; and the dissenters, who now begin to distinguish themselves, find it intolerable. The introduction of the doctrinal element into the subject of education has again appeared as an obstacle.

The year 1839 is an epoch-marking year, and promises a better state of things than is afterwards realized. The well-known government "Committee of Council on Education" is appointed, and the erection of a training school for teachers is recommended. The minutes of council, which established the committee, also recommended a school in which merely general, not special, religion was to be taught, special teaching being left to the ministers of the various denominations. Here begins what may be called the glorious period of the dissenters—they are on the side of light, more so than they afterwards care to own, and the difficulty is on the side of the church, which sees a tendency to take education out of the hands of the clergy. Observe the perpetually-recurring moral of the tedious tale, which might be cut up into so many separate apologues, all teaching the same truth. The enemies of national education appear, now on the right, now on the left—now they speak with authority, now they appeal to independence; but whatever form the contest takes, it is always that of a religious sect against the nation. The clergy and the clergy-led, of every denomination (save, as a sect, the Unitarians only), succeed each other in the honourable office of checking the amelioration of their fellow-creatures. When, in the history of national education—or, rather, of the attempts thereat—you come to such a word as clergyman, churchman, Wesleyan, Nonconformist, congregationalist, and what not, you may be pretty sure that mischief is at hand. Some case is coming, in which the "denomination" has got the better of the "patriot" and the "Christian."

In this year 1839, then, the dissenters were on the side of a national system—admitted the right and duty of the State to educate—also the proposition, that no voluntary association can successfully grapple with the evils of national ignorance, and the like wholesome doctrines; but the Anglican clergy declared war against education by the secular authorities, their advocate, Lord Stanley, citing the opinion of a judge who flourished in

that Augustan era, the enlightened reign of Henry IV., to prove that the instruction of children had something spiritual in its very nature. The *dictum* of a judge who lived years before the Reformation, cited on a question which involves the relation between clergy and laity! Could any irreverend Rabelais or Swift desire a more ridiculous incident than this, to cast ridicule on an adverse party? Yet here fact does as much as the most malicious fancy could even attempt. It is the peculiarity of the sectarian religious element, when it intrudes itself into an universal topic, that there is no man so respectable or so elevated, that he may not become a grotesque caricature under its influence.

In 1843, Sir James Graham brought in his bill for establishing factory schools, and now the breeze of opposition blew from another point of the compass. The church was, indeed, lukewarm, but the dissenters felt that the holy cause of nonconformity was in peril, and they were triumphant in repelling the benevolent attempt of the government to elevate the intellectual condition of the operative classes. The cry of "godless" or "no popery" is a valuable war-whoop for the general world of orthodox Protestantism, but the dissenter, if he finds he is likely to be tricked into doing anything for the general good, which does not advance the good of his sect at the same time, can find little snug epithets of his own, which, though appealing to a comparatively limited body, are quite efficient enough to do mischief. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and even this anti-educational breeze which arose from the nonconforming body was so far serviceable, that the dissenters themselves raised a large sum of money by private subscription, which they devoted to purposes of education. "You may be sure that a man is in earnest," says Fielding somewhere, "when he puts his hand into his breeches-pocket." The dissenters, flushed with their victory over nationality, adopted this practical mode of proving the efficiency of the voluntary system. Would that their faith had not been erroneous, and that such melancholy proofs of the inefficiency of the voluntary system were not now pressing us on every side!

But the most grievous part of the story has not come yet. Vexed as the real philanthropist must be to see an important movement constantly embarrassed by polemical squabbles, which do not properly belong to it, he will, nevertheless, recollect that hitherto no neutral ground has been presented on which contending parties can shake hands and adjust their differences, but that, on the contrary, the fierce antagonists have been separated by so fine a boundary line, that whatever is surrendered by the one is certain gain to the other. The connoisseur of human nature will have no difficulty in understanding how two parties, so pugilistically trained as the church and dissent, could

never concede a point one to the other, though the welfare of all mankind were dependent on a pacific treaty. Just on the same principle, a person who has been trained in the old-fashioned conventionalities of high society, will never be puzzled at a duel fought by two "men of honour" on the most frivolous pretext, though the subsistence of a large family depends on the life of each of the combatants.

But now comes the dove with the olive-branch—no "sham," but a really efficient dove, with a really efficient olive-branch;—it bears the somewhat unusual form of a Puseyite clergyman, to be sure, but it is a veritable dove notwithstanding. To drop metaphor, Dr. Hook, the vicar of Leeds, seeing the constant difficulty which arises whenever the question of education is brought forward, weary of this long game of chess in which there is no check-mate, comes forward with a pamphlet, in which he suggests that, as the State cannot provide religious instruction, it should at least provide for that secular education which can exist irrespective of all theological distinction. A certain time is set apart for the instruction of the children by the pastors of the several denominations; and thus the whole work of education is performed by the proper persons. The state, which has only to do with the secular interests of the portion of mankind entrusted to its charge, teaches its young citizens by means of its secular schoolmasters, and thus fulfils its duty to the utmost. The training of souls, on the other hand, is left to those spiritual teachers who, looking away from the grosser interests of this world, rear their tender pupils with a view to supra-mundane blessedness only.

This plan of Dr. Hook's we may assume to be the same in principle as that embodied in the bill proposed by the "National Public School Association," for the difference, important as it is, that the pupils under his system must receive religious instruction of some sort or other, or forfeit the right to secular education, is one that does not affect the war to which we are now calling attention. This requisition, which we consider a blot in his plan, is a sop thrown to appease the Cerberus of religious sectarianism, and is, therefore, to be taken as a symptom of a desire for "*la paix à tout prix*."

No sop, however, would suffice to pacify the sectarian Cerberus—that monster with many heads, and all of them rabid. The dove with its olive-branch receives no welcome, the offer of a neutral training is regarded as simply detestable, and the whole scheme becomes a sort of quintain for every party to tilt at. While there was no neutral ground, the various parties levied war against one another; now there is a hypothetical neutral ground, all the polemical warriors sink their minor differences in

their hatred for the common foe—for him who dares to hint that peace is possible. So was it in the middle ages. The inhabitants of those grim old castles, that arrest the attention of the autumn traveller on the Rhine, seemed to hate each other to the full measure of human hatred. Their entire energies seemed devoted to a system of reciprocal slaughter. But when the authorities of the land began to show a desire for the cultivation of peace, and fixed certain days on which no fights were to take place, the whole body of mailed marauders felt that their common privilege was assailed, and the hatred they had entertained against each other was felt to be nothing as compared with that which fired them all against the general spoil-sport. What was the value of life, without an occasional fight to give it diversity? Our sectarian theologians are the proper representatives of the fighting heroes of the olden time. A theologian required to make peace with a rival theologian!—the very notion is redolent of oppression, and of the most offensive contempt for ancient privilege. "Blessed are the peacemakers" is not the motto of the theologists' company.

At this stage of the history, two clergymen of opposite principles are at the head of the national party—that is to say, of the party which would extend the benefits of education to the citizens of the state ● citizens, without distinction on the score of religion. One is Dr. Hook, a high-church Anglican, the other is Dr. Vaughan, an eminent dissenter. No two persons could be more opposite, professionally speaking, but in one great and good cause they go hand in hand, though such epithets as "godless" or the like may be flying about their ears. Foremost in the opposition is the whole ban and arrière-ban of the dissenting body (always excepting the Unitarians), and Mr. Edward Baines, renowned for the employment of a brilliant imagination on the apparently uninviting science of statistics, is the leading orator. The name of Baines will occupy an important place in the epic that some Homer will write on the great educational war; though, unless he comes early into the field, the bard may be puzzled to know how many Baineses there were. There is an elder Baines and a younger Baines, and the aspect of these in 1839 (when dissent looks national) is so different from that which they wear in 1846 (when dissent strives for its own precious denomination), that some theorists may possibly think that these champions of liberty were not only two, but four in number. Two, however, and no more, are the Baineses, corporeally speaking.

Mr. Edward Baines takes his niche as the great applier of the theory of consistency—a theory which, in skilful hands, may be used to convict any one of Her Majesty's subjects of participation

in any crime that the most misanthropic of legislators could ever conceive. A good-natured master gives his apprentice half-a-sovereign to spend on Easter Monday. The apprentice becomes inebriated, falls into bad company, and commences a career which ends in transportation. Who is the cause of the sad event? Who is responsible for the miserable fate of the unhappy delinquent? Doubtless, the incautious master—at any rate, he would be so considered, if Mr. Edward Baines were the historian of the transaction.

On the subject of national education, Mr. Baines's doctrine is simply this—if you trust the government with one thing you will be obliged to trust it with another, and therefore, it is best not to trust it at all. It is a slight modification of the proverb which tells you not to give an inch lest you may be called upon to give an ell, for you are recommended not to take an inch, lest an ell of something unpleasant should be forced upon you. That it is highly prized by its ingenious inventor is amply proved by the fact, that whereas he started it some seven years ago, he still appeals to it as the foundation-stone of the voluntary system. In his "Strictures on the new Government Measure" this is the important paragraph of his "Conclusion":—

"Government education is, in my judgment, a mighty error in principle. It can only be defended by reasons which would equally call for the superintendence of the government over our literature, our journals, and our pulpits, if not over the food, the clothing, and the habitations at least, of all the humbler classes. If, on any ground of public policy, government is to support and regulate our schools, the same ground would require that it should support and regulate the press, which supplies the bulk of the people with their reading, and should furnish every house with its intellectual food."

The absurdity of this kind of argument is so well pointed out in Mr. Church's letter, that we cannot resist giving an extract as an antidote to the poison:—

"Really, the hypochondriac who believed he was made of glass must have gone about with a greater feeling of security than any one who believes in this doctrine of the necessary 'consistency of things,' for there is hardly a law to be found from the clauses of which the most frightful consequences would not be going about, and ready to devour him; not an institution he could reason on without a shudder. Given, for instance, a post-office, or the right of a state to manage and monopolize one class of important transactions between individuals, and then, by force of the 'consistency of things,' it must soon monopolize every other class. For, if it may charge itself with the carriage of letters—that is, the confidential communications not only between man and man, but man and woman, why not, *à fortiori*, with the carriage of their persons and goods? hence, why not take into its own hands all the car-

rying trade by land and by water? But, if it may thus monopolize one branch of trade, there is no reason why it should not monopolize every other. But if any other, of course the publishing trade. Hence, why should it not determine what books we should have, and what not? But if it get the publishing of books under its management, it would be no great stretch also to get the management of newspapers—hence the entire control and censorship of the press. There is no escape from these consequences; ‘they all hang together.’ Permit a general post-office, and by ‘the consistency of things’ the result must be the monopoly of all trades by the state, and the censorship of the press. The conclusion is inevitable—‘there is no tenable ground short of it.’”

The history of the principles of opposition to a national scheme of education properly ends here; the fight still continuing, and being represented now by the “National Public Schools’ Association” on the one side, and the sectarians on the other. First, we have the war of sect against sect; now we have the struggle of the voluntary system against all plans of government education without distinction—in fact, against the very idea of a government education. The progress that has been made since the earliest days of the contest is simply this—that the Government has recognised the important duty of educating the poorer class of its subjects, and that the plan which was deemed “deistical” fifty years ago, is now deemed tolerably orthodox. But we would not exaggerate this progress, when we reflect how much yet remains to be done, and how little the real principle of nationality seems to be understood, though the circle of liberality grows wider and wider. We may read of grants by the Privy Council, and we may receive satisfaction in seeing that these grants have operated beneficially, but the grand exigencies of the case are neither practically nor theoretically met—not practically, as can be amply proved by the records of the brutal ignorance into which thousands are plunged; not theoretically, for we are still without a really national scheme—a scheme in which the sectarian element altogether vanishes.

What is the government scheme of education propounded by Lord John Russell at the commencement of last April? It is a compromise between nationalism and voluntarism, which will please nobody. Voluntary efforts are to be assisted by the funds raised by local rates, and provision is to be made for assistance to “very poor places.” But whatever is done, there is to be “religious teaching” of some sort or other, and the government contribution towards a general education is to come in the form of alms to the pauper, not in that of the accorded right of the citizen. The favouring of a great number of sects all at once will not only exclude the other sects, but will not even please the favoured, who find that they have not only to pay for them-

selves, but one another. Mr. Edward Baines says, in his "Strictures," that the new plan "proceeds on a principle offensive to the conscientious views of great numbers," inasmuch as "it requires the payment of public money, raised by compulsory rates, in aid of teaching which is to be expressly religious." For a moment we could find ourselves on Mr. Baines's side, just as we could sympathise with either party of combatants before the appearance of Dr. Hook's proposition, but we know perfectly well that he is equally opposed to the removal of the old bone of contention, and insists on the schoolmaster doing part of the minister's (dissenting minister's) work. If a principle which allows assistance to any school taught under some form of religion or other, is found too liberal for the tender consciences of the voluntary party, whom it is expressly intended to conciliate, while the special religious requisitions still operate as a stumbling-block in the way of its general efficiency, why not give up this one point, and face the same measure of dislike on a broader basis?

The perfection of liberality which an orthodox Protestant, who has no eye beyond his own and kindred sects, can understand, is the abolition of special doctrinal teaching and the admission into a school of the Holy Scriptures only—in a word, the Lancasterian plan (as far as religion is concerned); and the dissenters have not unfrequently been willing to avail themselves of government aid communicated through the medium of the "British and Foreign School Society." It was, in fact, by receiving this aid that Dr. Hamilton proved his ownership of a heart larger than his denomination. But, between Catholic and Protestant, the introduction of the Scriptures is as much a sectarian matter as the Church catechism, when discussed by opposing bodies of churchmen and dissenters. The Manchester and Salford Committee of Education, when they provided for the daily reading of the Holy Scriptures in their proposed schools, thought that they had taken the broadest possible ground, and so perhaps they had, if theological teaching is to be deemed indispensable. But the Roman Catholic clergy of the district objected, as a body, to participate in the Manchester and Salford scheme, precisely because the reading of the Scriptures would be compulsory. Whenever, therefore, a school was placed under the absolute control of a municipal board, and that municipal board, being Protestant, insisted on religious teaching, Catholic children would be excluded as a matter of necessity.

Reasoners of the school of Mr. Close can see no difficulty in obstacles of this sort. With all their show of enthusiasm in the cause of national education, they have an elastic universality, which can just shut out whatever it may be inconvenient to in-

clude. The following specimen of the art of looking at a subject, which appears in that reverend gentleman's "Three Schemes," is somewhat amusing:—

"Hear the Romanist:—'Catholics are not allowed to use the Protestant versions of the Holy Scriptures.' Very well, if they choose to be priest-ridden in this matter, and, like full-grown babies, to be told what books they may, and what they may not, read—be it so: we do not envy them their thralldom; but mark the sequel: 'Nor do they,' the Catholics, 'consider the simple reading of the holy writ'—not of the Protestant version, observe—but holy writ, whether in the original, or in the Douay, or any other Catholic version, 'they do not consider the simple reading of the holy writ by children, a proper, becoming, or legitimate foundation of religious instruction.' There is an end, therefore, of any comprehensive system of education, so far as the Romanists are concerned, of which 'holy writ,' in any version, is to be the common basis."

It is a great peculiarity in Mr. Close, that his conclusion is always the very reverse of that which might be expected from his premises. No one can display greater force than he in stigmatising ignorance as the cause of "overflowing prisons, abounding workhouses, crowded convict ships, and grumbling colonists," but no one is less prepared with a strong remedy. Like another quotation from the same source, the above passage might easily have been written by a member of the "National Public Schools' Association;" and the inference drawn would be the necessity of excluding 'Holy Writ' altogether, seeing that it stood in the way of a great and admitted good. Mr. Close is, however, for the exclusion, not of the Bible, but of the Catholics; and he congratulates "the biblical Christians of Manchester that they have so well escaped from this projected union with Rome." We may fancy a person reading *Æsop's* fable of the cock and the pearl, and making the deduction, not that the trinket was worthless, but that corn was exceedingly dear.

Now, if the only parties intended to be benefited by a large educational measure were those who received the education, the representatives of an huge overwhelming sect might have some reason in limiting the extent of the national bounty. If the object of benevolence will only receive assistance on his own conditions, and those conditions are not agreeable to the benefactor, the latter has undoubtedly a right to draw his purse-strings. But in this matter of education—it cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind—we are actuated not only by motives of benevolence, but by motives of self-preservation. That an ignorant multitude is a dangerous multitude, all parties are agreed; the fewer, therefore, we relieve from ignorance, the

greater is the amount of danger we leave unprovided for. So little does this truth seem to be practically understood by sectarian controversialists generally, that whatever vivid pictures they may draw of peril and of crime, we still believe that at heart they regard education rather as a charity than as a right,—rather as something that may be withheld on occasion, than as something that is to be given as a matter of necessity.

The following example, drawn by Mr. Church from the existing state of France, is worth perusal, as an illustration of this most important position:—

“You look with astonishment at the long turbulence of France. Depend upon it that one of the main causes of this has arisen from inequality of knowledge. You have seen centres of intelligence amidst immense zones of ignorance; and Paris, the great centre of the sphere, supported by those local centres, giving despotic law to the entire group of zones. In 1830, you saw the mob of Paris changing a dynasty, and in 1848 you saw it withering a monarchy. The triumph in each case was complete, and the submission of France entire. If the republic of February has fallen, it is not because it was a republic, but because it was a social republic. The vast peasantry of France, who, with immovable apathy, had seen government after government quashed, looking on as idle spectators of things in which they were unconcerned, now first began to feel and to act when it was told them that the real meaning of republicanizing on the social plan was robbing them. Then, for the first time, they were seen marching to Paris, and assisting in the extermination of those of their own class who had hitherto been obeyed as masters, whose names are still recorded on public monuments as those of heroes (how long they will be permitted to remain there is a question), but who were now to be hunted down by them, not in the cause of liberty, nor of intelligence, but of what they were told (it might, or it might not be) was the cause of property. . . . [Here] we see the inevitable reaction of the most ignorant mass of the peasantry, into which education has not penetrated, against that aristocracy of intelligence in their own class, which, intoxicated with its superiority, bewildered and corrupted by a very justifiable conviction of the universality of its power, believing in no limit to its will, as it had no distrust in its wisdom, had begun to despise all practical considerations, to disclaim the sluggish alliance of time, to precipitate itself into conclusions, which, even if not impracticable in themselves, it has good evidence, are impracticable now, until it at last roused the hostility of the majority of that class, through whose apathy it had reigned, and by whose momentary action it is at this moment at a fearful cost subdued.”

This passage is intended by Mr. Church, to illustrate the impolicy of educating the towns, and neglecting the rural districts, but it will equally apply to any system that is not universal in its application.

If the champions of the limited system—or rather systems—came forward with a great proof that their systems within the prescribed limit had worked efficiently, they would at any rate have done something for their cause, if it were only to throw dust into the eyes of its opponents. The objector to the exclusively classical routine of our great public schools might be so dazzled with the intelligence of a precocious youth, who resolved the hardest of Greek tragedies into all its syntactical and prosodial elements, that he would for awhile forget his opposition to a theory, in his admiration of a brilliant specimen. So, if those happy schools which are innocent of all geography beyond the map of the Holy Land, and of all history, save that which occurred in Palestine, turned out a tribe of youngsters who were completely radiant with biblical learning,—had the Jewish antiquities at their fingers' ends, rushed into the Layard room at the British Museum with the air of so many connoisseurs, and only mourned that their school stopped at English, and did not enable them to read the Scriptures in the original tongues,—we might start back with awe, and feel compunction in disturbing a system under which so much erudition had been produced. We might for the moment admit that Liverpool was an island, and that America was one of the chief countries of Europe, if these geographical facts were stated by a biblical luminary,—especially if some strong-minded person was at our elbow, reminding us that one thing learned well was worth an ocean of smattering. But, alas! our young biblical students, for whose precious studies such hard battles are fought, do not, from all accounts, appear to know much more about Jerusalem than about Liverpool. The writer of the most reckless burlesque on the religious plan of teaching, could not go further than by making the children in some imaginary school state that "Cilicia is in Gamaliel," that "Samaria is a wife of Jacob," and that the "Rhine is in Galilee;" and yet these are answers furnished by actual reports, coupled with such written versions of two commandments of the Decalogue as, "Thou shalt do no mordy," and "Thou shalt not comet a dolly." These cases may, perhaps, be more than ordinarily ludicrous, and might seem picked out to raise a smile, but the tenor of most reports on the subject of biblical education, argues little for the use of "Holy Writ" as an infallible instrument of even religious training. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who had officially examined National and Lancastrian schools in Lancashire, brought back the conviction that the most advanced children of the National schools were extremely defective in their knowledge of the Scriptures; and the Rev. W. Mosely, the government inspector, says,

in his report of the schools in the southern district, for the year 1847,—

“In not less than one hundred of these schools out of one hundred and thirty-four, I believe that the children are taught to *read* mechanically from the Scriptures, the sacred volume itself being used for that purpose, or parts extracted from it. I have never found this constant reading of the Scriptures associated with real scriptural knowledge, except when in addition to this the Scriptures are made the subject of a *special course of instruction*. It is a result, indeed, to which the learning to read mechanically from the Scriptures does not appear at all to *contribute*, but the reverse. Ideas of the same class, presented incessantly to the mind under the same circumstances, lose at length their interest, and the repetition of them, instead of strengthening the impression they leave, tends (a certain limit being passed) to confuse it. It is consistent with my own experience, and I believe with that of all other inspectors, that there is most religious knowledge in those schools where the reading of the Scriptures is united in a just proportion with secular instruction, and where a distinction between the functions of the day-school and the Sunday-school being observed, something of that relation is established in the school between religious principles and secular pursuits which ought to obtain in the after-life of the child.”

Now this distinction between the functions of the day-school and the Sunday-school, which in schools actually existing was found by the Rev. W. Mosely to be most favourable to religious knowledge, is exactly the distinction which would be carried out by the advocates of secular education; only, instead of making the distinction *within* the precincts of the school, they would insure the better preservation of the distinction by confining the school to the secular teaching only, and by leaving the religious professors outside the school to do the rest.

If we look seriously at the sort of religious instruction, which so many persons would leave undisturbed, and to which they blindly attach an idea of sanctity, there appears something monstrous when we reflect, that, for the sake of a species of instruction which puts the young of the human species on the level of an indifferently clever parrot, there are found persons who would retard the great work of secular education. No matter if the Bible-reading leaves the pupil impressed with the conviction, that “Samaria was the wife of Jacob;” no matter if the reading of the Scriptures is accompanied (as a reverend reporter of schools informs us) by “marked inattention and heaviness in the children, occasionally varied, when the master’s eye was not upon them, by tokens of roguish merriment;” better have all this farrago of absurdity and irreverence, than allow of a wholesome plan, which permits a state to accord a right to its citizens without

stumbling at differences, with which as citizens they have nothing to do. The facts and arguments adduced on the secular side, over and over again, have been abundantly sufficient to show, that nothing short of a thorough renovation in the field of public instruction will answer any useful purpose; but the thoroughbred sectarian does not want to be convinced. Humanity is with him less than his chapel, and an absurdity connected with his denomination becomes sacred in his eyes.

However, at the present day the surprising part of the story is, that a Government which has evidently freed itself from so many sectarian shackles of the olden time, should yet shrink back from the real, plain, honest path towards a better order of things, and foster the element of discord which lies at the bottom of all the mischief.

Lord John Russell, in his speech on "National Education," delivered on the 4th of April, openly declared war against the secular system, whether that system was so framed as to exclude religious teaching altogether, or whether it was to comprise a natural religion, irrespective of doctrinal theology. He is about as liberal as an old Lancastrian, that is to say, he would not deliberately shut out any one sect from the benefit of his scheme, but he would lay down a principle which would virtually tend to that bad end. That the old Lancastrian system of making Scripture-reading the sole religious requisition is too narrow to meet the exigencies of the case, is amply proved by the declaration of the Roman Catholic clergy, on the occasion of the Manchester and Salford bill; and the local plan, which still insists on an adherence to some sect or other, is certain to be a fruitful source of discord. We need merely suppose the only school of a district to be under the dominion of a ruling sect, and a number of persons not potent enough to found a separate school for themselves, resident in the vicinity. There is a case of a sectarian difficulty at once.

Two great truths are firmly to be borne in mind, if this question of national education is to be met in a satisfactory manner, and it is a want of a proper perception of both these truths that has lain at the foundation of all the pitiful sectarian squabbles to which we have been obliged to pay attention. The truths we mean are these:—First, the State is a temporal institution only—a thing of this world—and, as such, has only to provide for the temporal welfare of its citizens. Secondly, education, to a certain extent, is necessary to the attainment of such temporal welfare as it is the office of the State to promote, if we merely assign to it the negative value of rendering a certain number of citizens less mischievous to the rest. Punishment for transgression of laws being one of the means by which the state-machine is held to-

gether, a sufficient mental training to prevent such transgression is a right which the citizen may fairly demand.

There are, perhaps, certain lights of the old school, who being opposed to all elevation of the humbler classes, and being, moreover, high churchmen, would reject both these truths—but these (the “thin” people of Mr. Close) are too insignificant to be taken into consideration; just as the Jacobites remaining at the present day are too insignificant to give serious uneasiness to a practical statesman. The great obstacles which arise on the subject of education proceed from an admission of one of these truths, coupled with a rejection of the other. The church party admits the second truth, to the exclusion of the first. It is willing to grant that the state is bound to educate the humbler classes, but it insists that the work of education shall be confided to a certain defined spiritual authority—that is to say, that the state shall take cognizance not only of the temporal welfare of its citizens, but of their spiritual welfare also, such welfare to be judged on ecclesiastical principles. The partizans of the voluntary system, on the other hand, admit the first truth, and reject the second. The state, they say, is only concerned with our temporal welfare, and *therefore* education is not one of its functions. The views of the semi-liberal party, which may be indifferently represented by Lord John Russell’s April speech, or by the Manchester and Salford bill, are but an extension of the church principle. This party does not, indeed, require the work of education to be carried on exclusively by one specified sect, but it still maintains that it must be done by some sect or another—that the school-master is not properly placed unless he has a parson of some sort or other standing at his elbow. It still admits the second truth at the expense of the first. The plan of “The National Public Schools’ Association” is the only one which embraces both truths together, as necessarily related to each other.

We are perfectly aware that the opponents of the “national scheme,” whether drawn from the ecclesiastical, the voluntary, or the semi-liberal ranks, have one argument at their fingers’ ends. “Granted,” they will say, “that the state has only to deal with temporalities; and granted, again, that education is a measure of public safety, we do not admit that such an education as would promote the performance even of the temporal duties of the citizen, could be given without an admixture of theological instruction.” Some notion of this sort evidently lies at the bottom of Lord John Russell’s speech, when he alludes to the “danger” of the secular plan.

This is the ground on which the last battle would have to be fought if all the ecclesiastics, voluntaries, and semi-liberals were ranged (by an oblivion of special differences) on one side,

and the "secular party" on the other. All other shades of illiberality are fading away, but the principle contained in this argument still remains in full force, and it is used triumphantly by one party after another, whenever the "secular scheme" is to be attacked. Paring away all specialities, the fundamental axiom of opposition which remains is this: that the individual cannot be a good citizen unless he belongs to some definite theological sect.

What a course of priestly domination—what a deep implanting of prejudice must have taken place, that this monstrous maxim should have a hold on the minds even of enlightened men. Its assertion implies a declaration that the relations between citizen and citizen, and between citizen and state can never exist on a right footing, save when every man is trained by a definite theological system. It implies, at the same time, a negation of all the political wisdom of the ancient pagan world, in which no such sects—and nothing corresponding to them—existed; it ignores the experience of America, a country in which the religious sentiment is most surprisingly predominant, and which, nevertheless, has felt the necessity of separating the teaching of purely secular matters from instruction in positive theology; it mildly undermines all the liberal tendencies of the age. The bigotted churchman who wields this pernicious maxim is, at any rate, more consistent than the semi-liberal, for it is an article of his faith that the Church is the only source of truth and virtue. But the semi-liberal, who acts on the theory that, of a score of differing religious sects, one is as well qualified to bring up the citizen of a state as another, but that beyond the pale of this score, proper tuition is impossible,—what tenable principle can such a person be supposed to represent?

That the sort of Bible teaching which is carried on in many schools, is rather likely to lead to a disgust and contempt for the Scriptures than anything else, is sufficiently shown by the testimony of such men as Mr. Noel and Mr. Mosely. That the reported answers of some of the "religiously" trained children—those answers which cause a mixed feeling of mirth and admiration—can be exponents of any state of mental progression, either towards the general duties of the citizen, or the special duties of the chapel-goer, the most rabid bigot will not be inclined to maintain. But another and a more important question* arises, which is this;—Even supposing that the plan of Scripture-reading proved as efficient as its advocates could claim, would such a plan then be fitted for the basis of a general education?

One of the great features of the present day is the freedom with which all the relics of antiquity are criticized. Histories, which a few years ago were received as a matter of course, are now subjected to new investigations, and those books that con-

tain the early records of the Jews, and the primitive accounts of Christianity, are no more free from investigation than the once received chronicles of the kings of Rome. A canon that declares a certain collection of ancient books to be infallible as historical authority, may be convenient enough for the purposes of a sect which desires to combine the largest possible amount of influence with the least possible expenditure of trouble; but such a canon is no longer accepted in the intellectual world. Englishmen who have travelled, or who have mixed with travellers—Englishmen who have read any books, worth calling books, beyond the precincts of their own language, must be perfectly aware that the state of things which requires that the ancient history of a particular oriental region ought to be received in faith, independently of criticism, has long since passed away—as a normal condition of mankind. There is a “mob” in all grades of society, and the “mob” of the more opulent classes, whose worldly avocations deprive them of all opportunity of inquiry, will still feign to believe that the old ages of faith are yet in their vigour, and will regard any new suggestion on the subject of theology, not as a light to be welcomed, but as an insult to be resented. This mob, however, by the common nature of things, must go on diminishing. Its constituents are not supported by learning, but by apathy, dreading theological investigation, not so much from an honest conviction of any one doctrinal proposition, as from a vague notion that the well-being of a state of society in which they find themselves comfortably placed, is closely connected with the maintenance of certain theological opinions. But the pure ethics of Christianity, and the historical form in which they are handed down to us, are becoming more and more distinct in the minds of those who may be said to constitute the intellect of an epoch.

Now, when the Scriptures are read in ordinary schools—even if we suppose them to be read with a fair degree of intelligence—the scholar is taught to believe not only that the volume in his hand contains the purest system of ethics that was ever devised; but also, that every part of the historical structure is literally true. The Bible is given to him, not as a collection of books representing the state of mind and of civilization through a long series of centuries, but as essentially one and indivisible—and, withal, so compact, that if one particle be disturbed the whole edifice falls to the ground. No book was ever so unfairly treated in this respect as the Bible by the more irrational of its worshippers. No one would take up a favorite historian, and stake his value as an authority on such unstable ground as would be afforded by an offer to reject his testimony if the slightest inaccuracy of date, or the slightest perversion of some trifling fact, occurred in the course of a thousand pages. Yet this is constantly

done by the least reflecting part of theological teachers, and this opinion of the infallibility and oneness of the Scriptures is the opinion forced upon the laity of every orthodox sect. It is perfectly true, that some orthodox divine may from time to time be found who will point out inaccuracies in the sacred volume, which may be admitted without casting any doubt on the credibility of the whole. Thus Paley, for instance, calls attention to certain discrepancies in the gospel history, and observes, with his usual acuteness, that such differences of detail, when they occur between different authors, are rather favourable than otherwise to their credibility, inasmuch as they prove absence of collusion. So the Rev. Pye Smith, a few years ago, set a limit to the doctrine of plenary inspiration, and excluded dates and figures from the supernatural dignity. But those know very little of the English world who suppose that this sort of teaching has the slightest influence on the multitude—even the genteel multitude. The suggestions of the Rev. Pye Smith caused something like an uneasy thrill to pass through those of the dissenters who held his name in reverence, and although Paley's method of proving credibility by inaccuracy is plausible enough, the student who would seek to increase the evidence of credibility by widening the discovery of inaccuracies, would be regarded with marked disfavour by the "religious world." The doctrine of plenary inspiration, without any reservation whatever, is certainly that which is upheld in Scripture-schools, and any departure from that doctrine would be stigmatized with the terrific name of infidelity—a word which the scholar would be required to regard with a sort of vague horror, like that with which foolish nurses inspire children when they make them uneasy respecting a sort of indefinite demon, whose habitual residence is the coal-hole.

In what a state is the child, educated in this faith, sent into the world! He is sure to come into contact with those on whom the doubts of the age have intruded themselves, and against these he has no weapon. To use a common expression, let a single "hole be picked" in the historical part of the Bible, and his belief in all religion is at once undermined, or else he takes refuge behind a wall of prejudice, whence he would repel the invading foe by physical force, if necessary. The miserable book on which Thomas Paine bestowed the name "*Age of Reason*," was but a reaction against that doctrine of plenary inspiration, which had remained unquestioned by the multitude. Being impressed with the notion that the parts of the Bible are so essential to each other, that one could not be questioned without damage to the rest; and wishing to get rid of the Bible because he deemed its authority inimical to the Jacobin cause in which he had embarked, he set out with the vulgarest

common sense, and picking out one discrepancy here and another there, triumphantly asked if a book could be true that contained so many obvious misstatements. For a reader of cultivated and liberal mind, who has been used to discussions of the sort, such a book as the "Age of Reason" can create nothing but disgust, since he knows well that the contradictions which occur in the course of a series of ancient records, exposed to all the corrupting influences of time, by no means disprove their general tenor; and that a palpable untruth in Herodotus by no means hinders his work from being an invaluable source of ancient historical knowledge. But Tom Paine was wise in his generation; he knew that he had to address, not a class whose opinions were founded on rational investigation, but a mob whose faith was based on prejudice alone. His readers had been told that the Bible was written virtually by one hand,—a Divine infallible being,—and that the variety of authors no more caused variety of testimony, than the employment of several pens by the same man; and not only the Bible itself, but the traditions connected with the Bible were regarded as part and parcel of the same truth. Hence, even when proving that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch, Paine thought that he was achieving a most brilliant victory over the authority of the Scriptures. His success was enormous, and the class of uneducated free-thinkers still look up to him as their founder. He had shaken a prejudice—the consequence, that if one part of the volume was false, all the rest must be so likewise, had already been inculcated by the religious teacher,—and with the belief in historical truth, the belief in ethical truth fell likewise.

Will the world ever awaken to the belief that there is something better than teaching by prejudice? Will it always be wrapped up in the conceit, that a mass of historical statements should be forced upon a child's mind with the weight of geometrical axioms, to the blunting of all discrimination between the value of different kinds of evidence, and with the manifest danger that the foundation thus laid will prove a foundation of sand? A few weeks ago, the directors of the "Bristol Athenæum" vainly sought to exclude this Review from their reading-room, because certain theological subjects were discussed in its pages with a freedom to which they had been unaccustomed. A Mr. P. T. Aiken, who was one of the leaders of the "exclusives," stated that he could not read our Review conscientiously, without injury; nay, he had before now read things in our pages, which had haunted his mind for weeks afterwards. Duly thanking Mr. Aiken for the compliment paid to our power of making an impression—a power by no means universal—we may ask, why should any person be unhappy in consequence of any article

which we have put forward? If the reasons we advance on certain topics are bad or weak, they will fall of their own accord; if, on the other hand, they are cogent, why should they not be allowed to have their due weight? and why should the theory to which they are opposed be assumed as, *à priori*, true? The meaning of Mr. Aiken's uneasiness is this—that he does not wish to entertain a theological conviction based on rational grounds, but to keep an early prejudice free from disturbance; and so sacred does he consider this position, that he says “he would rather put an *immoral* book into the hands of persons, than a book which would sap all their religious principles”—that is to say, would be adverse to his own fundamental creed. The game that was unsuccessfully played on a small scale by the directors of the “Bristol Athenæum” is the same as that played on a large scale, and with more success, by the opponents of secular education. They deem the cultivation of a faculty of less importance than the inculcation of a prejudice.



ART. V.—YOUNG CRIMINALS.

1. *Juvenile Delinquents, their Condition and Treatment.* By Mary Carpenter. W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.
2. *Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Criminal and Destitute Juveniles.* Printed by order of the House, 24th June, 1852.
3. *The Philosophy of Ragged Schools.* Pickering. 1851.

THERE is nothing in which the progress of mankind has been slower than in recognising the true principles of criminal law: so slow, indeed, that even in this age, which boasts of its science and civilization, the nations where these have been carried to their highest point are still anxiously inquiring why crime increases, and what is to be done to guard against the “dangerous classes” which already threaten the peace of society. The fact is patent, but the causes which have created these dangerous classes are far from being generally or clearly seen as yet; although it would seem tolerably evident that when men find that they derive neither comfort nor protection from the present state of things, they will be willing to overturn it; and are likely to consider an insurrection, which affords a chance of gaining something in the scramble, rather a pleasurable pastime: to use a slang phrase, it is “a plant” on rather a large

scale; and they are not likely to shrink from consequences which they have long learned to brave. Unfortunately the extent of the danger is rarely seen till it is so imminent that there is no time to deal with it, and a war of classes follows. History is full of the record of such wars; but how little wisdom has been gained from past experience is evident from the fact that almost all the states of Europe are again quailing under a like danger, and submitting to despotism, in many instances, as a less evil than a servile war. Yet we know well that much and grievous wrong had been suffered by the men who swelled the ranks of the *Jacquerie* in France, and the followers of Wat Tyler in England, before they attempted so violent a remedy; and the greatest wrong of all was that which they themselves did not know to be one,—namely, the ignorance and superstition in which they had been brought up: for immediate wrongs may be remedied by enactment, but mediate ones, such as arise from a defective education, and are the sources of almost all the crime and misery of the world, admit of no sudden cure: and a generation or two must pass away ere the “dangerous classes” can be converted into happy, and consequently useful members of society.

The gentry of France in the fourteenth century could see no better way of disposing of the unhappy *Jacquerie* than by slaughtering them without mercy: a ready way of silencing discontent, too often resorted to by the indolence of rulers. The men were silenced, but the wrongs remained; and the consequence was a bloody retribution on their descendants four centuries after; when the proud noblesse of France, with its military *prestige*, its privileges, and its vices, was swept away by the popular breath, almost without a struggle. But it is rarely that an excited populace chooses the wisest leaders, and still more rare is it that either leaders or people are fully aware of the true remedy of their grievances. Even after all the miseries of her revolution, France was still seeking the best mode of dealing with “*Les Classes Dangereuses*,” and the dynasty of Orleans was driven from the throne by a popular movement almost before the question proposed by the Academy had elicited M. Fregier’s reply. And what has followed? Europe reeking with blood gives the answer! Its rulers have found no better solution of the difficulty than the gentry of France found in the fourteenth century: they “have made a desert, and have called it peace;” but will a soil manured with gore grow no rank weeds? The experience of ages says the contrary. When Frederick Barbarossa drove the plough over the earth that was once Milan, he thought he had quelled the insurrectionary spirit for ever: we look onwards for a few years, and Milan has risen from its ashes, and the greatest of the Swabian



emperors is a fugitive before the Lombard league. Recent events have shown that the sword is not now, any more than formerly, the best pacificator; and we in England gaze on the state of the Continent with the same uneasy feeling which those experience who see the fire still smouldering in a neighbouring house, uncertain how soon it may break out again, and fearing, that if it does, the party-wall may prove but an insufficient defence.

It is to the credit of this nation that, in the midst of a retrograde movement on the part of most of the continental governments, which aim at restoring the superstitions and ignorance of the middle ages, fettering free thought, and subduing opposition instead of amending the laws, we have dared to look the evil in the face, and demand of ourselves how it is to be removed: for we, too, have our "dangerous classes;" we, too, have tried the effect of the jail, the whip, and the gibbet, and the result has been somewhere about 28,000 committals in a year, of which 13,000 are of young persons under 17 years of age. The good sense and good feeling of the country has been shocked at such results, and the appointment of the Committee of the House of Commons, whose first report is now published, was the consequence of the growing anxiety to see some effectual remedy applied to the mischief.

Happily for England, its inhabitants are not accustomed to wait for either the legislature or the executive government when any great work is to be done; and whilst successive ministries were trying experiments on secondary punishments, and committees were examining into facts, and taking down evidence, individuals were acting; individuals, too, for the most part, in so humble a station that, till the results of their exertions became important, the public in general knew little of what was going on. And here it deserves to be noticed, that it was not among politicians and political economists that this labour of love began. The first teachers and reformers of the destitute and criminal, had never heard of any system but that of Christ, knew no philosophy but that of the gospel: they knew that the badge of their Christian profession was "love one towards another," that "God is no respecter of persons;" they felt that his great work had once been confided to ignorant, simple men, whose best learning consisted in knowing how to suffer and die for the truth, and they followed in their steps. We shall presently see what these good simple-minded men and women effected with their gospel philosophy.

Be it a fault or be it an advantage, that in England the legislature moves lazily, and rarely accomplishes any great measure without a considerable amount of pressure from without, the fact is so: and thus, for many years, committees have been appointed

at intervals to inquire into the evils attending the administration of our criminal law, whose reports have, in due time, been published in ponderous blue books, measured *by weight*—as in the case of the one now before us, which is warranted to weigh no more than *four pounds four ounces*; but the motions founded upon them have been proposed in speeches pronounced to empty benches, and have generally been either got rid of by the “previous question,” or have merely given rise to some inefficient measure, which, being addressed only to the present and patent evil, and leaving the root of it untouched, is found unavailing, and silently abandoned. Such was the case when a Committee of the House of Commons was, in 1838, charged with an inquiry into the evils resulting from making transportation to Australia the penalty of offences of a deeper dye than a moderate imprisonment might be supposed to correct. On that occasion the committee, after examining twenty-four witnesses, came to these resolutions:—

“1. That transportation to New South Wales, and to the settled districts of Van Diemen’s Land, should be discontinued as soon as possible.

“2. That crimes now punishable by transportation should, in future, be punished by confinement, with hard labour at home or abroad, for periods varying from two to fifteen years.”

In consequence of this, Sir William Molesworth, who had been chairman of the committee, brought forward a motion in the House of Commons to abolish transportation. This was on May 5, 1840. The terms of the motion were, “That the punishment of transportation should be abolished, and the penitentiary system of punishment be adopted in its stead as soon as practicable, and that the funds to be derived from the sales of waste lands in New South Wales and Van Diemen’s Land ought to be anticipated by means of loans on that security for the purpose of promoting extensive emigration to these colonies,” and thus provide means for diluting, at least, the concentrated moral poison which had been so recklessly poured out upon those unhappy countries. Lord John Russell admitted the truth of the principles of punishment laid down by Sir W. Molesworth, and also of a great deal of what had been urged by him as the result of the system of transportation; promised to give consideration to it, &c., &c., and—*moved the previous question*. The benches on both sides the house were nearly empty.

The cause, however, was not abandoned: Archbishop Whately, who had been the principal mover in the business, on the 9th of May of the same year, made a speech in the House of Lords which drew universal attention. In it he brought forward facts of so revolting a nature that men shuddered as they heard, and

thus summed up his subject: "We have, as it were, founded, and endowed, and patronized a university of wickedness—it would surely be inexcusable to go on cherishing and supporting it, and supplying it with continued reinforcements of criminals and free settlers thrown together; the teachers, as it might be expressed, and the learners of villany and profligacy, till the whole population shall have grown up into a numerous and powerful nation, exhibiting, on a great scale, a strange and appalling specimen of the utmost point to which the human race can be degraded and depraved by a system." The speech was published as a separate pamphlet, with this appropriate motto from Lord Bacon's "Essay on Plantations"—

"It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of the people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant."

The impression made by this inquiry was such, that, for a time, the punishment of transportation was almost abandoned, and no convicts were sent out till they had undergone a sort of purifying process in some one of the penitentiary prisons which, about this time, had been established; but the difficulty of finding places of detention in England, as the number of criminals increased, was such, that again the old plan was resorted to, of at least *sending them out of the way*. The colonies, in the mean time, had received great additions to their population from free settlers; and those, shocked at the prospect of a fresh inundation of crime, remonstrated in strong terms on the impolicy and injustice of such a proceeding: but the Home Government insisted, and but that fortunately the discovery of gold in the neighbourhood of the Australian settlements has rendered transportation a boon instead of a punishment, and thus must necessarily put a stop to the system, it would probably have been persevered in; not from any doubt as to its positive evils, but because, as we set off with stating, the first principles of criminal law are even yet scarcely understood, and because the sources of criminality have never yet been duly inquired into.

It was whilst the impression made by this revelation of the abominations of our penal colonies was yet fresh, that public attention was called to a subject of a very different kind, and yet essentially the same. We were suddenly surprised by the spectacle of a large number of the young thieves and vagabonds which infested the streets of London, and other great cities, entering voluntarily into schools where they were taught the sin and folly of the life they were leading; and the promoters of this movement boldly challenged inquiry, and averred that already many had been turned from a life of crime to honest industry, by the friendly exhortations of the teachers who had not

scrupled to call round them those wretched outcasts of society. So obscure were the beginnings of this movement; so unexpectedly did it flash on public notice, that it is hardly possible to trace precisely either its origin or its date, but it seems generally agreed that a poor lame shoemaker at Portsmouth, whose death occurred in 1839, was the first whose benevolent heart conceived the plan which was followed up afterwards on so large a scale. We quote his history as an encouraging proof of how much may be done, with very small means, for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, where a true Christian spirit exists. He had been lamed by an accident at the age of fifteen, but

“He worked on at the trade he had taken to, and not only maintained himself, but was able to adopt and bring up a nephew, who was, like himself, a cripple. It was in thinking over the best mode of educating this boy that the thought struck him that the companionship of another child would render learning easier and pleasanter to him than if he had to study alone; he accordingly found a companion for his nephew, in the son of a poor woman, his neighbour. The experiment was successful; so successful, that in a short time two or three others were added to the class. After a time, he added to its numbers, till it consisted of forty scholars, including twelve little girls. The pupils he taught were the destitute and neglected—‘the little blackguards,’ as he called them—and many a time he has been known to go out upon the public quay and tempt such as these by the offer of a roasted potato, or some such simple thing, to enter his school. There is something in the voice and manner of an earnest, truthful man, which is irresistible: it is an appeal made to the divine image, of which there is some trace still left even in the most corrupted heart; and it was seldom, therefore, that the summons of John Pounds passed unheeded; and, when once at the school, his scholars seldom needed urging to come a second time: for their master taught them not only ‘book-learning,’ as he called it, but his trade; if they were hungry, he gave them food; if ragged, he clothed them as best he could; and added to all this, he joined in their sports. What wonder that they loved him, or that when he died,—and his death was sudden, at the age of seventy-two,—the poor children who then formed his class wept, and some of them fainted at hearing the news.”—*Philosophy of Ragged Schools*, p. 42.

Good old John Pounds went to his rest amid the blessings and the thanks of those whom he had rescued from misery and vice. But no one in Portsmouth appears to have picked up the prophet’s mantle; and it was at the other extremity of Britain that the next attempt was made. In 1841, Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen, struck with the state of the destitute children of that neighbourhood, formed a society to supply the means of affording instruction to the vagrant children of that city; and very soon it was seen that, in order to make this instruction effectual, food must be offered, and industrial occupation supplied, or

they could never be reclaimed from beggary. This was done, and was

"Followed up after a time on a larger scale, and the police were instructed by the magistrates to convey any child found begging in the streets to a large room, which also served as a soup-kitchen; and thither, on the 19th of May, 1845, seventy-five children, boys and girls, were taken. The scene which ensued was almost indescribable: confusion, uproar, quarrelling, fighting, and language of the most horrible kind, were to be encountered and vanquished. The task was a hard one, but the committee, before the evening, succeeded in establishing something like order. The children were then told that this place was open for them to return daily; but they were, at the same time, told that whether they did so or not, they would no longer be allowed to beg, since food no less than instruction was offered to them there. The next day, the greater portion returned. . . . The report of the committee of managers states, as the most gratifying result—'That whereas, a few years since there were 320 children in the town, and 328 in the county of Aberdeen who, impelled by their own or their parents' necessities, to cater for their immediate wants, prowled about the streets, and roamed far and wide through the country, cheating and stealing their daily avocation,—now, a begging child is rarely to be seen, and juvenile crime is comparatively unknown.'"—*Phil. Ragg. Schools*, p. 45.

Already other benevolent persons had taken the same view of the necessities of the London poor; and ragged schools—namely, schools for children of so low a grade that they had not the means of decent appearance, were established in more than one of the haunts of misery and vice; but the insufficient funds of these first schools rendered it impossible to afford either food or industrial occupation; for the teachers were most of them voluntary ones, who gave their services gratis, and could not be as regular in their attendance as a paid master; and the experiment was, by most who heard of it, regarded as one whose success was so problematical, that few were inclined to give at all liberally towards the support of these establishments. In 1844, however, Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, after having conferred with some of the main supporters of the ragged-schools, gave his aid in the formation of a society, called the Ragged Schools Union, whose object was to collect subscriptions more widely, and apportion the sums thus received in aid of the schools most in need of assistance. But,

"Unfortunately the very circumstance which made these schools most desirable, excited a prejudice against them, and checked the current of charitable liberality. 'Thieves and vagabonds were here received, kindly treated, and instructed; they had thus a better chance than the children of honest labourers, whom no one sought out;—it was offering a premium to vice.' Many very worthy people insisted that 'misery is the appointed punishment of sin, and that to attempt to rescue these

children from the state into which their own and their parents' misdeeds had brought them, was detrimental to society by confounding the distinctions of right and wrong, lessening the divinely-appointed penalty of crime, and thus weakening the deterring force of such examples of suffering.' Others, again, insisted that 'the evil habits in these children would be too strong for any instruction to eradicate, and that the attempt was a mere throwing away of time and money, which might be better employed.' Nay, it has even been urged that the congregating together at these schools led to greater corruption, and that the incentives to crime were likely to be increased by bringing so many young thieves and vagabonds together. From these various reasons the funds of the Ragged School Union have been so curtailed,—never amounting to more than 520*l.* yearly subscriptions,—(the *donations* have been more liberal), that it is wonderful that so much, rather than so little, has been done."—*Phil. Ragged Schools*, p. 48.

Futile as these objections were, and triumphantly as they have been answered by the results which can now be pointed out, they were sufficient to throw difficulties of a serious kind in the way of the undertaking; and it required no little courage and perseverance to continue exertions derided by some, condemned by others, and weighing heavily on the pecuniary means of those who felt whither their Christian duty led, and neither could nor would be scared from their path. The difficulties were increased, too, by the fact, that many of the persons engaged in the work were dissenters of different denominations; they were seeking to teach the principles of the gospel to perishing souls, as the best guide to happiness and well-being in this life even; but whose interpretation of those principles was to be adopted? The question was one which tested sharply the motives by which these persons were actuated: were these miserable children to be sacrificed to a disputed tenet, a rubric, or a rule of conference; or were souls to be cared for, and sectarian differences abandoned? All honour be to the benevolent hearts which hesitated not in the choice! Necessarily brought to the point of examining how far their differences were fundamental and essential, they discovered that they were small and unimportant; and with a quiet good sense and good feeling which it is impossible to praise too highly, they tacitly dropped all invidious distinctions of sect, turned to the broad principles of Christian duty, and understood at last the saying, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."

When Dr. Guthrie, of the Edinburgh schools, was lately examined before the committee of the House of Commons, he was asked whether he meant to say that the children, on quitting these schools, would not know to what denomination of Christians they belonged? The answer was unhesitating, "I do; but *they would be Christians*;" and many a deep thought may well grow out of that mild reply; for how much of the spirit of the Great

Master, whom all acknowledge, enters into the fierce controversies of sects, is a question that has often been seriously and sadly asked, and has hardly ever, as yet, met with due consideration.

The workers in this great cause were now becoming numerous; and "a desire having been expressed by many to meet and confer on this important subject," a circular, signed by a long and respectable list of names, was sent round, inviting all who were interested in the matter in hand to meet at Birmingham December 10th, 1851. The object of the conference cannot be better described than in their own words. It was to take into consideration

"The condition and treatment of the 'perishing and dangerous classes' of children and juvenile offenders, with a view of procuring such legislative enactments as may produce a beneficial change in their actual condition and their prospects.

"The children whose condition requires the notice of the conference are—

"1st. Those who have not yet subjected themselves to the grasp of the law, but who, by reason of the vice, neglect, or extreme poverty of their parents, are inadmissible to the existing school establishments, and, consequently, must grow up without any education; almost invariably forming part of the 'perishing and dangerous classes,' and ultimately becoming criminals.

"2ndly. Those who are already subjecting themselves to police interference by vagrancy, mendicity, or petty infringements of the law.

"3rdly. Those who have been convicted of felony, or such misdemeanours as involved dishonesty.

"The provision to be made for these three classes, are—

"For the first, free day schools.

"For the second, industrial free schools, with compulsory attendance.

"For the third, penal reformatory schools.

"The legislative enactments needed to bring such schools into operation, are—

"For the free day schools, such extension of the present governmental grants from the Committee of Council on Education as may secure their maintenance in an effective condition, they being, by their nature, at present excluded from aid, yet requiring it in a far higher degree than those on whom it is conferred.

"For the industrial feeding schools, authority to magistrates to enforce attendance at such schools, of children of the second class, and to require payment to the supporters of the schools for each child, from the parish in which the child resides, with a power to the parish officers to obtain the outlay from the parent, except in cases of inability.

"For the penal reformatory schools, authority to magistrates and judges to commit juvenile offenders to such schools instead of to prison, with power of detention to the governor during the appointed period,

the charge of maintenance being enforced as above."—*Report of the Proceedings of a Conference, &c., p. v.*

The meeting was numerous, and after two days' discussion on the objects of the Conference, a committee was appointed for transacting business, and promoting the ends in view. Of these, Sir John Pakington was one: but, the following February, he was appointed one of the ministers of the Crown, and on resigning his post, as a member of the Committee of Conference, he signified to the other members, that being no longer able to give his own attention to the business, he would put it into the hands of a select committee of the House of Commons; which was accordingly chosen, and has just published the report of its proceedings during last Session.

"Perishing and dangerous classes"—these are strong words; and is it in England, where millions are yearly spent in the relief of the destitute; where every ill that flesh is heir to has its appropriate hospital; where the slave rises a free man the moment he sets foot on her holy soil; where every grievance finds a voice to proclaim it in one or other house of parliament; and where, if these means all fail, the people have yet the right to assemble and petition for redress;—is it in this happy country,—as it is generally deemed,—that there are perishing and dangerous classes? Let us examine into the facts of the case.

For a long time almost every serious offence against person or property was punished with death, and the penalty was unsparingly inflicted on the principle assumed by some of our older judges, that the man being hardened in crime, no reformation was to be expected, and that society ought to be freed from his future depredations or violence. The remedy at least was effectual as far as it went, but as the age advanced in civilisation and refinement, more humane thoughts arose; prosecutors, juries, and judges, sickened alike at the infliction of this extreme penalty for mere thefts; one offence after another was removed from the list of those punishable capitally; and imprisonment with or without hard labour, and transportation to the colonies, were substituted. But it was very soon found that these secondary punishments were attended with many and great evils; those consequent on transportation have already been noticed; and when imprisonment was the penalty inflicted, the intercourse between the prisoners, which could scarcely be wholly avoided, subjected the less guilty to the contamination of the more depraved, and he who was at first imprisoned for a small offence was instructed by greater adepts in the mode of committing worse crimes with more chance of impunity, formed acquaintances which exercised a baneful influence on his future life; in short, in the phrase of Archbishop Whately, graduated in crime in one of its special universities.

It was now allowed that the deterring from crime by the dread of punishment was only one of the ends to be proposed; nay, it began to be suspected that even this end was not attained; for gaols were no longer places of loathsome misery; the prisoner's health, and cleanliness, and food; were looked to, and when his animal wants were cared for, the grovelling mind of the common criminal thought little of the fact that he was within the walls of a prison. If the prison, therefore, was no longer dreadful, it was desirable to make it at least an instrument of reform; penitentiaries were built accordingly; every gaol had its visiting chaplain and its school, solitary confinement, silence, separation, every plan, in short, which had been supposed to succeed in any country, was tried, but still without any sensible diminution of crime, which, in spite of all these attempted remedies, has rather increased than otherwise, especially among a class which ought, at any rate, to have been free from the passions and vices of manhood. Every session has produced some fresh regulation for the treatment of juvenile offenders, but still juvenile crime is the monster evil of the country, and still Parliament is inquiring into the means of abating it.

There must be a cause for this unnatural state of things. We can conceive that a man may be pushed by strong passions into bold and irregular modes of gratifying them, but a child is naturally timid from a consciousness of his as yet undeveloped powers. Nature calls for no gratifications at that age but food and play; and the child, even if his mental and moral faculties should remain wholly uncultivated, and he should scarce rise above the grade of a young animal, would naturally be satisfied with these gratifications as well as a kitten or a lamb. Why then do we find the precocious child of cities frequenting "flash houses," and aping the vices of older men, without the stimulus of the same passions? Nature is forced and violated by the course pursued. Yet from 12,000 to 13,000 of these undergraduates in crime come annually before our courts of law to suffer a penalty more or less severe, and almost certainly to return again and again to the prisoner's dock, till, finally, they assume the degree of a burglar or a murderer. It is an universally acknowledged axiom, that in order to counteract the tendencies of nature, a long and careful education is necessary, yet we find that in these children the tendencies of nature are superseded. What then is the course of education which has been pursued? and why has society, which exercises such large rights for the protection of person and property never thought of guarding the child from an unnatural and forced education which he has no power to resist, and of which the results are no less fatal to himself than dangerous to the community? These

were the questions which forced themselves on the consideration of individuals in all quarters of the kingdom, as statistical tables, and the facts connected with them, became more known; and the hope that the united labours of many might bring a remedy to the evil, led to the Birmingham Conference, from whose report we take some of the statements which follow.

The children exposed to these evil influences are mainly—

1. Orphans, or children abandoned by their parents, who, being driven by necessity to small acts of dishonesty in order to attain food, meet, either in prison, or in the usual haunts of these houseless wanderers, others more advanced in crime, and are led by them into farther offences.

2. Children of very destitute parents, who being frequently without food, or wandering in the streets, fall in with bad companions, and are led into the same courses.

3. Children of thieves, and other depraved characters, who undergo a regular training in the arts of picking pockets, &c., and are punished by their parents if they do not bring home a sufficient booty each day.

Of these three classes it is calculated that there are 150,000; that is to say, there are in England 150,000 children either criminal already, or in training to become so! Can we wonder that crime increases? And all that has hitherto been done by the State for these unfortunate children is—one model prison at Parkhurst, calculated for about 650 inmates, besides which, there are gaol schools where young prisoners are taught. But only those whose offence is grave enough to have been visited with a sentence of transportation are eligible for Parkhurst, and the child is, therefore, left to go through all the previous degrees of vice before any serious attempt is made to secure him from the depth of degradation which forms his passport to the asylum provided for him by the State. When the crime is of a lighter character, and the young thief has not yet qualified himself for Parkhurst, but is only sentenced to a few weeks of ordinary imprisonment, it would be irrational to suppose that any progress could be made in reformation even if we had not positive testimony to the contrary; but this testimony we actually have from a witness before the Committee of the House of Commons. The following are some of his replies:—

“When were you sent to prison?” “About four years ago, *i. e.*, as appears from previous questions at between thirteen and fourteen years of age.—‘How many times have you been in prison?’ ‘Twice.’—‘Was your imprisonment of any use to you?’ ‘No, not in the least.’—‘Did you commit offences soon after you left prison the last time?’ ‘Yes; the same day.’—‘Did the chaplain talk to you privately?’ ‘No.’—‘Do you think that the present way that young criminals, young thieves, for instance, are

treated tends to reform them?' 'No, it does not.'—'When a boy comes out of prison for an offence of that kind, what generally becomes of him?' 'Well, some may go home, and some may stop away; they may go on again for a living; some have no way of getting a living only in that way, and when once their character is gone down, they have nowhere to refer to for another character; that is, they are obliged to carry on the same way for a living.'—'What frightens them most from committing the like offences again?' 'I do not know; I never was frightened.'—'You have known several that have been flogged, and have come out and continued their bad practices?' 'Yes.'—'You think that flogging has no effect in deterring them?' 'No.'—By Mr. Milner: 'Do you think it of any good to a boy to be shut up for a time in solitary confinement to think about himself?' 'No, I was shut up for three days in a dark cell, and directly I came out I had three more, and then three more, making nine days.'—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 245.

This youth, who had past through all the discipline of the gaol unavailingly, subsequently fell into the hands of one of the ragged-school teachers, of whom we shall presently have more to say, and under his mild influence, without coercion of any sort, was induced to learn a trade, and maintain himself by honest industry. We must, therefore, consider him as reformed, not by, but in spite of, the gaol discipline. But let us proceed.

One-eighth of the offences yearly committed against the law, are by children, and one-fourth by persons under twenty years of age and the statistics of crime show a growing increase in the proportion that juvenile criminals bear to adults. "The number of criminals under twenty years of age," says Mr. Pearson, in his evidence before a select committee of the House of Lords, "committed to prison in the year 1835, was 6803, or one in 449 of the population between ten and twenty years of age, while in 1844 they amounted to 11,348, or one in 304 of the population of the same age. Although the three following years show a decrease in the number of commitments and convictions in respect of the *whole* population of England and Wales, yet the stated decrease during the three years is in respect of the adult population only, as, upon comparison of the two periods, the number of commitments and convictions of juvenile offenders has increased in the latter three years upwards of 7 per cent."

Last year, the commitments to the Liverpool gaol were above 9500, and of these 1100 were under sixteen years of age. The following is the account given by the Rev. T. Carter, the chaplain, of the effect of imprisonment on such:—

"I take a page at random from the school register of four years ago, and I find that of the thirty whose names are upon that page, not selected cases, but taken in the order in which they came to gaol, eighteen have been transported, two are now in gaol, having been frequently re-committed in the meantime; one out of the thirty is in employment; one

has emigrated; two have died, one immediately after being discharged, the other shot in the street during a public disturbance; leaving six out of the thirty whose history I have not been able to trace. I find, also, that the average number of times in gaol of these thirty is eight and a half, and the average time spent by them in gaol is fifteen months. . . . I find that, taking forty-two individuals (male adults), at this moment in Liverpool gaol, who were first received there as juvenile thieves, the aggregate commitments amount to 401, or nine and a half times each, on the average. These are all known thieves, and their cases are looked on, humanly speaking, as entirely hopeless. Of the forty-two instances to which I have referred, there are six under sentence of transportation. One first commenced his career of crime at the age of nine years, and has been nineteen times in gaol; and, when I mention that, I need not bring forward any further proofs of the uselessness of all attempts at reformation, so long as there is not a radical change in the present vicious arrangements. There is another, of twenty years of age, who, since being sentenced to transportation, has made a violent and determined attempt on the life of one of the officers of the prison. I will show the same results with the females. Out of twenty-six females, all of whom commenced as juveniles, I find that twenty-five have been in gaol on an average seven times each; the other, I do not think it fair to bring forward, as an average example, because *she has been fifty-seven times in gaol*. The average time each is known to spend in gaol is five years. I think I have established my position, that the Liverpool gaol, although singled out for special commendation by the inspector of prisons, is the most effectual institution that can be devised for transmitting and propagating crime."—*Report of the Birm. Conf.* p. 66.

To this we may add the report of the Rev. W. Osborn, chaplain of the Bath gaol, showing the career of fifty-three children, first imprisoned in the year 1844:—"They were all," he says "first committals, and, in the course of the next six years, they had passed through the gaol 216 times, costing no less than 6063*l*. Of these, only five have been in any degree reformed, fifteen have been transported," and thirty are now in training for the same fate.

Our limits will not allow us to multiply extracts from the several speeches of recorders of boroughs, gaol chaplains, &c. &c., all tending to prove the same thing, namely, the utter inefficiency of our present system, whether we view it as the means of deterring from crime, or of reforming the offenders; and then arises the question as to why the present system, costly as it is to the state, is thus ineffective. We will endeavour to give a solution to the problem, and show not only why the present system is ineffective, but also what might be substituted in its room with almost a certainty of success.

When we find some machine destined for a particular purpose fail of doing its allotted work, we do not abandon our purpose as

an impossible thing, but we conclude that since we have to work with material substances governed by immutable laws, impressed upon them from the very first by a higher power than ours, we must have overlooked some one or more of these laws in the arrangement of our machinery. We have, perhaps, miscalculated the amount of friction; or we have overlooked the chemical action of one substance on another; or made some other of the thousand mistakes which half-instructed men will do in their first attempts to grapple with the great laws of the material universe: we inform ourselves better, we remedy our blunders by the aid of scientific research, and finally we succeed. Just thus we ought to reason with regard to failures in legislation and government: the questions are more complicated, no doubt, but we must, after all, return to the laws of the material we have to deal with. If we would govern men, we must study the laws of man's nature, for these too were imposed on him by a mightier power than ours; and if we contravene them, we shall find, as in the case of the machine above supposed, that we have thrown away our money, and failed of our purpose. When the founders of the monastic orders imagined that by pledging men to celibacy and poverty, they should promote holiness and piety, what was the result? They had overlooked some of the great laws of nature, and the consequences are but too well known. The failures which we perpetually see in the results of our legal provisions are in like manner the consequence, in all probability, of our disregard of some of the great laws of human nature. Legislators know that fear is a strong motive, and they have depended on it far too much, for it is not the only one. Not a day passes which does not afford instances of other emotions capable of overcoming this; and, consequently, of neutralizing the results calculated on. When Davy applied his chemical science to the copper sheathing of ships, and prevented its corrosion, he had applied a true principle to a practical purpose; but it had not occurred to him that when the copper bottom was no longer cleansed by corrosion it would become foul; and, practically, it was found that the ships thus sheathed would not sail. Thus we learn our science from our failures, for it is much to have learned what is *not* the right course, and he would be unworthy of the name of a philosopher who should insist that the failure was merely accidental, and that, by persisting in the same course without further inquiry, success would at last be attained. We have failed of attaining our object: we have sought to deter from crime,—it has increased;—we have endeavoured to reform the criminal,—he returns again and again to the gaol, growing more hardened with increasing years: then we have overlooked some great law of man's nature, and our first business should be

to examine these laws more accurately, in order that, by shaping our measures accordingly, we may ensure better success.

Now, it is well known that the preservation of either the individual or the species is not trusted to a reasoning process as to the fitness of perpetuating the race of man upon the earth, nor to fear of the insufficiency of man to defend himself single-handed against the force of the elements, or the attacks of wild beasts: pleasure is attached to the gratification of natural appetites, and we eat, sleep, &c., not because it is wise and expedient to do so, but because there is an immediate satisfaction attending the gratification of animal wants. If we look into man's motives of action, we shall find invariably that pleasure, either present or remote, is the moving spring of all, even of the enthusiast who despises the good things of this world; for he looks for something better hereafter, which is to be won by present mortification and abasement. Happiness of some sort is the object which lies at the bottom of every man's wishes, though what that happiness may be, depends on the degree of intellectual culture, and the pleasure of a Herschel or a Faraday will differ greatly from that of the poor boy in the street, gnawing a cake of gingerbread, or that of the ploughman who gazes triumphantly on the straight furrow before him; but all will seek the gratification most appropriate to their habits of thought. Pain, or uneasiness of whatever kind, is felt to be uncongenial to our nature,—a thing to be avoided; and, when felt, awakening feelings of displeasure which it requires long discipline to control. In few words we may lay it down as an axiom, that the normal state of man is that of enjoyment,—pain, the abnormal.

If we now look at the usual beginnings of crime, we shall see that it is but the irregular development of this instinctive longing for pleasure; labour is toilsome, and therefore displeasing; besides, a child's labour is rarely for himself,—a companion boasts to him of the apples and cakes which he can procure by petty theft, without any labour at all; and he transgresses in the expectation of procuring a greater pleasure than he is wont to enjoy. He is not doing evil for the sake of evil, but he is seeking a natural gratification. Follow him through his career of sin; is it not always some *ignis fatuus* of pleasure which lures him on from one crime to another, plunging him indeed deeper in misery, but still promising enjoyment?

We do not find that the drunkard is deterred from the pleasure of his liquor by the knowledge that loss of health and ruin are likely to ensue; the present satisfaction outweighs the more distant penalty; besides, some drink without such evil consequences, he thinks, and why may not he? Just so reasons the

criminal: some, nay many, escape conviction, and why should not he? besides, a short imprisonment is no such very terrible thing; and when it is over, he is free to lead the same roving life again. With these feelings he receives the instructions of the schoolmaster and the chaplain for a few weeks: *they* tell him of sin, and set him lessons: *he* thinks of feasting and amusing himself within a very short time: the gaolers and persons about him are cold and stern, his prison employments are disagreeable—his heart is not there; can we wonder, then, that little is learned in the gaol-school and chapel? But solitary confinement, where a boy, as Mr. Milner says, “may think about himself,” will not that avail? Probably not; you take a boy possessed of little or no knowledge but such as he has derived from his vicious courses; you place him in a lonely cell, and you expect him to meditate like a philosopher on his duties and his destination? Most probably when he thinks about himself it will be of the nights he has spent at the “penny gaff” or the “flash house,” and of the means to spend more at the same places when he gets out again, for the quality of the gratification sought is, as above observed, in exact proportion to the moral and intellectual state of the individual. Whatever dread, then, you may establish in a boy’s mind of the consequences of his low gratifications, all you will have obtained will be a more anxious calculation of the chances of impunity; the wish for the easy gains of thievery will not be lessened, for there has been nothing in the severe discipline he has undergone to enlarge or elevate the mind; and the only specimen he has seen of a regular life, such as is approved by the laws, is harsh and distasteful. In order to be virtuous, the love of goodness must be established in the mind; and, without any disrespect to Lieut.-Col. Jebb, the inspector of Parkhurst, and his favourite old serjeants of twenty years’ standing,* we can hardly fancy that a man who recommends solitary confinement and a whipping, as the mild measures to be taken with a child of perhaps nine years old, for a first offence†—stealing an apple, or a turnip

* Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb examined:—

“Are they not generally military men that you now employ?—(as wardens at Parkhurst.)—Most of them are.

“The consequence is, that they take their orders from their superiors, and they see them carried out with the children?—We find that discharged pensioners, serjeants of good character, who have served 18 or 20 years in the army or more, are uniformly kind to the boys, and considerate in their treatment of them. They carry out their orders with precision, and they are unquestionably the best officers we can obtain, either for juveniles or adults, where it is necessary to preserve strict discipline.”—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 360.

† “Then your proposition, if I understand, is of confinement for only two or three days, and uniformly accompanied by corporal punishment?—I think a

it may be,—or the drill serjeants who carry out the discipline of Parkhurst so satisfactorily to the colonel's mind,—will be exactly the people to show the loveliness of Christian benevolence, so as to win hearts from the error of their ways, and substitute industry and morality for the wild pleasures of the boy thief.

It is very rarely that men will bring forward their true motives naked and unfledged; unknowingly they clothe and adorn them so as to make a good appearance, before they will trust them to the world: and here lies our difficulty, for no one is willing to suffer his real thought to be grappled with and stripped of its drapery. Were not this the case, the argument would be simple enough. The children of parents in easy circumstances have fitting food and raiment, and their instruction and amusement are both cared for: these children are scarcely ever found in the criminal class, and long and large experience confirms the observation. "Juvenile delinquents," on the contrary, are for the most part destitute of all these advantages,—the children of parents who have been unable or unwilling to care for their comforts or their instruction: how patent, then, is the conclusion, that if we give these children food, raiment, instruction, and amusement, they will have no further temptation to criminality than those of a higher class, and will consequently become steady and useful members of society. The *real* objections to such a measure are,—the expense that it would entail, the fear that the lower classes would elbow the privileges of the higher when mentally they were their equals, and the doubt whether these privileged classes would find workmen and servants among a population thus brought up; but the reasons put forward show scarcely any of these ugly features. We hear much of the rights of parents over their offspring, of the religious scruples which would be wounded by any general system of education,—of the danger of making children discontented with the rank in which God has placed them, if we afford them an education beyond their station,* and such like; but no one absolutely buttons his pockets and says, "I am rich, and I mean

whipping with a birch rod, combined with a short period of solitary confinement, would have a deterring effect, *if administered for a first offence especially*."—*ib.* p. 376.

* Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb, in his evidence, says: "We have found great inconvenience at Parkhurst from pushing the attainments of the boys beyond what was necessary, to enable them to understand the ordinary rules of arithmetic, and to read and write with facility. It was found that, instead of taking to employments which were open to them in the colonies, they were looking out for situations as *clerks and schoolmasters, and getting quite out of their sphere*: it was positively a disadvantage to them, and it was *that which led me to recommend a diminution in the school instruction, and an increase in the industrial training*."—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 363.

to keep my money;—to perpetuate a Helot race, hewers of wood and drawers of water for my convenience, and it may be for the increase of my wealth.” Christianity has at least shamed and scared this kind of selfishness from walking unveiled, and no one dares even to his own conscience, to avow such motives; yet who can withhold a smile when he hears of the rights of parents who have never performed any of the duties of such a relation, or of the religious scruples of persons who have perhaps scarcely ever heard of a God, or if they have, practically disavow the belief by a life of utter carelessness or vice; and as for the station in which these poor children are placed, who shall dare to say that a good God has destined any of his creatures to a life of miserable destitution? When a butcher or a brewer’s son is afforded an education by his careful parent which enables him to rise to the highest honours of the church or the bar, or when a country clergyman’s son carves his way to the peerage with his sword, do we blame these men for quitting the rank in which God had placed them? No; they had ability to be useful in a different station, and they used it; the country profited by their services, and honoured them for what they had done, and justly. Let us not, then, try to be wiser than our Maker, and think that we are preserving good order in the world by cramping and stinting the faculties which he has given, whatever be the accident of birth. We have paid the penalty of this folly long enough. Even if we consider it as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence, it is time to inquire whether the immense outlay of our stately prisons, with their staff of officers,—of our penitentiaries, and our penal colonies, may not be turned to better account, and so used as to lessen instead of yearly increasing the expence to the state.

It is precisely at this point of the inquiry that the labours of the benevolent persons who have devoted themselves to the education and training of these outcast children, become important; for however true we may believe our theories to be, we could hardly expect others to act on them till they had been tested by experience. We have said that the aspiration after happiness,—which is, in fact, nothing more than the due satisfaction of the instincts and faculties given us by our Maker,—is a law of our nature, for if existence be anything more than the merest chance, these instincts and faculties must have an object; and if we be debarred from their exercise, the object of existence is defeated. We have said that it is a consequence of this law of our nature that when the instincts and faculties are cramped by circumstances, they will develop themselves irregularly, and this irregular development is the cause of crime; and

we have assumed, as a consequence of this law, that severity, solitary confinement, &c., will merely excite a desire to escape from so unpleasant a discipline, but will leave the heart untouched; as a corollary we now assume that, by satisfying the natural craving of the child for kindness, and supplying, even in a moderate degree, the urgent wants of the body, the reform of the boy thief is likely to be effected. Let us now see the practical working of our theory, as exhibited in the evidence of Mr. John Ellis, one of the originators of the Brook-street Ragged School, which he, and some other worthy men in his own station of life, carried on at their private charge for some time. We must premise that he was at that period a shoemaker in a small way of business; had once, according to his own account, been careless as to religion—in fact, an unbeliever; but finding such uncertainty as to matters of the highest import a painful state, he had studied the question till he convinced himself of the truth of Christianity, and, being convinced, showed the sincerity of his belief in his life. Struck with the miserable state of the children who thronged the streets in his part of the town,—he lived at 117, Albany-street, and his friends inhabited the same locality,—as early as 1843, they determined on opening a ragged school; and, notwithstanding the riot and disorder which they had to encounter at its first opening, soon assumed the dominion over those wild spirits which disinterested kindness mixed with firmness was likely to ensure. From the end of 1843 till the beginning of 1847, these true followers of Christ gave their time and their money to this labour of love, without a hope of either fame or reward in this life. “On the 24th of January, 1847,” says Mr. Ellis, in his journal, “a gentleman who had long indulged the hope that he should one day have the opportunity of testing the Christian principles that he professed, arrived,”—and the consequence of this opportune accession of a gentleman of fortune was the formation in the following year of an industrial class. They began with three boys, aged respectively 17, 19, and 12; the first-mentioned having been “a very bad character,—his mother keeping a very bad house, and sending him out to thieve:” two more were soon added, and by the 4th December, 1848, the class amounted to fifteen. Mr. Ellis volunteered his services to teach them shoemaking; but we will now let him tell his own tale.

“Will you proceed to state the way in which these boys were treated in the school first and afterwards in your house?” “I thought that one cause of their crime was want of employment; they had never been used to work, and no one had ever taken them by the hand to train them into the way of work. I employed them at shoemaking, and *I made their employment of shoemaking as amusing to them as I pos-*

sibly could, and I found the boys were very fond of making things themselves, such as shoes. I used to go and sit with them for two or three hours a day, and I used to tell them that they might, by governing their tongue, and governing their tempers, and governing their appetites, and governing themselves generally, *be much more happy, if they would put themselves in harmony with the laws of their own physical nature*; and I showed them how wrong it was to break the social laws that bind society together, and also the laws of God, and so forth. I considered that my conversation with them had a great effect; and *I provided them with wholesome food, and I gave them clothes to wear, and I surrounded them with as many comforts as I possibly could.*

“Will you explain to the committee what was the effect which you gradually saw attained upon the mind of these three boys in consequence of the attention which you paid them? ‘I at once recognised them as my children, and they looked upon me as their father.’—‘Had they at first any moral sense?’ ‘No; when I first took them, they did not know right from wrong. When Miss Carpenter came to speak to one of my lads, she said to him—“Don’t you think it wrong to steal?” He said he thought it was right. She then asked him—“But were you not afraid of God?” He said he did not believe there was a God. She said to him before she left him—“Would you steal now if you were to leave Mr. Ellis?” He said no, he could not. I endeavoured to convince these lads that honesty was the best policy, in my conversation with them whilst I was at work, and that they were responsible beings; that they had immortal souls, and that God being the ruler of the universe, would know all that they had done, and all that they had said; so that these boys now, every one of them, move about although in my absence, thinking that there is an eye over them.’—‘Will you explain to the committee up to what point of training you have carried these boys in the school, and how you gradually introduced them into your house?’ ‘My principal object always was with those lads to put in their power the means of getting a living by teaching them a business: *with regard to their morals, I thought I could not do better than set before them a good example*, and I ate with them, and drank with them, and slept with them, and I associated myself with them in every way; and, as far as religion goes (I don’t profess to be a religious teacher) I showed them the law of the gospel as well as I could.’—‘Have you had any boys that you have been obliged to give up, whom you positively could not reclaim?’ ‘I have never seen such a case, and I have confidence that if I had any boy who had his right senses about him, I could reform him. Give me mind, and I will be bound to convince the mind. If I could not convert the heart, I could alter the mind. If they had a consciousness of their responsibility, and that the Omnipotent eye was upon them, that would be sufficient; but they had at first no more idea of a God than a heathen.’—‘Have you received warnings from your neighbours, or from the police, of the hopelessness to attempt the reformation of these boys?’ ‘I was persuaded by the city missionary, I was persuaded by my friends, I was persuaded by the policemen, and by many others, resident near me, not

to have anything to do with them—of my inability to reform them. I had occasion to go to the station-house once. The inspector advised me seriously to abandon the hope of reforming them. He said the police had done all they could for them; that they ought, every one of them, to be transported, and that it would be far better for me to mind my own business, and leave them alone, as they would be sure to get transported. I have never troubled them since; and the boys have never troubled them.’—‘How long have they been in your house?’ ‘They have been in my house above two years and a-half. The committee gave them up; the committee could not bear the burthen, because the funds fell off; it is rather an expensive affair. I have taught those boys as effectually, in fact just the same, as if I had had a premium for them. I got places for them; and some of the more expert ones in the business *are now paying me back what they have cost me*; and they have all solemnly pledged themselves to pay me back by their labour every farthing which they have cost me. It has been a sacrifice on my part; but *I had a strong conviction that if the right means* were used, the boys could be reformed; and therefore, for my own satisfaction, I have carried the experiment out.’—‘How have those boys that you have taken care of been treated by their comrades, when they have met them occasionally?’ ‘When first we took the boys into the school, I thought their companions would have pulled the school down, they were so annoyed at it, because *the lads we took were what might be called the chiefs of the gangs*; they have come in a body before now, and have carried away the lads from the school after we had them there; but, of course, *the boys soon found which was the best*. A boy would not be there a month without knowing that it was better to be guided by me; and he would choose for himself within a month to live with me rather than go back to his old associates. *Now these boys have succeeded, many of them, in reforming their old associates. I never had anything like confinement; they were always allowed to go out on a Sunday, when they had done their work, among their parents and old associates.*’—‘How many boys attended the ragged school at first, on an average?’ ‘150.’—‘Out of these 150 how many have you put in the criminal class?’ ‘One third.’—‘You say you have only stopped your proceedings owing to the want of funds?’ ‘Yes.’—‘Do you think that, upon the whole, one third, if you had the power of bringing into operation your plan, it would have met with almost uniform success?’ ‘No doubt. One lad said to me, not many weeks ago, that he knew many lads that would “square up,” which means, leave off thieving, if I would take them; and many have been transported these last few years.’—‘And these children would have been saved, supposing there had been a reformatory school, conducted any much under the system you speak of?’ ‘Yes; undoubtedly.’—‘And you say that this mode of treatment has been quite sufficient to keep those fifteen children in perfect happiness and obedience towards you, as their master?’ ‘Yes.’—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 197.

We may add, that the benevolent friends of this undertaking have not contented themselves with attending merely to the

bodily wants of their poor children, they have also cared for their amusements; and lectures, exhibitions, music, and other modes of spending the evening pleasantly, as well as profitably, have been resorted to. On no occasion have they misconducted themselves.

At Mettray in France, in the *Rauhe Haus* at Hamburg, and in some other establishments, the same method has been pursued on a larger scale, and with encouraging success; and lately Mr. Sturge, of Birmingham, much to his honour, has founded an industrial school for the reformation of young thieves, and has called in Mr. Ellis to assist in the good work. It has already been in operation for some months, and bids fair to rival that of Brook-street in usefulness. Mr. Ellis took with him as his assistant one of the fifteen boys above mentioned, and finds him a very able coadjutor. Their first step was to go to the gaol and pick out about a dozen of the boys confined there to commence with, and the success thus far has fully justified this excellent man's sanguine anticipations. Our limits will not allow of farther quotation from the report, from which we have already drawn so largely; but those who are interested in the subject would do well to make themselves further acquainted with it, which they may do at the moderate cost of six shillings.

We have hitherto spoken only of the reform of criminals, but there is a yet more important part of the subject which remains to be considered; we allude to the actual prevention of crime. Nearly a century has elapsed since Beccaria first urged that it was "better to prevent crimes than to punish them," and that "if we would prevent crime we must perfect the system of education." Both appear to be such self-evident propositions, that it seems extraordinary that it should be needful to revert to them, yet notwithstanding all that has been said by the wise of all ages, from Solomon downwards, and all that has been done by individuals within these few years, England, as a nation, has shown a degree of culpable negligence on this point which can hardly be accounted for; and the legislature has indolently stood aside to allow the children of the state to be trained in the way they should *not* go, till we are alarmed at the extent of an evil which might very easily have been checked had it been attended to in time. Among those who have endeavoured to awaken the public attention to this most important subject, none have been more active than Miss Carpenter, the benevolent sister of Dr. W. Carpenter, so well known in the scientific world by his excellent works on physiology; and in her present work she has forcibly pointed out the defects of our present system.

"Rogues and vagabonds," says she, "still baffle the most vigilant and energetic magistrates, who can only award them as a punishment

a period of repose and cleansing in a gaol, to go forth renovated and refreshed for their lawless work. These are the PARENTS of a new race, and every generation, *if the evil is not arrested*, must become more hardened and experienced in vice than the former one. No wonder that from such a race rise men who, at an early age, are prepared for every crime. It is probable that even the existence of such a class of persons is unknown to the larger portion of the community, still less the extreme degradation of their mode of life."

And having given facts to justify her assertion, she adds:—

"The only means of rescuing the children from an education which probably in each generation will leave a more permanent impression in adult age, *will be by compulsorily subjecting them to a religious, moral, and industrial training.*"

This lady's residence at Bristol, and habits of visiting among the poor, as well as her large experience in ragged and industrial schools, would have entitled her opinion to our most serious attention, even if common sense had not already taught us that it is better to be healthy than convalescent, better to have acquired habits of self-government, religion, and industry, so as to feel no temptation to crime, than to be snatched like a brand from the fire by some individual like John Ellis, of rare talent for his work—a talent so rare that we can never hope to have enough of such teachers to empty our prisons. It is quite clear that when this religious, moral, and industrial training is most needed, the parents will not seek it for their children, since they can make them a source of profit by sending them out to beg or steal; or if they do not actually train them to crime they are too poor to pay, or perhaps too ignorant to wish for instruction for their families. It is difficult to provide food, and the child must pick it up where he can; or he is an orphan perhaps, and pilfers for a maintenance whilst too young and friendless to earn it. These are the classes which fill our gaols, and which are now too numerous to be dealt with by individuals only. It was, therefore, with feelings of no common anxiety that those who saw the importance of the matter in hand waited for the explanation of the measure promised, in rather magnificent terms, by Lord John Russell, having for its object a system of national education. That measure is now before the public, and we need hardly say how general a disappointment it has occasioned. This minister, so bold in some things, shrinks from the difficulties of legislating on such a subject, and quietly falls back on the schools already organised under the superintendence of the Committee of Privy Council. Yet it is admitted on all sides, that these schools have not met the emergency. The old, old objection of religious differences is brought forward as a bugbear, and the measure from which so much had been hoped shrinks down into a simplification of the legal processes with regard to

small charities, and a permission to towns to rate themselves in farther support of such schools as are already receiving the aid of the government! A great nation has called on its legislature to rescue thousands of unhappy children from destitution and vice, and to remove the opprobrium from its name of being the only country of Europe, where public instruction is left to the care of private charity, and this scanty measure, cut down to the smallest possible cost, and miserably inadequate to meet the needs of the population, is all the reply! The best that can be said of it is, that it is a step, though a very small one, in the right direction; and we may hope perhaps, according to the adage, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*," that the next steps will be larger and more rapid; but we cannot allow that the difficulties in the way of a more comprehensive measure are by any means of the magnitude Lord John Russell supposes. It is the fundamental principle of every social compact, that wherever the safety of life and property is endangered by any man, or set of men, the state has a right to interfere, has a claim on those whom it protects for the necessary expenses incurred in the doing so, and may abridge the liberty of those who use their freedom for the disturbance of social order. There could be no criminal law if this were not an acknowledged right. Now of the three classes of children above mentioned as in the way to become criminal, it is quite clear that the parents, from ill-intention or incompetence, are promoting their progress in evil, and thus rendering them dangerous to the public peace. Who then could blame the statesman who should step in, and say to the parents, "You have forfeited your parental rights by your perverseness or your neglect, henceforth we will look to the education of these children of the state; and instead of waiting till they have plundered the public to an inconvenient extent, and then by a costly process consigning them to prisons and penitentiaries where they are maintained at the charge of the state, we will teach them to be honest, industrious, good men, who will give no trouble to their neighbours, and be useful members of society."

Now this cannot be done by the present measure, but the present measure might very easily be made to effect it. The power of raising a school rate is thereby given, the mode of applying this rate is limited: we would propose to extend it to meet the exigency thus:—Where children of the description abovementioned are found to exist, it should be competent for any inhabitant of the district to lay an information before the magistrates, who should be required thereupon to make inquiry as to the facts, and be empowered to summon such persons before them as they shall find needful for ascertaining the truth. The

facts being substantiated, they should then be required to make an order for the reception, gratis, of such child or children into the nearest industrial school; and in case of destitution, a further order on the relieving officer of the parish, for two or three meals a day for each child so received: for it is certain that the creature must be fed, and cannot be expected to attend school and care for his intellectual wants, unless the cravings of the animal nature are satisfied. If there be no industrial school within reach, then, on the good old principle of the Saxon law, that Christian men are bound to love and do good to their neighbours, and that social men are bound to look to the peace of the society of which they form a part,—on this principle, which still forms the foundation of both our common and statute law—we would have power given to the magistrates to make an order for the erection of an industrial and feeding school, on the model of those which have been found so successful in Aberdeen and other places, to be paid for by the school rate. The school thus founded should be placed under the authority of a committee of ratepayers, and subject to the visits of an inspector, under the orders of the Committee of Privy Council. Every part of the machinery is ready: it only requires a more active use of it, and the present feeling of the public on this subject is such, that such a plan would probably be received as a boon, rather than resisted as a burthen. As a proof of the urgent necessity of such a measure, we may state, that in Westminster, in the year 1847, out of a population of 16,000 children under twelve years of age, 12,000, or three-fourths, do not attend any school; in St. Pancras, in the same year, in one district containing 15,000 children from two to twelve years of age, 8000, or more than half, were wholly without instruction. If the cost of such schools be objected to, let it be remembered that, in the districts where they are most needed, the rental is so ample that a rate of a penny or twopence in the pound would meet the demand;* and those who are inclined to urge this objection should also consider how much of individual and parochial neglect must have preceded a state of things which could call for such interference—a neglect which must be characterized as culpable, and, therefore, deserving to be mulcted. Moreover, the cost of prosecution, with all its concomitant expenses, is quite as large; and if an orderly and industrious population can be reared at no greater charge than our criminals now entail upon us, can any man in his senses hesitate as to which he would choose?

* Mr. Locke, the honorary secretary of the Ragged Schools Union, states that in his parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, a rate of one penny in the pound would ~~cost~~ ^{cost} the 2000*l.*, which would be far more than would be needed to maintain industrial feeding schools for all the destitute children of the parish.

But then comes the bugbear of the religious question ; and as it seems to alarm all parties, we will give it a little further consideration ; for here, too, as we have noticed above, the difficulty has been met and vanquished by individuals in the numerous ragged schools now established. If, as Lord John Russell holds, the nation owes to the children it undertakes to rear, an education that will afford them better rules for present conduct, and brighter hopes for the future, than can be wrought out by algebra, or learned from political economy ; still these rules and these hopes are the common property of all " who name the name of Christ." It is not one sect or one church alone that teaches " to do justice and to love mercy and to walk humbly with our God ;" yet what else is required ?" If we sum up the differences of all the sects that ever have arisen in the church, we shall find that they all consist in points of abstract doctrine, sufficiently puzzling to the wisest, and quite beyond the comprehension of children : points which the enlightened teacher, of whatever creed, would endeavour to avoid in the instruction he gives to his young pupils. The great moral rules, given in the sermon on the mount, can be taught by every denomination of Christians without any difference of opinion ; all of them agree that, to do to others as we would they should do to us, to love our neighbours as ourselves, to forgive our enemies, humbly to own our dependence on the Creator, and carefully to follow in the steps of Jesus of Nazareth, are essential rules of life : each wishes to add something else, but will any one venture to deny that the child or the man who acts up to these rules has worked out his own salvation, even if he have never heard of that something else ? To him who thinks that especial dogma important, it is so, *for himself*, but for himself only : no man must tamper with his own soul by giving up, in his own person, what he considers to be essential ; but then, with the large charity which true religion enjoins, let us believe that it is possible that others may sometimes be right, though we do not see it. " Who art thou that judgest another man's servant ?" says the Apostle ; " to his own master he standeth or falleth." Shall we, then, refuse the water of life to the thirsty soul, because some one may resist the addition of a flavouring agreeable to our palate but not to his ? Let us rather give the pure element to the perishing wayfarer. About *that*, no difference of opinion can arise.

We will ask any one who has ever superintended the teaching of the Church Catechism to eighty or a hundred children, of all ages, in a national school, whether, if he stops any one of them short, even in the easiest part—for instance, the *duty to our neighbour*," the child has the smallest idea of the meaning of

what he has been saying? And is it for the sake of this parrot-like recitation of a form, which no child who learns it by rote ever comprehends, that we are to throw away all the advantages of early instruction for the rising generation? But, say its advocates,—though they do not understand it now, they will remember it in after life. We will grant this for the sake of the argument, but what then? Does the mature man *believe* merely because he has learned some formula by rote in his childhood? If that be so, why do we see men who have learned both the catechism and articles of the Anglican Church going over to Rome in their mature age? But it is not so: if a man be capable of understanding, he is also capable of examining, and he will believe no more than appears *to him* true and reasonable: if he be not capable of understanding it, the formula remains a dead letter, valueless as regards his life or his habits.

It is not needful that ministers of any denomination should be employed in giving the requisite instruction to the children of such schools as we propose. The early church surely knew its business as well as we do; but the catechists of the first centuries were not generally of the presbytery, though to them was confided the two or three years' preparation of neophytes which then preceded baptism. The young heathens—for who will dare to call them Christians?—to whom we propose to offer the benefits, not the severities of civilisation, require the aid of the catechist to prepare them for the baptism of the heart, without which the water sprinkled, and the words spoken by the minister are but an empty form; and, in our day, the schoolmaster represents the catechist of the ancient church. If he be not Christian enough to be trusted with the religious instruction of the children placed under his care, he is not fit for his charge; if he be, then let the committee and the inspectors see that he teaches these Christian precepts which alone fulfil the condition so much insisted on of late years, "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.*" We have already pointed out which they are. When these children have been nourished with the "milk of the word" till they have learned to act up to its morality, and have arrived at mature age, they will choose for themselves the rites which best suit their feelings and their habits, for ceremonies are but the outward expression of feeling; and we might then see around us a people whose life is in harmony with the faith they profess, instead of the nominal Christians but practical atheists, which at present compose the majority of all classes. The sentence may seem a harsh one, but who shall call him a Christian who neglects all the duties of his professed faith, and lives as if money were his God, and worldly greatness his heaven? From such a heartless idolatry as this, as well as from the consequences it is likely to entail, "Good Lord deliver us!"

ART. VI.—THE LIFE OF MOORE.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.
 Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P.
 Vols. I. II. III. and IV. 1853.

WE never hear or speak of TOM MOORE without feelings of an almost personal affection, so genial and kindly is the nature which beams everywhere in his poetry, like sunshine playing among the summer boughs. We know but of one other author for whom we have the same affectionate regard, and he is so like Moore himself, that at thought of him we are half disposed to turn Pythagorean, and admit the dreamer's claim to Euphorbus' shield, and never eat beans again. What Moore was in London, must Horace have been in Rome—the same genial boon companion—the same sweet lyric poet—the same true patriot—the same playful satirist. Take which phase of Moore's character you like, you will find the corresponding traits in his Roman prototype: the very subjects which inspired their muse—the very accidents of their life—have a curious resemblance. Born of lowly parentage, each raised himself to a position of honourable intimacy with the highest of the land; and each looked back with mindful love to the old home and the fond parent. "*Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus*" (never while in my senses will I be ashamed of such a father), says Horace, the friend of Augustus and of Mæcenas; and Moore's mother never failed through life to receive two letters a week from "her own Tom" (as he lovingly signs himself), though Tom might at that very time be getting *fêted* at Holland House, breakfasting *en famille* with the Duke of Orleans, or singing choruses with the Princess Augusta of England.

Each poet had the same love for the country, but each loved dearly, in the height of the season, when the grandees poured in from Baïæ or from Bath, to leave the Sabine farm, or the Wiltshire cottage, and mingle among the crowds that thronged the mother-city of their nation. If Horace drew around him an admiring circle to hear him recite his latest ode, Moore, too, could always attract the guests at Lady Donegal's, or Lord Moira's, to hearken to his last new melody. If Horace could point with pride to Mæcenas as his patron, and Virgil as his friend, Moore might have equal reason to boast of Lansdowne and of Rogers. Horace cannot travel to Brundisium without versifying the adventures of his journey; and Moore leaves the

world his "Rhymes upon the Road" to commemorate his tour with Lord John Russell. Horace, no less than Moore,

"ran

Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all;"

and, like Moore, charmed his readers equally by the tender beauty of his love songs, the fire of his patriotic odes, and the sparkling grace that adorns his epistles and his satires.

We might pursue this analogy at greater length, and quote passage after passage of kindred tone and feeling, from their works. In one point, indeed, there is a disparity between the lot of the Roman poet and that of our English lyricist:—Horace had no patrician friend to edit his memoirs—Moore had; and to the affection of Lord John Russell is, doubtless, to be attributed the taste that dictated the appropriate binding of these four pleasant-looking volumes, the sentiment—from Horace by the way—"Spirat adhuc amor" on their titlepage, a short preface, and some few scattered notes.

We cannot allow that "press of public business" is any excuse for the way in which the editor has performed his task: "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;" and had Lord John felt himself unable to bestow sufficient time upon the task, he should have intrusted it to the care of some one more competent as more disengaged and painstaking. Still less can we think, with some of his reviewers, that the condescension of the "noble Lord" in editing at all compensates for the carelessness of his performance. Heaven preserve us from such condescension! We have a vulgar prejudice in favour of a good editor, though a plebeian, over a duke's son, who—spite of the "*Amor spirat*" motto—takes such slight pains in his labour of love. We willingly own, however, that Tom Moore himself would care more about the lordship than the editing, and would feel the consolation of his fellow-countryman, who, in a sedan-chair with the bottom taken out, remarked: "that it would be very like walking if it weren't for the honour, and that's what I wishes."

But, while we deny that any condescension can atone for what—but for the honour aforesaid—is so very like no editing at all, we deny, quite as emphatically, that there is any peculiar condescension in the case. Lord John Russell would himself, we know, be the very first to repudiate any such weak plea as sundry of his critics have put in on his behalf. There was, doubtless, once a time in English history when the aristocrat would associate on no other than dishonouring terms with the plebeian man of letters; but—*nous avons changé tout cela*. The head of the Howards does not deem it beneath him to lecture

before the hard-handed frequenters of a mechanics' institute. Lord Lansdowne feels—and yet, we hope, for many years to come, will live to feel it among his highest privileges, to be the fosterer of literature, and the friend of authors; and poor Lord Belfast—"too untimely ta'en"—has but just assured the world in his latest published work, that his proudest heir-loom is the dedication of the "Irish Melodies" to his ancestress.—We gladly own, that Lord John Russell is no unworthy scion of the family to whom we have heard applied Macaulay's praise of the Roman Fabii, "*that good house that loves the people well.*" No one is really more superior to low pride of family—no one better appreciates genius and talent wherever he may find it. No one, moreover, knows better than the editor of "Moore's Memoirs," that the alliance of the nobly-born with the richly-gifted is an alliance "twice blest." Augustus' minister is best known from Horace's Odes; Mr. Secretary Craggs would be more than half-forgotten, if Pope had not embalmed his name in verse; and the time may come when, at least, some part of the great Whig leader's fame may be due to the honourable friendship which existed between him and the greatest of Irish poets.

The arrangement of these memoirs reminds us of a book, doubtless well-known to many of our readers, "Holcroft's Memoirs." Tom Moore, like Mr. Holcroft, began an autobiography, but neither of them had time or patience to get much beyond the reminiscences of boyhood. After many years had passed, they once more took up the pen to chronicle the history of their life, but this time it was in the form of a diary of the present, instead of a narrative of the past.

Between these two periods there lies an interval of greatest interest and importance, which in Holcroft's memoirs has been bridged over by a biographical sketch from the editor: in Moore's by a mass of letters which look as if they never had an editor. In the first, if the least eventful, division of the poet's life, there is much of pleasant anecdote and kind remembrance, extending from his earliest childhood till he first goes to London, gets introduced to Lord Moira, and—proud moment!—is lighted to bed by "that stately personage" himself.

John Moore, the father, was, it seems, a wine merchant of Dublin, who rather late in life married a girl of eighteen years old. She was Tom's favourite parent, and never did mother deserve better of her son. There are innumerable little traits of her devoted affection for him. Directly after his birth, she must have a medal struck, with his name and birthday stamped upon it—a much-prized record, which "she always kept carefully concealed." A year or two only, and Tom is the "show-child" of the neighbourhood, and, carefully taught by her, has to repeat

before admiring friends radical verses on Grattan, the Irish "apostate" of that day. When at school he was always sure of *her* assistance in his studies:—"On more than one occasion," he writes, "she has come to my bedside on her return home from some evening party and waked me, while I have cheerfully sat up in my bed, and repeated over all my lessons to her."

The same watchful, loving care attended him through his college life, and when at last the boy of nineteen leaves his home for London and the bar, we read of Mrs. Moore sewing up with care in "the waistband of his pantaloons" not only the hard-earned guineas which she had been scraping together for him, but—a treasure far more precious as she would think it—"a scapular, or small bit of cloth, blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer from harm."

But Tom Moore carried to London with him what he would find of greater value than either guinea or scapular. "Few people combine, as you do, Tom," said one of his acquaintance in after years, "the poet, the musician, and the vocalist." For music he had the deepest, truest love: from a boy a plaintive air brought tears into his eyes, and gave birth, he thinks, to the early expressions of his muse. "An old lumbering harpsichord" had come into his father's hands as part payment of some bad debt, and on this his mother made him learn to play; while it was soon discovered, he tells us, "that I had an agreeable voice and taste for singing; and in the sort of gay life we led (for my mother was always fond of society), this talent of mine frequently enlivened our tea parties and suppers."

His first verses were, he says, "almost beyond the reach of memory;" but the first he can recall were on a subject sufficiently droll. A toy called a bandalore or quiz—common enough in every nursery, but not known to forty French dictionaries, which an erudite contemporary has consulted with very praiseworthy perseverance—was in 1790 the fashionable amusement. In the public gardens of Dublin, scores of people of each sex played it up and down as they walked along. *The Duke*, then Col. Wellesley, said Lord Plunket, was playing with a "quiz" the whole time of the sitting of some committee in the Irish House of Commons. And, wrote the future author of "*Lalla Rookh*,"—

"The ladies too, when in the streets, or walking in the Green,
Went quizzing on to show their shapes and graceful mien."

At the age of eighteen, Tom Moore became a member of the

Historical Society of Trinity College; and here he learnt that art which, during his life of dinner parties, must have been often most useful to him. It was the golden age of the "Historical;" and—if the Cambridge "Union," twenty years afterwards, when Macaulay, and Praed, and Bulwer, were its orators, became more famous,—Robert Emmet was in himself enough to excite the attention, and then the enthusiasm, of his youthful auditors. Moore's admiration for him was very great: in his life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald he tells us: "I have heard little oratory since that appeared to me of a loftier or purer character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught every allusion to passing events, was such as to attract seriously the attention of the fellows, and by their desire one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet, and endeavouring to neutralize the impressions of his fervid eloquence."

Emmet was, however, a dangerous man to have for a friend, and poor Moore nearly got into serious trouble on suspicion of being implicated in the Irish conspiracy. Soon after this our poet leaves college, begins his translation of Anacreon's Odes, and going to London, enrolls himself a member of the Middle Temple.

With Moore's letters—which are now for many years our only guide—we own ourselves greatly disappointed. We had fondly hoped that with his opportunities for collecting piquant anecdote and gossip, with his knowledge of well nigh every great or talented man of the day, and with a wit so bright, and an imagination so lively, he would have found a place among the best of English letter writers. It is not merely that his letters are without that indefinable charm which characterizes Walpole's—or the quaintness which delights us in Charles Lamb's—or even the devil-may-care vivacity which spices Byron's; but they are, almost without exception, positively dull. There is scarcely a good letter among them; and, should any one hereafter publish a selection of the best letters in the language—a book long wanted—it is not too hazardous to prophesy that the name of Moore will not appear in its index of authors. The fact is, he wanted two great qualities of a letter writer; and the same want is even more apparent in his diary. He had not a graphic pen, nor any power of analyzing character. Without the first, he was unable to sketch particular scenes with ease and vigour; destitute of the second, he could not portray the character of his associates, or make us acquainted with anything beyond their dinners and their repartees. A bad painter of men's out-

ward actions, he never investigated those hidden springs which prompted them, or laid bare the motive which inspired their conduct. His wit too generally fails him when he sits down to write: was it that he thought his correspondents unable to appreciate it, and that he cared not to fling any stray pearl before them? or was it all dissolved over-night in the full claret glasses of his aristocratic friends?

Some of the letters are so unnecessary, as well as dull, that their insertion would be matter of wonder were it not evident economy of editorial time, to insert things just as they come, and save the trouble of selection. Here is one, for instance; and we will engage to pick out at least fifty equally suggestive:—

No. 48.

"To his Mother.

Wednesday, May 13, 1801.

* * * "It is now a fortnight since I came to Donington; it has not by any means seemed tedious to me; and, I think, another week will be the conclusion of my visit. I shall let you know particularly when I leave it."

Other letters, again, contain just the same story, only written to a different correspondent, as, for instance, Nos. 258, 261, 289, where we have the threefold gratification of learning how, during a visit to Mr. Strutt at Derby, Mrs. Moore received a *cadeau* of "a very fine ring," a fan, and a bronze-candlestick. That the letters are not always in order, we are candidly informed in a note, and the confession must, we suppose, disarm our just criticism on *this* point.

To be honest and brief; we recommend all who are not deeply interested in Moore, to avoid this dreary desert of correspondence: they will gain but little amusement, and no strong idea of the poet's epistolary talent, nor anything, indeed, save *ennui*. Miss Godfrey's letters are incomparably the cleverest in these two half-volumes: and, occasionally, they elicit a pretty good rejoinder, on the principle, we presume, of the Arabian proverb, "that a fig-tree looking upon a fig-tree, becometh fruitful;" here is an example:—

"I was a good deal surprised at you—who are so very hard to please—speaking so leniently of Scott's 'Lord of the Isles;' it is wretched stuff—the bellman all over. I'll tell you what happened to me about it, to give you an idea of what it is to correspond *confidentially* with a *firm*. In writing to *Longman*, the other day, I said: 'between you and me, I don't much like Scott's poem;' and I had an answer back: 'We are very sorry that you do not like Mr. Scott's book. *Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown, & Co.*' What do you think of this for a 'between you and me?'"

But this series of letters is, at least, valuable, as showing us what a true good heart was Tom Moore's; and how unaffectedly loving were his feelings, when, later in life, he wrote, comparing his home-affection to the pendant boughs of the banyan:—

“’Tis thus, though woo’d by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love’s true instinct, back to thee.”

It is useful, too, as showing us his early success and fame; how he fights with Jeffrey, and becomes a “lion;” and how he numbers among his friends dukes and earls by the score. Dukes and earls were his peculiar weakness. “I dine with Lord Moira to-morrow, and go in the evening, with Lady Charlotte, to an assembly at the Countess of Cork’s;” “the day of the great illuminations I breakfasted with the Lord Mayor, dined with Lord Moira, and went in the evening to Mrs. Butler’s, the Duchess of Athol’s, Lady Mount Edgecumbe’s, and Lady Cole’s.”

Happier still was he, when, in conjunction with his love of rank, he could indulge a purer love—which was equally strong in him—that of his own family. “I think it would have pleased you,” he writes, “to see *my wife* in one of Lord Moira’s carriages, with his servant riding after her, and Lady Loudoun’s crimson travelling cloak round her, to keep her comfortable.”—But, after all, he learned that it does not always answer to put one’s trust in princes, and he probably suffered more mortification from Lord Moira’s neglect, than he had felt pleasure from his many visits to Donington. That Lord Moira disappointed Moore’s just expectations is undeniable; but that he by no means deserves the reproaches which have been heaped upon him, is, we think, equally certain. Through him Moore obtained the appointment at Bermuda: if it turned out unfortunately, that, at least, was not Lord Moira’s fault; through him, old John Moore became barrack-master at Dublin, and, time after time, we read of little kindnesses conferred on Tom himself, and his wife.

Our reader notices that Moore is married, but, we fear, the bare fact is all he is likely to ascertain from these volumes. The lady was a Miss Dilke, a charitable note informs us; but where she came from, or where they met, or what was her station in life—on all these points the memoirs are silent; the letters give no hint; the editor, of course, affords no clue.

It was a happy marriage; she was beautiful, as her husband repeatedly tells us; she was amiable, and obliging, and indulgent, as we gather from many a little incident; she was—an important fact—admired by Lady Holland, and likened, by the Duchess of Sussex, to Lady Heathcote “in her day of beauty.”

He fixed his home at Sloperton, near Lord Lansdowne's, Bowood; "his library, his society will be of use:" kind friends and neighbours are round him, great folk from London constantly pass that way: and here, with scarcely a wish ungratified, he quietly settles down. Here, too, begins his Diary: and such a Diary! It already occupies two volumes and a half, and if it draws its slow length along through the whole of his life, it will, according to most accurate calculation, and at its present rate, extend to seven more volumes, and require a bookcase to itself!

What we have said of the editing of the Letters applies, with at least equal force, to the Diary. It needed careful revision and curtailment, and the one, and only part which apparently is curtailed, is the very part on which we longed for fullest information—the destruction of the Byron Memoirs.—Meanwhile we may learn any number of remarkable facts, such as, "January 1st, 1819: Weary, and resting after last night's gaieties. Visitors in the morning. Read to Bessy the Scotch novel in the evening;" or, "August 31st: Took a cold collation to Chittoway Wood. Bessy and Mrs. Phipps, Miss Maugham, Miss Dehrett and Anastasia. Phipps not well, and could not come. A very delightful day. The Hughes's to supper." Or, "November 1st, 1823: Read and wrote." "2nd: Walked with Bessy in the evening, and called upon the Starkeys," &c. &c., *ad nauseam*.

Explanatory notes might have been desirable to unriddle many an allusion and hint otherwise inexplicable to those who live outside the charmed Whig circle: instead of them we are favoured with editorial criticism of this sort:—"There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth." "I cannot agree with Mr. Kenny in this opinion." "There is some resemblance between Tintern Abbey and 'Childe Harold,' but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, 'When they tell me Homer made Virgil,' I answer, 'Then it is his best work.' So of Wordsworth it may be said, 'If he wrote the third canto of Childe Harold, it is his best work.'"

The most valuable illustrative remarks—in all, perhaps, a dozen—are to inform us that Moore lent Byron's Memoirs to Lady Burghersh; that the Duc de Broglie has great abilities; that Mrs. Harvey was a very accomplished woman; that the Prince de Carignan was afterwards Charles Albert; and that Lord Spencer was an excellent shot. Such stories, too, as were but doubtfully true, might also have been omitted, or at least commented upon; we fear the one which Lord Londonderry has exposed will not prove the only exception to Lord John's careful inspection.

are, however, grateful for what we have, and thank-

fully acknowledge that no publication, of late years, contains a better stock of lively anecdotes, good jokes, and clever sayings, than these volumes of Diary. The book reminds us of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle's definition of "a great memory;" it is "a standing pond full of the droppings of other men's wit:"—and when a year or two have passed, it will form a most useful repertoire for great conversationalists and diners-out.

It is but fair to "sample" the more amusing, as we have criticized the dreary, portion of these volumes. Our difficulty is selection. We begin with some striking repartees:—

"In talking of Mirabeau, Lord L. said he had been told by Maury, that one time, when Mirabeau was answering a speech of his, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, 'Je m'en vais renfermer M. Maury dans un cercle vicieux!' Upon which Maury started up, and exclaimed, 'Comment! veux tu m'embrasser?' which had the effect of utterly disconcerting Mirabeau."

"Lord Strangford (the author of Camoens' Translation) mentioned that, on some one saying to Peel about Lawrence's picture of Croker, 'You can see the very quiver of his lips!' 'Yes,' said Peel, 'and the arrow coming out of it!'"

"Judge Fletcher, who, it seems, is a very surly person, once said to an advocate, 'Sir, I'll not sit here to be baited like a bear tied to a stake.' 'No, *not* tied to the stake, my Lord,' interrupted the counsel."

Now for a delicious little ghost story:—

"In talking of ghost stories, Lord Lansdowne told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall, pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her, and asking whether *she* did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, 'Si j'y crois?—oui, et même je le suis!' and instantly vanished."

Two good political anecdotes:—

"Lord Russell told a good thing about Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present king when the news of Bonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, 'I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead?' 'No! is *she* by God?' said the King."

"Fielding told us that when Gouvion St. Cyr, in the beginning of the revolution, happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe) and gave his name 'Monsieur de St. Cyr,' the clerk answered, 'Il n'y a pas de De.' 'Eh bien! M. Saint Cyr.' 'Il n'y a pas de Saint.' 'Diable, M. Cyr donc.' 'Il n'y a pas de Sire: nous avons décapité le tyran.'"

Of Moore's *character* we gain little knowledge that is new to us; he was ever the same kind-hearted, merry, social fellow; his only great fault was his exceeding vanity; and he often suf-

ferred many a petty mortification, not so much from positive "snubbing" on the part of his great acquaintance, as from the mere absence of that praise which was the very "breath of his nostrils." Lady Donegal doesn't like "The Loves of the Angels," and he's wretched all the morning. Lord Dudley treats him coolly, and he pours out his grievance in the pages of his journal. Scott and Byron are mentioned in some review as the only great poets of the day, and poor Tom Moore is quite "disheartened." Parson K—, at a party, doesn't listen to his singing, and "Bessy was quite offended at his rudeness: good girl for being so."

Now and then, however, though the "Diary" even does not mention it, he was treated, we know, still more cruelly. A story is told of his calling on Mrs. Basil Montagu to ask for materials for his "Life of Sheridan." "Undoubtedly," she replied, "I will help you; but you must let me choose the motto for the book." The poet assented, and Mrs. Montagu, indignant with him for having betrayed, as she thought, his trust about the Memoirs of Lord Byron, launched out upon his devoted head an adaptation of the nursery dognrel:—

"Fee! fa! fum!

I smell the blood of an *Irishman*!

Whether he be alive, or whether he be dead,

I'll grind *his bones* to make *my bread*!"

On the other hand, no word of praise or flattery is anywhere omitted; from the courteous kindness of the Prince Regent, who, on Moore's return from Bermuda, greets him with "I am very glad to see you again," to the still more flattering attention of a fair correspondent, who observes she has now seen the greatest giants of the age, "O'Brien in body and *you* in intellect!"

Did any consciousness of his failing steal through Moore's mind when he wrote down these words of the "Irishman," Sheridan:—

"They talk of avarice, lust, ambition as great passions. It is a mistake—they are little passions. *Vanity* is the great commanding passion of all. Save me from this passion, and I can defy the others."

The Diary opens, as we have said, soon after Moore has taken possession of Sloperton Cottage. He makes occasional visits to London, publishes his poems, each more popular than the last, and, in the August of 1819, travels with Lord John Russell through Italy. There are many interesting traits of his illustrious *compagnon de voyage*; and when we forget the editor in the man and the very firm friend, we find much to raise our opinion of Lord John. Fellow-travelling, which has destroyed so many friendships, but cemented theirs the more strongly; and each

has left on record the pleasant hours that were spent by them together.

essy joined her husband in Paris; and here, with only an occasional week's visit to England, they remained till the close of the year 1822. The truth is, poor Moore was in some money difficulty, occasioned by that unfortunate place at Bermuda. The deputy whom he had appointed absconded; and he became liable for his pecuniary misdemeanours. He appealed over and over again to Mr. Sheddon's relatives, but constantly without success. The *memento Mori aris* (*morieris*) exhortation of his great Chancellor-namesake was hardly less effectual.

Meanwhile, at Paris, he was as gay as might be. English peers and French noblesse vied in doing him kindnesses, and loading him with flattery. Not a night without its engagements—not a dinner without its lords!

Poetry alone didn't flourish much in this warm atmosphere; and the green laurel began to droop mid the heat, and glare, and dust. "Alciphron" came to an untimely end; the "Fudge Family in Italy" died before it saw the light; and the "Fables for the Holy Alliance," and the now half-forgotten "Loves of the Angels," alone mark these years of continental life.

Soon after the poet's return to England occurred that curious literary episode to which we have before referred—the destruction of the Autobiography, which Lord Byron had given into his hands for publication. The whole story does infinite credit to Moore's heart, and very great discredit to his judgment. That he should have thought it right to break his promise to his friend, or just to deprive the public of so precious a relic, is, to us, inconceivable; but that, believing it right, he should destroy the MS. even at a most serious sacrifice to himself, is but another proof of his manly and conscientious honour. The world has not lost much, Lord John tells us, by the *auto-da-fé* of these papers; and we would willingly believe it, now that regret is vain and useless. Still a fresh light would have been thrown on one of the most remarkable men of the age; and the autobiographical literature of the country would have received an invaluable addition.

Henceforward, to the end of the fourth volume, there is little more of especial note:—a trip to Ireland,—Sloperton and Bowood—London and Holland House—the same story of gaiety and home delights.

There is one pleasant sketch, however, of a visit to Abbotsford, from which we cannot refrain from extracting a few passages:—

"Came to a pretty lake, where he (Sir Walter) fed a large, beautiful swan, that seemed an old favourite of his. The Fergusons to dinner; maiden sisters and all. Showed me, before dinner, in a printed song-

book, a very pretty ballad, by his bailiff, Mr. Laidlaw, called 'Lucy's Flitting.' In the evening I sung, and all seemed very much pleased; Sir Adam, too, and his brother, the colonel, sung. Scott confessed that he did not know high from low in music. . . . His true delight, however, was visible after supper, when Sir Adam sung some old Jacobite songs; Scott's eyes sparkled, and his attempts to join in chorus showed much more of the will than the deed. 'Hey Tutti Tatte' was sung in the true orthodox manner, all of us standing round the table with hands crossed and joined, and chorussing every verse with all our might and main; he seemed to enjoy all this thoroughly."—Vol. iv., p. 342.

Meanwhile Moore has published the "Life of Sheridan" and "Captain Rock," and has thus bound himself more closely than ever to the affections of his countrymen. The sensation produced by "Captain Rock," in Ireland, was only exceeded by that which, in England, followed the publication of Godwin's "Political Justice." "The people," writes the Dublin bookseller, "are subscribing their sixpences and shillings to buy a copy; and the work will probably be pirated."

Thirty years have passed since then, and the name of "Moore" is as dear to every Irishman as ever it was. The Dublin exhibition is rich in portraits of the favourite Irish poet; and one of the sculptors, in a fit of fantastic enthusiasm, has made the head of Tom Moore start from the marble shoulders which, on the other side, support the bust of the still greater Irish hero—Wellington!

Imitation is said to be the highest compliment; and this compliment has been most abundantly paid to the author of the "Irish Melodies" by his fellow-countrymen. He is, indeed, the founder, or rather, perhaps, the reviver, of a school of Irish poetry; and among his followers are many whose verses only require to be known to be universally admired. Miss Mitford, in those pleasant "Literary Reminiscences" of hers, has done something for the fame of Gerald Griffin and of Banim.

Besides these, however, are others of equal merit; and in Mr. Duffy's "Ballad Poetry," and the "Spirit of the Nation," are many pieces quite worthy of Moore himself. There are few better political songs in the language than Ingram's "Who dares to speak of ninety-eight?" few more plaintive than the "Lament of the Irish emigrant;" or the wild outringing of Mahoney's "Bells of Shandon." Were the affectations of Irish idiom, and of Riband rant, omitted, the lays of Moore's successors would form a collection of truest national melody, almost unrivalled by that of any other country.

Returning once again to Moore himself, and closing his *Memoirs* as they lie before us, all full of hope and

happiness, we have a feeling of sadness which we cannot quite subdue.

The old Greek Solon was right—"Call no man happy before his death." As yet, in the poet's life, it is nearly all brightness. A money difficulty is the worst evil he has had to meet; ill-health and bereavement (save of one baby child) have not come nigh his dwelling. Some few more volumes, and we shall find the night clouds closing thicker and more thick about him. "Slowly—slowly," as says the Abbot in the beautiful "Golden Legend," "steals the sunshine, steals the shade." A few more years, and while still alive, the name of Tom Moore was added to that sad list which includes the names of Marlborough, Swift, and Scott.



ART. VII.—INDIA AND ITS FINANCE.

1. *Report from the Select Committee on Indian Territories, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 29th June, 1852.
2. *First Report from the Select Committee on Indian Territories.* 2nd May, 1853.
3. *Second Report from the same.* 12th May, 1853.
4. *The Opium Trade; including a Sketch of its History, Extent, Effects, &c., as carried on in India and China.* By Nathan Allen, M.D. Second edition. Lowell: James P. Walker. London: John Chapman.

IT is now manifest that the new government for India will not be established without vigorous, and perhaps acrimonious debate. We may possibly render some service to the public, although perhaps not much to any of the belligerent parties, by a more quiet and comprehensive view of some important divisions of the subject than the noise and dust of the parliamentary tumult permit to the debaters themselves.

The stand-point from which we purpose to take our present view of Indian affairs, is that of finance. We have, indeed, a deeper respect than it is necessary here to speak of, for considerations of a very different kind: at the same time we are profoundly convinced that the surest way of gaining general attention is to descant on the chances of profit or loss.

But much more; a permanent failure of Indian finance involves terrible considerations. India, lifted by British management out of the region of perpetual internal discords, can only sink into it again, if it be found impracticable to make the country pay its own expenses under our supremacy. England, indeed, may hold herself accountable for any Indian obligations actually existing at a particular time, or under some specified arrangement; but a perpetual making up of Indian deficiencies from the Imperial exchequer would be out of the question. It is, then, of immense importance, in the interests of humanity, to ascertain whether Indian resources do now actually meet Indian expenses, and may be expected to do so; for if no system has yet been established to this permanent effect, we have no security that 150 millions of the human race may not be again precipitated into the condition of wasteful and murderous strife, from which they have only lately been delivered,—strife to be renewed, if at all, with additional animosity of classes, and more dreadful means of havoc.

From the papers published with the Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Indian question, we chiefly gather the following facts:—

The revenue of the Government for the 17 years from 1834-5 to 1850-1, both inclusive, was, on the average, as follows, the figures being those of the net produce of the several classes of taxes:—

From land, moveables, spirits, tributes, subsidies, and tobacco, (of which about 1,500,000 <i>l.</i> is from all but land)	£10,784,888
From customs	1,194,838
From salt	1,864,633
From opium	1,707,744
From stamps	377,133
From miscellaneous sources	117,014

£16,046,250

To this net produce is to be added, charges of collection, and other payments out of the gross produce of the taxes	4,983,735
---	-----------

Gross average annual revenue £21,029,985

During the same period of 17 years, the net charges were, on the average, as follows:—

Civil and political	£1,706,305
Judicial and police	1,682,453

Marine	£234,454
Military	8,226,459
War	492,730
Interest on debt	1,710,380
Territorial payments in England	2,298,409
Political stores exported from England	347,188
Miscellaneous	81,956
Total average net charges	<u>£16,780,334</u>

From these figures it appears that the annual average deficit during the same period was the difference between 16,780,334*l.* of net expenses, and 16,046,250*l.* of net receipts, or 734,084*l.*

Corresponding with this result is the increase of the debt. In 1834, the debt in India bearing interest was 35,463,383*l.*; in 1850 it was 46,908,064*l.*; the average annual increase being 673,211*l.* Add to this, in 1834, the Home Bond Debt was 1,734,300*l.*, and in 1850 it had reached to 3,899,500*l.*, the average annual increase being 127,365*l.* The sum total of the two Indian debts is thus something beyond 50 millions sterling, and the annual increase of them, to make up the deficit of annual revenue, has been something more than three-quarters of a million.

To those who are not blinded by the complicated machinery and stately formality of governments, these plain figures suggest serious reflections. An occasional deficit is to be expected as much in the affairs of nations as of individuals, and is equally to be redressed by occasional excess; but the recurrence of an insufficiency of income, so frequent and so uncompensated as to establish a large annual average against the State, is certain to lead to disaster, whether France, Austria, or India so try conclusions with fortune.

The first answer of Indian politicians on this matter is, that the debt is little more than two years' income—one of the smallest national debts in the world. But, in truth, this is no answer: the real danger lies not in the actual amount of the debt, but in the rate of its increase; and if there be no probability that that increase will cease, there can be no security against ultimate, perhaps early, ill consequences.

The next answer is, that these seventeen years have been a period of war; that in the few years of peace comprised within that interval, India had an average annual surplus of one million sterling; and that it only needs abstinence from war to realize a like surplus in every future year.

To this, however, the reply is unhappy but too easy. There seems little reason to expect greater infrequency of war in future

than there has been hitherto. The territorial debt of India in 1793 was 7,129,934*l.*; in 1813, it had risen to 26,970,786*l.*; in 1834-5,—as we have already said,—it was more than 35 millions; and in 1850, nearly 47 millions. From 1793 to this day, there has been almost constant war; in the former part of the period, it raged in the middle of the country itself, latterly at its external general frontiers. During these sixty years India has had Governors-general of all qualifications and temperaments, yet very few of them have avoided war. The more resolved did any one of them appear, on his appointment, to devote himself earnestly and exclusively to the prosecution of the arts of peace, the more vigorous really became his wars, and the more extensive his annexations. It may not be difficult to account for this apparent inconstancy of reasonable purpose, on the ground that a man devoted to public improvements feels perhaps more deeply than others the necessity of public security to the prosecution of them; and if he have lived but little of the half-camp life of India, he may easily take alarm, and institute decided and irrevocable measures, where older hands would quietly expect the termination of a difficulty in nothing worse than in noise and smoke. Be this, however, as it may, the fact remains, that hardly any Governor-general of India has avoided war. How, then, can we pretend to hope that, from a better personal selection of governors, we may avoid wars hereafter?

Let it be remembered that, both within and without the general confines of India, there are kingdoms and clans whose people habitually resort to force and deadly strife on what we deem light occasions. With these we cannot avoid contact, and, not unfrequently, we cannot avoid collision. It may, no doubt be true that, in dealing with such peoples, our authorities are not always either wise, or perhaps quite honest; but what government, rigidly or even charitably judged, is altogether either wise or honest any more than other corporate bodies? By what means are we to secure for India such a government as no other country has ever possessed? And if we cannot secure such an unparalleled government, why should we indulge ourselves with a baseless reckoning, that no wars will happen in future?

England, too, with her interests, complicates the question. The Afghan war was not Indian, but imperial in its motives; and it is a fair conjecture, that a British solicitude that no European or American rivals should possess themselves of the great streams on the flanks of our Eastern empire, has had quite as much to do with the acquisition of Scinde, and the invasion of Burmah, as any substantive quarrel we may have had on hand in those countries. European follies or jealousies, indeed, applied to the vast affairs of the East, may easily bring about wars again as

heretofore, in which India must be engaged, whether or not she may happen to have any interest of her own in the subject-matter of dispute.

Nor is any change of temper or policy likely, at present, to avoid future wars. There is, indeed, a line of conduct too little known or prized by politicians, which, appealing to the higher principles of human nature, and resting on the Providence which rules the world, is more likely than any lower policy to hold in check the flagrant causes of war. But we can hardly hope, at present, to see such a course intelligently and cordially adopted; and if it be not adopted with full understanding of its nature and earnest sympathy with its principles, it will not succeed at all. Meanwhile, the man or the nation, which is peaceable *only* from poverty, stinginess, or cowardice, is perhaps more likely than any other to incur the loss and damage of contention. Let it be proclaimed that the rulers of India will not go to war merely because they cannot, or will not, afford it, and they will soon have plenty of quarrels on their hands.

However, then, the duty may remain to the philanthropist to endeavour to eradicate the principles of war, or to the political ruler to avert its actual occurrence, it would be mere weakness to chalk out a future for India in which war, and its costs, have no place. But if we must expect war, we have to return to the conclusion that there is a standing and ever recurring deficit in Indian finance.

Deferring our remarks on other items, we now point out that remarkable one in the receipts—opium, from which no less a sum than 1,707,744*l.* sterling is annually derived. For the estimate to be formed of this traffic in its moral relations, we must be content to refer to Dr. Allen's pamphlet, where the subject is vigorously treated for our benefit, from an American point of view. Our business with it is as a matter of finance, not forgetting, however, that morals have their value even here: for that which is unjust or immoral is necessarily unstable and unsafe; and the revenue derived from the smuggling into another country of a delicious poison grown in our own, carries within itself the inevitable conditions of decay.

This item of revenue is not of ancient date. The traffic itself is not a century old. In 1809-10 the net income to the government was 621,972*l.*; in 1834-5 it was 728,517*l.*, and in 1850-1 it had increased to 2,700,662*l.* In 1839-40 it was reduced to 316,666*l.* by the China war; and it is much to be observed that its augmentation to the figure which now renders it so vital a part of the revenues of India, has taken place since our military successes in China broke down the obstructions to the general use of the drug in that country. Before that period it was a

matter of only second-rate consideration; within a few years it has become one of anxious importance. If this windfall, wholly extraneous to the proper financial capabilities of India, had not occurred, Leadenhall-street must have been "in difficulties" before this time. It is obvious that a tax which is so dependent on the chances or mischances of the day, could be at no period a fit reliance for the stability of a great national system of finance. Bad, however, at the best, it seems now likely to be entirely lost. As all the world knows, the Chinese government contemplates the legalization of the growth of opium in China itself; and although the emperor at one time declared "that nothing should induce him to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of his people," he has since had to succumb to influences stronger than the benevolence of any one man, emperor though he be.

The tax on opium is a tax paid for the support of the government of India by the people of China; for it is not pretended that, if the opium now consumed in China should cease to be consumed there, the demand would be sustained through any increased use of the drug by the people of India. The annual sum of 1,707,744*l.* derived from opium is, therefore, so much which the people of India have not paid for the sustentation of their own government, and may, probably, soon find that others will not pay for them.

Now let us gather our results so far as we have gone:—

The net annual expense of governing India, wars included (wars as likely as ever to occur again), is shown by the experience of seventeen years to amount to	£16,780,334
--	-------------

The net produce of the taxes, that on opium included, is shown by the same experience to be 16,046,250 <i>l.</i> ; but of this sum opium, which is on the point of being lost, stands for 1,707,744 <i>l.</i> , so that the net revenue to be relied on in future is only	14,338,506
---	------------

The annual deficiency to be expected, as far as experience and probability can guide us, is therefore	<u>£2,441,828</u>
---	-------------------

Let it not be said that, inasmuch as this is an estimate founded on an average of seventeen years it is inapplicable to the argument, and that we ought to reason only on the later years, which more nearly represent the present state of things. The later years give, in fact, a worse result than the average,

even admitting all that Sir James Weir Hogg said on this subject in the House of Commons, on the 6th of June, if we confine ourselves to employing his statements only as far as they refer to realised facts.

If then we rest on the present system of Indian economics and finance, we have to anticipate a future annual deficiency of more than two millions sterling—a conclusion which renders a close and unflinching examination of that system a duty of vast importance to some interests indeed by no means inconsiderable in the ordinary way of honourable money-getting, but of still greater moment to other interests far transcending them in every consideration which right-minded humanity holds dear.

We will look first at the receipts, beginning with the item under which, in the official papers, are classed land, moveables, spirits, tributes, and tobacco, and which figures altogether for 10,784,888*l.* We may dismiss from consideration all the articles except land as producing together only 1,500,000*l.*, with the remark that they do not present any probability of important increase, unless the general condition of the country should be very much improved.

The single object of the present paper, which is finance, or the making of both ends meet, does not require, and will not permit us to go into the many debated questions connected with the history and nature of the land revenue of India. Some points necessary to our discussion will be noticed as we proceed; others will be found in our account of Mr. Baillie's book elsewhere in the present issue. For the present, the following are the essential facts:—Land has yielded, by a direct tax on it, a *net* annual revenue to government of about 9,250,000*l.*, or nearly two-thirds of the whole clear produce of taxation, exclusive of that from opium. But as a source of revenue we have, to a great extent, debarred it of increase by our own acts. The land settlement of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, is in perpetuity;—that is, it has been fixed *by us*, in perpetuity, how much tax each particular acre, or estate shall pay to the government; so that, however great the needs of the government on behalf of the country may become, no additional contribution can be obtained from the land-tax of these provinces. Not only so, but, with all possible speed, we are introducing similar settlements into other parts of India, only that they are for long terms of years, usually thirty, instead of in perpetuity; and during those terms there is no possibility of increase. Where the settlement is annual, under the name of *ryotwarree*,—that is, where the sum each cultivator has to pay as tax is settled every year, the system is an object of complaint amounting to execration; and, whatever its real character, it will

hardly be able to survive the obloquy which storms down on it from every quarter, although it is the only form of the land-tax which permits adaptability to the varying wants of the state.

The principal chance of a considerable increase of revenue from land lies according to appearance in that of extended cultivation, for only lands under actual cultivation pay tax, and much land remains uncultivated. But here a fallacy is concealed under the appearance. Extended cultivation has little effect on the increase of revenue, unless it be accompanied with either an increase of population, or with new means of sending the produce to other markets. If a population, shut up to its own district, grow more than it can consume, it can only be with the effect of bringing down the price, and wasting the surplus product. Remarkable instances of this kind have occurred in India, and the result of extended cultivation has there been a diminution of the revenue.

Suppose, however, that through a better administration of a particular district, or the establishment of new means of irrigation, or any other improvement, a larger population collects on the ground, corresponding to an increase of cultivation or of its products, it does not follow that the total revenue of the government is increased by the sum which appears to be added to the revenue of that particular district. Some such cases have been much lauded, and perhaps not too much so, when considered from other points of view; but they sometimes take credit for an augment of the population beyond the utmost possible rate of natural increase; and, where this is the case, the conclusion is irresistible that the increase of population and revenue, in that particular quarter, is, to a considerable extent, an abstraction from other localities, and yields by no means such an addition to the total income of the government as it seems to stand for.

So much of a chance of increase of the land revenue as may be derived from a migration of cultivators from territories of native princes into ours, from preference for our rule, is of too uncertain a nature to be admitted into this discussion, even if we had space for the many considerations connected with it.

To understand fully the force of these observations, it must be remembered that India is hardly more than half full of people; there is, consequently, ample room for migration within India itself; a fact which, duly admitted and considered, would greatly modify some opinions very loudly expressed at times on Indian economics and taxation.

There are cultivated lands in India, to a considerable extent, which, on different grounds, some true and some false, are held of government on tax-free tenures; and there are officers who look to resumptions of these lands on a scale of some magnitude, for an

important addition to the straitened revenue. On the one hand, no doubt many fictitious claims to these holdings have been set up, and have been sustained by forged or invalid documents; but, on the other, genuine rights have often been abrogated by the unadvised proceedings of our government and their officers. The general result promises very little for an increase of revenue from the resumption of these lands, however just that resumption, in some cases, may be.

Looking, then, at all the circumstances, taking into account the fact that much of the land revenue is fixed in perpetuity, or for long periods, and seeing that, from 1838-9 to 1849-50, the land revenue increased only in the proportion of 123 to 142, notwithstanding our accessions of territory meanwhile, there can be little hope of a deliverance of the Indian government from financial pressure by any sufficient augmentation of the income from land, a consideration which is so much the more serious, as this tax forms two-thirds of its resources.

The customs' duties, which have yielded 1,194,838*l.* per annum, depend for their increase on an increase of the consuming power of the people. It is not easy to say how far the slight general tendency to advance in this branch of the revenue is to be attributed to an improvement in the condition of the people, how far to increase in their numbers, and how far to such additional facilities for the interchange of commodities in the interior as the extension of our rule may have occasioned. That increase was, however, but small from 1838-9 to 1845-6, even when most favourably stated, while a more compendious account given elsewhere by the same official authorities seems to show that little or none has taken place since 1834-5. Judging from the last-mentioned statement, either this class of taxes is already at the highest point which the present condition of the people will permit, or the real resources of the country available for the purposes of the government are mismanaged.

The duty on salt is different in different parts of India. Our brief remarks must be confined to a very few facts. In Bengal, the manufacture is a monopoly in the hands of government,—the import of the article being, however, permitted on payment of a duty equal to the government monopoly profit. In Bombay, the tax is an excise; the sale price of the article, without duty, is 1½*d.* for eighty-two pounds; the tax is about 18*d.* on the same quantity. This impost, in Madras, is also a heavy duty, of which we need not now enter on the particulars. Salt is supplied from the Sambhur Lake, in the territories of Jypore, and from the Salt Hills of the Punjab; in both cases it is liable to certain duties.

It is remarkable that the productiveness of this impost has not

kept pace with the circumstances which might have been supposed to favour it. The average net receipts for the twenty years preceding 1833-4 amounted to 1,467,565*l.*; in some particular years they were considerably above that amount; but, in the next seventeen years, those now chiefly discussed, they only reached 1,864,633*l.*, although our territory had largely increased, intercourse in the interior had become much safer and greater than before, and war, which raged in the centre of India during part of the first period, was chiefly confined to the general frontiers in the second. The increase of population alone should have produced an augment of consumption, nearly equal to that which appears to have taken place.

A few facts strengthen the probability that the salt tax cannot be made to yield any considerable increase. In 1837, a duty of 1*s.* on eighty-two pounds was laid on this important condiment in the presidency of Bombay: in 1844, the tax was doubled, to compensate for some vexatious minor imposts then abolished; but riots took place, and the governor, of his own authority, reduced it to its present rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* Now, it was shown in the course of the inquiries connected with railways in Bombay, that salt made on the western coast, which had paid the Bombay duty, would undersell Calcutta salt, with the Bengal duty, at Mirzapore, if both were carried to that place by railway. If so, improvements in the means of transit will probably drive back the practical frontier of the Bengal salt monopoly districts; and this may be operating in a measure even now, and the annexation of the Punjab, with its salt hills, may be the true explanation of that decline of the salt revenue at Calcutta, which has been adduced, with little accuracy, as an evidence of a falling off in the condition of the Bengal population.

Although it has been said with some truth that the salt tax is not burdensome to the people in general, there are facts connected with it which seem certain to prevent any increase in its rate. The consumption varies from less than seven pounds per head per annum amongst the poor in Bengal, where salt is dear, to twenty, thirty, and even thirty-six pounds amongst the rich in Bombay, where it is comparatively cheap; a contrast which shows that there are large classes who ought not to be called on to bear a larger burden in this form. Probably, then, this tax will never yield more than at present, if so much.

We only stay to say of the stamp duty on legal proceedings, that a tax which embarrasses justice, and bars off the poor from his right, has little chance of permanence and none of increase. Opium we have already discussed, and the miscellaneous receipts may be passed over,

If, from the general character of these observations, we con-

clude that the income of the Indian government is little likely to be augmented while drawn from the people in their present condition, confined to its present sources, and conducted on its present system, we have to proceed to the question—can the expenditure be diminished? Here our remarks may be confined chiefly to two points,—the extent and cost of the European part of the service,—and the magnitude of the army.

It is not pretended on any side that India is over-governed. The current complaints are not of too many officials, but of want of protection, want of justice, want of dispatch, want of something or other, which only increased establishments, or establishments of increased efficiency, can supply. It is not said that there are too many native functionaries, or that they are too highly paid. But it is said that too many costly Europeans are employed to the exclusion of cheaper natives. The number of Europeans in government employments in India, who have been sent out from England for the purpose, is probably not above 7000, including all European officers of the Company's troops, but not those of the Queen's. The members of the Covenanted Civil Service are under 1000 in number. About 250 military officers are employed in civil duties.

If any question be raised of the value of European superintendence in India, it is only necessary to advert to the whole current of Indian affairs, political, military, and commercial, to perceive its effect. Let any one compare an army of sepoys in the British service, with any account he can find of the interior condition or practical effect of the army of a native prince—say, for instance, the accounts given by the Duke of Wellington of the Hyderabad or Mahratta armies in the Mysore war; or, let him compare the present administration of justice, defective as it is, with that which prevailed before our time; or let him trace the history of Indian indigo, or sugar, or general commerce; or let him learn what was the internal condition of a native city—say Poonah, for example—while it was a great capital under the immediate eye of its prince, and then see what it is now; or let him in any matter learn what has actually been done under British supervision, with no other resources than were just as much at the command of our native predecessors as of ourselves, and he cannot but conclude, that in whatever it may reside,—whether in science, perseverance, power of combination, contrivance, and organization, habit of command, integrity, due public responsibility, or anything else,—British supervision has, in fact, supplied a new life-blood to India.

But is there a wasteful superfluity of it? The Europeans employed in civil service are, to the natives, as about one to 120,000. The Europeans actually present with a native regi-

ment of 800 strong, are seldom more than six or eight. The European judges decide only about $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all the legal suits instituted, appeals included. The whole number of Europeans in India (army, with all its privates, taken into account) is, probably, not more than one to 2000 of the natives.

If, then, there are not too many Europeans for the wants of the country, are they not too highly paid? We answer by the recital of a case within our own knowledge:—Twenty years ago a gentleman, then of excellent standing in his profession, accepted an appointment in India, in an undertaking altogether independent of the Government. Knowing too little of the matter, he thought there were so many advantages in an Indian life, that a salary of 700*l.* per annum was a sufficient inducement. Returning, not long since, after an anxious and laborious service, with his health thoroughly broken, he found his old connexions were dispersed, his professional contemporaries, of equal standing when he left, were far advanced above him, his chances of employment were gone, and his energies were unequal to a new struggle. During his short remaining life, the scanty employment which had happened to arise from his old Indian occupation was one of his principal resources. His sojourn in India had completely severed him from the opportunities and the successes of England, by which others, not better qualified, had largely profited, while his Indian remuneration had not provided a compensation, or even an ordinary reliance, for declining years.

In truth, under present circumstances, a British Indian service of any kind, political or commercial, can only be secured on terms which pay the wages of a whole life for twenty years of work, and that at a rate which induces men in general, of competent qualifications, to forego all the collateral advantages of life in England. India, it is evident, can obtain English aid only on these terms.

We undertake, however, no defence of things as they are. Our sole object is to show that no such saving can be effected in the item of European officials as shall contribute, in any sensible degree, to redress the disordered balance of Indian finance. The work done by these foreigners in India must be done by somebody; if done entirely by natives, at half the expense, with not a single European employed, the financial relief would be small, perhaps 300,000*l.* per annum, and even that supposes the work would be done as well as now. But if any confidence is to be placed in the uniform testimony of facts, India saves, many times over, every year, the fair cost of that English supervision which has delivered her intellect from stagnation, and her fields from carnage; and the intermission of which for some time to

come, would probably relegate her to a fuller measure of her former sufferings.

But the army—is it not too large? We have already discussed the probability of war occurring as it has occurred; and certainly the political horizon yields portents which do not say much for the immediate peace of Asia. Where Russia may burst through her frontiers, if headed back in Europe, none can tell; but an obvious movement, both for revenge and for acquisition, would be towards India. Laying out of account, however, these special chances of the times, it is worth while to note the manner in which the home authorities deal with the question of the magnitude of the Indian army, in two extended reviews of the whole finance of India, dated 25th October, 1848, and 3rd June, 1852. The Court of Directors assume 1838-9 as a standard year of peace expenditure. India had then enjoyed an unusually long immunity from war, whether in its presence or its costs. In that year the whole of the forces employed in India, both European and native, had been gradually reduced to about 186,000 men, and the annual cost of them to about 7,000,000*l*. They are now 289,000 strong, and their annual cost above 10 millions. The average cost of seventeen years is 8,226,459*l*. Immediately after the attainment of the minimum expenditure just mentioned, the Afghan war was undertaken without the knowledge of the Court of Directors, and, when known to them, against their judgment. Then followed Scinde; then, twice over, the Punjab; and now we have Burmah on hand. Pressed with anxiety in making both ends meet, they look back on 1838-9 as affording a state of things not broken in upon with their concurrence; and they estimate that India has paid for these wars no less than 35,750,000*l*. in current charges, debt, and interest—wars, of which the first at least, was not for Indian objects, and of which the others are possibly no more than consequences, avoidable at the time in the avoidance of the first. They do not, however, suggest a remedy for the magnitude or cost of the army, or suggest its reduction to its old dimensions; and, indeed, with Hyderabad, Russia, China, and the unemployed myriads of swordsmen in India itself, to take into account, we can hardly anticipate diminished employment for it. We have still to reckon on the blunders of governments, the irascibility of peoples, and the misunderstood complications of interests, which have hitherto produced wars, and to remember that the true preventive of war, which lies in the right-mindedness of the multitudes, is not yet fully attained to even amongst ourselves, and is much less so in the East.

It is not without importance to observe, that the army of India is said to be smaller in proportion to the population which

supports it, than that of any European state, England excepted; and a still nearer comparison is to be found in India itself, where the native states, with a population of 53 millions, maintain armed forces to the extent of 399,000 men, or one soldier for 133 persons; while, in British India, the population is 99 millions, and the army 290,000, or one in 340 persons. We again repeat, we are in no sense defending, or even excusing the employment of such an army, we are merely considering the bearing of facts as they are on financial probabilities.

Of the sums absorbed in the payments to England, it is not necessary to say more than that there is no chance of their reduction, and that the same principles of national good faith which ensure the payment of the interest of the national debt of England, apply with equal force to that of India.

To what conclusion, then, does this review lead us? India, under our system, is not paying her own expenses, and is not likely to do so. And yet when we assumed her rule she had no national debts, the treasuries of her princes were full, and she is said to have paid larger taxes to her native rulers than she has ever paid to us. Moreover, no newly acquired territory pays its own expenses in our hands, however wealthy it may have made its native princes. Scinde and Sattara show yearly deficits; and while our limited territory in 1793 yielded a large annual surplus, our present magnificent dominion fails to pay its current costs. What is the cause of the change?

The answer most generally made, is that this apparent falling off in the tax-paying power of the people of India is to be attributed to a continual increase of poverty. A statement so serious requires examination, although it is true that a government is answerable only negatively for the wealth of its people, and that its trust is vindicated when it has shown that it does nothing, and suffers others to do nothing, which hinders any and every man from making the best he honestly can of circumstances. Let us, however, look into this assertion of the increase of poverty in India, and so much the more carefully, as there are appearances which may be adduced in favour of it.

First, there are what we take to be exceptional cases. The city of Surat is now much smaller than it once was; formerly it was the port through which the north-west of India, including Delhi, the seat of the Mogul power, communicated with the holy land of the Mussulmans and with Europe. Since that time Bombay, more favourably situated for general commerce, has arisen; extensive countries to the landward have been desolated in native wars; and the incipient Delta, which its river, the Tapti, is forming, increases yearly the disadvantages of its approach. The province of Guzerat is said to exhibit a great

impoverishment of its gentry and cultivators since we began to govern it; but then cotton is the staple of Guzerat; at the beginning of our rule the price of cotton at Bombay was 6*d.* per pound, and since that time has gradually sunk, under American competition, to little more than 2*d.* The South Mahratta country is alleged to have become poorer; but it was the chief hive from which the swarms of Mahrattas issued who fought and plundered for a long period all over India, and to which much of their booty converged. The establishment of general internal peace was sure to be inimical to the apparent wealth of such a district. Lastly, certain countries, chiefly in the south and east, are said to have suffered from the destruction of their manufactures by the competition of Lancashire: now, without confining ourselves to the sufficient and conclusive answer that this result has come of a freedom which no government on earth has a right to interrupt, we will point to a consideration which on this subject is not always taken into account. These destroyed manufactures were not for the most part ancient interests. They were a very modern extension of the old manufactures of the country, occasioned by the demand for Indian cloths in Europe, which followed on Clive's successes in Bengal, and the destruction complained of is to *this extent* only the contraction of the manufacture of India to its old dimensions. We may here add, that if the natives of India had not for the most part wanted those qualities which English supervision and example supply, they would have conformed to the new circumstances which were created by the rise of the manufactures of Lancashire, and long before this would have exported a far greater annual value in the form of raw cotton, than they ever did in that of cloth.

Without extending our notice of the exceptional cases which have not unfrequently been adduced to prove a general decline of the wealth of India under our government, we proceed now to a fact of much more extended significance. Since the general internal pacification of India, effected in 1818, there has been a widespread decline in the money prices of agricultural produce. The fall was greatest in the first seven years. Its cause was evidently the extension of cultivation which followed on the cessation of perpetual violence, and on the return of large numbers of men to the labours of agriculture.

The effects of this fall are to be traced in combination with those of the fiscal measures taken by our government in conformity with the best established opinions of Europe. The old revenue system of India rested on a partition of the crop between the cultivator and the government; and in this it was no more than an instance of the general dealings of the country, wages

being usually paid in grain, and public salaries, artificers' charges, &c., &c., being also discharged in the same way or by tax-free lands. The native governments maintained their armies, in a great measure, by assignments of lands; and the pay of soldiers was often in kind. Money was little referred to as a standard of value; and variations of money price had little effect on the facility of discharging the greater part of the ordinary obligations of life. This original system as to taxation was often modified in later times; but so much of it always remained as that the basis of taxation, (as far as a system could have a basis which had no constitutional limitation,) was a share in the crop, whatever might happen to be either the crop or the money value of the government share of it at the time.

First, however, European management came in, and it was found necessary to introduce the far greater regularity and order of our own systems into the army of natives which we required. The loose organization, uncertain and long-deferred payments, and feudal independence of parts, in the native armies previously existing, were among the chief causes of their inefficiency. To bind the army exclusively to the state, and to render its services at once faithful and efficient, it was necessary that the engagements of the government with its soldiery should be simple, specific, and punctually fulfilled. But to provide to a certainty the means of effecting these objects, which experience has shown to bear results of the highest importance, it was necessary that the claim of the government on the cultivator for taxes should be as definite as the obligations of the government to those whom it employed. Hence the commutation of a share in kind, to a tax in money, which, for the most part, was only occasional and permissive in the old system, was rendered universal and obligatory in ours. The risk was transferred from the government to the cultivator, and the tax was assessed on a money value of the crop, true enough, probably, when estimated, but liable to all the fluctuations of the times; and those fluctuations, since the date of those changes, have, on the whole, been downwards, and that to a great extent. The cultivator has often been called on to pay a tax which, once moderate, had become unreasonably severe from an unforeseen decline in the money value of the produce out of which it was to be paid. The government, on the other hand, ever slow, from the bureaucratic complexity of its organization, could only pass resolutions for relief after much suffering had been undergone; but, still more, its positive money engagements, fixed originally with reference to the obvious and pressing wants of the country and to the presumed productiveness of the taxes, long deterred it from permanent remissions which might have occasioned failure to fulfil its engagements, and have

let in the most serious evils. The downward tendency of prices, as we have said, was owing to the extension of cultivation consequent on peace; peace under our supremacy was consequent on, or rather rendered possible by, an alteration in the mode of taxation. The change which gave the ryot peace and security, gave him, as a necessary although not obvious consequence, under his circumstances, less money for his produce and diminished means of paying the public imposts *as reckoned in money*.

Moreover, European science said that a tax on the crop, the ancient Indian practice, was, like our tithe, a great discouragement to improvement. It was thought, therefore, a great advance (in fact, it was made to stop the mouths of many complainers in England,) that the tax was removed from the crop and placed on the land. A man may grow what he pleases; be the crop as valuable as it may, he has only to pay a certain fixed tax on the field which bears it. But a choice of crop, where the market is limited by want of means of carriage, is, to a great extent, a nugatory privilege. The main produce must everywhere be that which is wanted for common consumption on the spot; and the same amount of public revenue remaining to be raised in the whole, the tax on the land, removed from the crop, falls chiefly on the food of the poor and rich alike; on the bajree and jowaree of the labourer and small farmer, rather than on the sugar and other condiments of the wealthier classes. The principle, sound in itself, requires for its application a facility of finding the best markets, however distant, for the peculiar capabilities of the local soil, which does not yet exist in India; and until it does exist, the change aggravates the difficulty of realizing a sufficient public revenue.

But here supervenes the embarrassment, existing and to come, from another European improvement. It was assumed that the public revenue from land in India was what rent is in England, a conclusion, the unsoundness and dangerousness of which it would not be difficult to show, if space permitted and our argument required it. But on this followed the further assumption, that a rent which could be foreseen for a number of years was best fitted to promote cultivation and the comfort of the cultivator. Thereupon settlements were made, either in perpetuity or for long terms of years; and the State, abandoning the old Hindoo principle, has debarred itself of all right to participate in the increase, however new means of intercourse and locomotion may improve the processes of agriculture, induce the cultivation of the more valuable products, or add to the weight or money price of the crops.

Before we indicate our general conclusion, we must notice another fact we have already mentioned: the native princes who

preceded us, often possessed large treasures; we, contrariwise, have a large Indian debt. Here is another consequence of the introduction of British principles. An Oriental monarch is in no sense a trustee for the people: he is the owner, for the time being, of certain rights of taxation established by custom; and like any other man where there is no sufficient control by public opinion in organized forms, he and his subordinates often make that right go as far as possible in extending these exactions, while other men do the best they can to share with or to resist them. The obligation to govern justly, or even to govern at all, however it may be recognised in men's consciences or longings, is reduced, for the most part, to a matter of policy, where it is not the dictate of one ruler's individual kindness of heart, or, perhaps, of another's caprice. Some sort of government is better than none, even for the rulers; for more taxes can be raised when the country is tolerably well off—a reach of wisdom to which Oriental governors do not universally attain.

Two consequences follow:—Those debts are, in the East, strictly the personal debts of the prince, which, with our corporate perpetual succession, and our views of the trusteeship of government, are the debts of the nation. The fall of a dynasty, or the death of a prince, cancels there at short periods those obligations which hang about us for generations. Until different principles were imported by us, there was no such thing as a national debt in India; but there was much robbery of those who, with us, would have been national creditors.

But, secondly, the prince, being no trustee, but the absolute owner of all he could collect, and the absolute judge of the amount he should spend on public purposes, was quite at liberty to lay by all he could, notwithstanding any lack of government, or of good government, which ought to have been remedied by means of a more liberal expenditure. The system, in strictness, required him to care for nothing more than that the country was kept in condition to pay; all beyond that was of no consequence to him. We are speaking, of course, merely of principles; for their application admitted of all gradations, from the coarse and cruel rigour of Hyder Ali, to the philosophic solicitude of Akbar, and the maternal and almost mythical tenderness of Alia Bye. The possession of treasures, however, was in no case a proof of the wealth of the people; it only proved the wealth of the prince, which might easily exist, and often did exist, in the midst of an abject and impoverished community. With us all this is changed; torture in the collection of taxes, the old resort, is forbidden; the public opinion of England requires the best fulfilment which circumstances permit of the public duties for which, in our own view, the taxes are col-

lected; the government of India is now strictly^a a trustee for the accomplishment of certain public purposes, called to account, when needful, by the advanced public opinion of England.

These results, confronted with each other, will reveal to us the real difficulty of Indian finance. We are no longer owners of the taxes, but trustees for the fulfilment of certain objects, *at whatever cost*. On the other hand, the native system of taxation, which never was designed for varying commensurability with obligations specific in kind but varying in amount, we have made still worse for our new position, by overlaying it partially, and but partially, with European notions. We are compelled to action which may, and does, involve variable or increasing costs; we have deprived ourselves of all sufficient power of varying the receipts to meet the varying expenditure. We have all the new liabilities of constitutional outgoings; we have much worse than the old rigidity and circumscription of the income. If in England we become involved in war, we immediately lay on additional taxes to meet the additional expense. In India, with vastly greater liability to war, we can do no such thing; however urgent the occasion, the income for at least the two-thirds which arise from the land-tax, and, indeed, for much more, must remain very nearly as it is.

Hence the embarrassment of the Indian exchequer. The outlay follows one rule, and obeys one set of circumstances; the expenditure follows another rule, and obeys altogether a different set of circumstances. The sufficiency of the income can never be more than accidental; and the divergency of the circumstances commonly goes directly against the happening of that accident. Indian finance is fast locked by the incongruity of the *per contra*.

And to this we have to add an aggravation removeable only by slow degrees and as a consequence of extensive changes. We have all the felt obligations of a trust along with all the antagonism and surly difficulty of proprietary right. The first we derive from our own views of our position, newly imported into the Indian political system; the second comes of the fundamental maxims of the governments to which we have succeeded, and of the feelings stamped by those maxims on the popular mind by the usage of uncounted generations.

We have extended this exposition of the present position of Indian finance to an enquiry into its causes, for the sake of some important practical conclusions which it yields, and which, together with some others which we have not present space to discuss, must conclude our paper. These are as follows:—

1. That the embarrassed state of the Indian exchequer is the unavoidable consequence of the partial application of European

principles of public organization and administration of undoubted soundness, to circumstances as yet altogether unlike those of the communities from whose experience they were derived.

2. That this application of European principles, whether a necessary step in the general transformation of Indian sociology and government, or an unwise anticipation of it, has been effected entirely in obedience to well-established and universal British convictions, and not to any suggestions derived from Indian sources, however the change may have subsequently met with native approbation.

3. That the chief present danger of the British supremacy in the East, has thus been occasioned by an action which is essentially that of British scientific conviction and public opinion; that is, it has resulted from causes far transcending the mere form and machinery of the government; and its remedy cannot be secured by any change in that mere form and machinery simply considered, nor in any important degree promoted by it.

4. That the poverty of India, where poverty can be said to exist, is relative to money only, and not to the means of procuring the necessaries of life.

5. That the plenty which is relative to mere subsistence, must subsist along with the poverty which is relative to money, until the vast industrial waste of India is cured, and its means of production, now existing unemployed to an immense extent, are made available to the payment of its public obligations, the due accomplishment of its public objects, and the general elevation of its people.

6. That the only effectual remedy for the dead-lock of the Indian exchequer lies in going through with the industrial transformation which has been begun, so as to render the wasted resources of India available.

7. That the application of that remedy is little within the power of the government itself, just as the improvement of the mercantile navy of England would be very little in the power of the Admiralty; but that that application may be hindered, to a lamentable degree, by those who possess the powers of government, be the form of the government what it may.

We could say nothing which would adequately express our views of the importance of the Indian question; but if our foregoing remarks are not altogether mistaken, that importance rests not so much on the questions, accusations, defences, replies, plans, and amendments, which, for various sufficient reasons of their own, are now most keenly contested, as on considerations which can have little practical attention in the present struggle

of parties, and on reforms which only fidelity, clear-sightedness, diligence, industrial courage, and time, can effect.

The present position of the Indian question suggests serious reflections. The struggle for and against the East India Company threatens a result far worse than the maintenance of the existing system. The bill for the future government of India, brought in by the Right Honourable the President of the Board of Control, is clearly intended to transfer to the ministers of the Crown, and their nominees, a considerable share of the power now exercised by the directors elected by the proprietors of East India stock; and it is equally clear that the same bill opens the way for the repetition of the process, until the Crown shall have become possessed of the direct government of India, without the intervention of any independent body.

But this new power in the hands of the ministry is unaccompanied by any of our usual constitutional securities for its due exercise. Not a shilling of our British taxes can a minister spend without authority of Parliament; not a man can he enlist, not a cutter can he equip, without the same authority. But, for all that yet appears, the Indian minister may spend as much as he pleases of the money of the people of India, or hire as many soldiers as he pleases, without any necessity for either obtaining a previous authority, or yielding a subsequent account. This, the evident beginning of a new system, if the bill pass, is the time for insisting on accountability to Parliament in Indian affairs,—that is, to the small extent to which there can be effective accountability on such subjects in the British Parliament.

The Indian reformers (we mean those who have associated under that name) have gone by another way to the same end. By arguing against the “double government”—by exhibiting and somewhat overstating the errors and short-comings of the present rulers of India—by constantly asserting the incapacity of the directors, and by dilating on the inappropriateness of the East India constituency, they have raised a very general impression that the government of India is now in unfit hands, and ought to be transferred to the direct management of the Crown: but they have done nothing towards showing what constitutional power in these Indian affairs, as in all others, is to act concurrently with the Crown, when the East India Company and its directors are taken away. As far as the India reformers are concerned, India will be handed over to a pure bureaucratic despotism.

They rely, indeed, on parliamentary responsibility; but parliamentary responsibility is a mere constitutional fiction where

there is nobody to ask a question, and very few either to understand it or to take any interest in the answer. What would parliamentary responsibility be in respect of Timbuctoo?

By the accidents of time, the East India proprietary and their directors have come to sustain, to however imperfect an effect, the same relation to the Crown for Indian purposes as the constituencies of the United Kingdom, and their representatives do for our own; and the abolition of the East India Company, in whole or in part, without some sufficient organization to the same purpose, amounts to the abolition of a great constitutional provision. Strange as it may seem to charge the leaders of democracy with the destruction of a constitution, nevertheless, the fact is so: they have been betrayed into the inconsistency of attacking the existing East India Company as the first thing which happens to stand inconveniently in their way, without staying to examine either the less obvious principles involved in its action, or, in truth, those of their own proceedings.

From most of the Indian reformers we might fairly have expected a policy which, by extending the constituency of the East India Company, and giving greater independence to the directors, should have provided such an accompaniment to the increased power of the Crown, as the usage of the constitution, derived from the political experience of England, shows to be indispensable to the welfare of India as well as of ourselves.

If some such device be not produced, of a happier augury for effect than we at present hope for, we should prefer the present state of things, bad as it may be represented, to that which would be produced by the unamended bill of the government. We are neither partisans nor admirers of the East India Company. We see on the one side their long connexion with India, their historic associations, their splendid array of public servants, past and present, the intimate knowledge of parts of India which many of their directors possess, the sedulous attention which some of their directors give to Indian affairs as the chief occupation of their lives, and the undeniable advance of India with which, whether as cause or accident, they have been associated; we set against these, their timid and faltering betrayal of their independence, their mistaken and complicated routine, their slow and clumsy movement, their cowardly dread of publicity and discussion, their crippled and debilitated powers, their drugged and listless constituency, and the occasional lapses of servants who disgrace them; and, balancing the whole, we should rather see India committed, for the present, to the existing arrangements, until real improvements, of the kind we have pointed out, could be effected, than handed over to a minister as prac-

tically master of all movements, and as irresponsible for them, as he would be under this bill.

We fear, however, that it is in vain to lift up a voice for the East India Company, a body which has become so little interested either in the welfare of India, or even in the preservation of its own power, that, exclusive of directors, not more than thirty proprietors out of 1700 were present to make a last effort for either. We speak rather of principles of the highest importance which both parties neglect, than with much hope of witnessing possible and most salutary reforms, for which the existing East India Company, far gone as it is, affords the best practical basis.



ART. VIII.—BALZAC AND HIS WRITINGS.

1. *Honoré de Balzac: Essai sur l'Homme et sur l'Œuvre.* Par Armand Baschet. Avec Notes Historiques par Champfleury.
2. *Vie de H. de Balzac.* Par Desnoiresterres.
3. *La Comédie Humaine.* Par H. de Balzac. (*Scènes de la Vie Privée; Scènes de la Vie de Province; Scènes de la Vie Parisienne; Scènes de la Vie Politique; Scènes de la Vie Militaire; Scènes de la Vie de Campagne. Etudes Philosophiques; Etudes Analytiques.*)
4. *Théâtre de H. de Balzac.*
5. *Les Femmes de H. de Balzac.* Par le bibliophile Jacob.
6. *Maximes et Pensées de H. de Balzac.*

IN the last act of Soulié's "*Closérie des Genêts*," (an amputation from which, with comic excrescences, was played at the Adelphi, under the title of the "*Willow Copse*,") the following dialogue takes place between two of the principal characters:—

"*Montéclain.* Have you read M. de Balzac?

"*Léona.* I should not be a woman if I did not know all his delightful works by heart.

"*Montéclain.* In that case you must remember his '*Histoire des Treize*'?

"*Léona.* Indeed I do remember it. It interested me exceedingly."

The "*Histoire des Treize*" is a most exciting narrative, founded

upon a compact between thirteen "great-hearted gentlemen," who have sworn to avenge society of certain injurics, the authors of which it is impossible to reach by the ordinary legal means. We never admired it so much as Léona appears to have done, and we have no pretensions to knowing more than half a dozen of "Balzac's delightful works by heart;" but, after allowing for the exaggeration peculiar to the theatre, and further, for the exaggeration generally found in the expressions of ladies in real life, we have no hesitation in saying that Léona's admiration for the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*," was and is equalled by that of most educated women in France. A few years ago, the most popular thing in Paris after M. de Balzac himself, was M. de Balzac's cane; portraits and caricatures of the former were in all the print-shops, and Madame de Girardin's clever novel suggested by the latter, was in all the libraries. Now that Balzac's features are beginning to be forgotten, and that his diamond-headed cane has become a relic, his popularity is attested by the numerous forms in which his works are produced, and the variety of other works of which his own form the base. Since 1850, the year in which literature was deprived of the author who has depicted with the greatest success the morals and manners of the first half of the nineteenth century, the works composing his "*Comédie Humaine*" have been given to the public in two different illustrated editions; his plays have been published in a complete form; his "*Mercadet*" has been produced amidst universal applause; two or three biographical and critical sketches of him have appeared; a book devoted to his female characters, and another containing his maxims and reflections have been brought out, and numerous pieces, founded upon narratives by him, have been represented at various theatres.

"In the provinces," wrote Sainte Beuve, a few years since, "M. de Balzac has met with the most lively enthusiasm. There are numbers of women living there whose secret he has divined, who make a profession of loving him, who discourse continually on his genius, and who endeavour, pen in hand, to vary and embroider, in their turn, the inexhaustible theme of these charming sketches, '*La Femme de trente ans*,' '*La Femme malheureuse*,' '*La Femme abandonnée*.'" In St. Petersburg, where he is said to have been invited by the Court, he was scarcely less popular than in Paris. It was there that a lady, hearing Balzac was in the room, is said to have dropped a glass of water through emotion. In Venice, it was once the fashion to represent Balzac's characters in drawing-rooms, and "during an entire season," says the critic above mentioned, "nothing but

Rastignacs, Duchesses de Langeais, and Duchesses de Maufrigneuse could be seen." Germany sent letters entreating the author to continue his "*Illusions perdues*" without delay; and one notary wrote from a distant and uncivilized part of France to request that M. de Balzac would make the members of his profession appear in a more engaging light than that in which they had hitherto been represented.

In spite of Balzac's long and continued popularity on the continent, only two of his productions have been translated into English. One of these, "*La Grande Bretèche*," is an episode in one of his novels where it is introduced as a tale of horror, in order to dismay a lady whose conduct has been supposed to offer some analogy to that of the heroine of the said episode. Powerfully written and terrible as it undoubtedly is, this episode, when viewed by itself, is like a diamond taken out of its setting. It appeared in one of the annuals, and the author's name was not attached to it. The comedy of "*Mercadet*" also, cut down from five acts to three, by M. Dennery, has had an English physiognomy given to it, and has been acted, with great success, at the Lyceum. How it happens that not one of Balzac's novels—not even "*Eugénie Grandet*," nor the "*Recherche de l'absolu*," both of which are not only irreproachable as to the morality of the details, but have the additional advantage of being masterpieces—how it happens that neither of these has been translated into English, we can only explain by the supposition that the publishers of translations imagine the public cares for nothing more elevated than Eugène Sue, or more decent than Paul de Kock. Without possessing the slightest affection for paradoxes, we think we can prove that the popularity of French novelists in England, is in inverse proportion to their literary merits. If we judge by the number of his works (!) translated, we find that high-minded and conscientious artist, Paul de Kock, occupying the first place in popularity, although there are forcible reasons—the extended sale which the "*Mysteries*" and the "*Wandering Jew*" met with—for assigning the post of honour to the pure and gentle Eugène Sue. Next comes Dumas, proving, by his own case alone, the truth of our theory, inasmuch as only one volume of his "*Impressions de Voyage*," and scarcely any of his carefully-written novels have been translated, whereas most of his violently unnatural romances, without ever having been written in French, have nevertheless been "*done into English*." Very few of George Sand's works have been translated, and only two of Mérimée's. Lastly, not one of Balzac's novels has ever been presented in an English dress,—which, according to our theory, would prove M. de Balzac to have been the greatest of French

novelists, a conclusion to which a careful perusal of his works had already led us.

In Balzac's "*Mémoires de deux jeunes Mariées*," one of the heroines mentions what was undoubtedly true at the time, viz., that out of all the novels and romances in circulation, the only ones worth reading are "*Corinne*," and Benjamin Constant's "*Adolphe*." In "*Corinne*," however, the characters are mere shadows, and, moreover, unnatural shadows; and in Benjamin Constant's admirable tale, Adolphe and Eléonore are quite without individuality. The only pictures of manners existing in France, when Balzac was preparing to make his *début*, were "*Gil Blas*" (if we can apply the term picture to a panorama) and "*Manon Lescaut*." In "*Gil Blas*," the fact of all the characters being knaves, with the exception of a select few who are fools, and the entire absence of sentiment and passion, render it, on the whole, an untrue picture of human life, in spite of the knowledge of mankind exhibited in almost every page; while the frequent interruption of the story by the introduction of episodes more or less interesting, renders it tedious, in spite of the variety of the incidents and the wit of the narrative. Absence of passion is certainly not the fault of "*Manon Lescaut*," and although the constant recurrence of the same situation makes it resemble a beautiful duct, in which the same motive is too frequently repeated, it was, perhaps, the truest picture of human life existing in France anno Domini 1830. The country which, in less than twenty years, has produced Balzac and George Sand, Nodier, Mérimée, Jules Sandeau, and Alphonse Karr, Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and Alfred de Vigny, can afford to admit this undeniable truth,—that it possessed no more than the germ of a literature of fiction until nearly the middle of the present century.

The influence of the French Academy, which, while endeavouring to preserve the language of France, has nearly stifled its literature by sacrificing all other principles of art to the heroic and the classical (otherwise the conventional), can alone explain the existence of Scudéry and the celebrity of Florian; and the attack on conventionality in the drama, which was commenced by Victor Hugo during the Restoration, had for its indirect effect a reform in the novel, as it notoriously aided that which has since taken place in painting. In England, where Providence has spared us the infliction of an Academy, and where the standard of taste has always been so low that thinkers have been able, ever since the dark ages, to express their thoughts in any form which they have chosen to select—in England the literary warfare of the romanticists against the classicists, or, in other

words, of those who would be flogged at no school against a school of pedants, can scarcely be comprehended. The petition of certain French dramatists to the Academy, praying that means might be taken for preventing the representation of plays written by Hugo, Dumas, and all such innovators, is as inexplicable to us as the opposition to Géricault, who had the audacity to paint modern subjects as they occurred in modern times, and who could not be persuaded to represent a French hussar in the costume of a Roman gladiator. When the directors of the Louvre purchased Géricault's "Wreck of the Medusa," they intended to cut out the heads, in order to use them as studies for the pupils! (*vide* "Memoirs of A. Dumas;") and the obstacles which were constantly thrown in the path of Victor Hugo, show that more than one person connected with the production of his plays would gladly have marred their general effect in an analogous manner. Yet this painter, who is so great a poet, and this poet who is so great a painter,* have been the salvation of French art and French literature, by driving away the more or less successful imitators of those who have themselves, with more or less success, imitated the classics.

The reform in art, to which the name of romanticism has been given—a name which has never been accepted by its chiefs—by abolishing the conventional models, led naturally enough to the adoption of real and natural models, and to the exact imitation of nature. "Art," says one of Balzac's literary heroes, "is nature concentrated." Those who copy from nature, and, above all, from modern nature, and the nature which surrounds them at every instant, were destined to receive from the champions of conventionality the appellation of "realists,"—this "realism" being in fact only a continuation or branch of what had before been absurdly styled "romanticism." The head of this realist school was Honoré de Balzac; and we shall see, from the history of his life and from an examination of some of his principal works, in the order in which they appeared, that it was many years even before *he* understood the true bent of his genius and the destinies of the modern French novel.

Honoré de Balzac was born on the 16th March, 1799, at Tours, the birth-place of Rabelais, Descartes, and Paul Louis Courier; and it is at this town that the scene of some of his most admirable productions is laid. Madame de Mortsauf lived in a valley of Touraine; the "Grenadière," to which Madame de Willemsens retired broken-hearted, is at Tours, in a spot which those who have read the exquisite tale fancy they must have seen; the carefully-finished picture of the jealousies and manceuvrings of small people in a small town, with the effect of

the same upon an amiable but weak-minded curate, represents the society of Tours; and it was at Tours that Gaudissart, the illustrious bag-man failed in his daring attempt to make the lunatic take a year's subscription to the "Globe" newspaper. Balzac always possessed the same affection for the "Turkey of France" which many of his favourite characters are made to exhibit: in the prefatory letter to the "*Lys dans la Vallée*" Felix de Vandenesse, writing to Natalie de Mannerville, says, "I do not love Touraine as much as I love you, but if Touraine did not exist I should die."

At seven years of age, Honoré was sent to the college of Vendôme, where he is said, by M. Desnoiresterres, to have been remarkable for his inattention to ordinary studies, and his affection for "Louis Lambert," whose story M. Desnoiresterres appears to regard as a piece of actual biography. Similar mistakes have been made several times since the days of Defoe, and must be looked upon as complimentary to the *realizing* power of an author, although they say little for the discrimination of the reader who falls into such an error. M. Armand Baschet, from whose excellent memoir we shall borrow the few important facts connected with a life which was purely literary, mentions that Balzac, when at school, wrote a "*Traité de la Volonté*," which one of the masters discovered, and, as a matter of course, burned. The "human will," as the readers of Balzac will remember, was the subject to which Raphael, in the "*Peau de Chagrin*," devoted his two years' study, which ended in an essay intended to form the "necessary complement to the works of Mesmer, Gall, and Lavater."

Having taken his degree of bachelor of arts, Honoré studied law, and at the same time attended the lectures at the Sorbonne and the College of France with the greatest punctuality. At the age of nineteen he entered the office of a solicitor, and of course discovered that the profession was an intolerable one. A year afterwards he attempted to reduce himself to the proportions of a notary's clerk, without any sort of success. The crisis, as the newspapers say, was now at hand.

The scene is laid in the Rue du Temple. M. de Balzac père, his wife, his daughter, and his son Honoré, are discovered seated in their drawing-room. The father is walking up and down the room in an agitated manner, the ladies are executing some fancy work of the period, and the son is turning over the leaves of a book, and wishing he was not clerk to a notary. M. de Balzac père pauses in his promenade, and asks his son abruptly, what profession he intends definitively to adopt. M. de Balzac fils replies, that he wishes to become an author (*a laugh*). The

scene ends with the *exit* of M. de Balzac *fils*, who hires the traditional garret of authorship at No. 7, Rue de Lesdiguières, close to the library of the Arsenal, and writes a tragedy. This tragedy—the inevitable prelude to almost all literary labours—is read to the Balzac family, and submitted by its chief to M. Andrieux. M. Andrieux declares that the author is incapable even of attaining mediocrity, and Honoré de Balzac is looked upon as a sub-lieutenant named Napoleon was looked upon at Valence, when a lady refused her consent to his marriage with her daughter, because the young artillery officer appeared to have no chance of getting on in the world!

The Rue de Lesdiguières appears to have been to Balzac what the Rue de Cluny was to the aforesaid Raphael, when he lived on a franc a day, and concealed his five-franc pieces for the opposite reason to that which makes the miser hide his treasures, and lest he should be tempted to change one of them before its time. "This," says M. Baschet, "was the solitary period of his existence. He saw no one, made long walks, studied the quarter, worked much, and ate little." In 1822, M. de Balzac commenced his practical studies as a novelist, and produced in the course of four years some thirty or forty volumes, signed Horace Saint Aubin, Viellerglé, and Lord R'hoone (an anagram of Honoré). These productions, which were looked upon by Balzac as mere exercises, were written in collaboration with two or more writers, who have preserved their original obscurity. The first work was sold for 200 francs, the second for 400, the third for 800, and the fourth for 1200, the payments being made in bills. About this period, Balzac must have been attacked by the severe illness, the recovery from which he ascribes, in the dedication of the "*Lys dans la Vallée*," to the care and skill of Dr. Nacquart. "I studied seven years," said M. de Balzac to M. Champfleury, "before learning what the French language really was. When quite young I had an illness, of which nineteen persons out of twenty die. I was cured, and commenced writing the whole of the day. I wrote seven novels, simply as exercises. One to learn dialogue, one for description, one for the grouping of the characters, one for the composition, &c. I wrote them in collaboration; some of them, however, are entirely my own, I do not know which. I do not recognise them." M. de Balzac said, that after these studies and these bad novels, he began to disbelieve in the French language "so little known in France."

In 1826, M. de Balzac went into partnership with a M. Barbier, as a printer. A one-volume edition of *La Fontaine*, and another of *Molière*, had been previously brought

out by him, and it was in hopes of regaining the fifteen thousand francs which he borrowed and lost in the speculation, that he started the printing-office. The printing-office turning out a failure, Balzac resolved to get back from the publishers and printers the money which he had lost by printing and publishing; and in 1827, produced the "Dernier Chouan," the first book to which he affixed his real name; and the only contribution towards the twenty-two works which were to have composed the "Scènes de la Vie Militaire." The "Dernier Chouan" is written in imitation of Walter Scott, and many of the remarks which D'Arthez makes to Lucien de Rubempré, à propos of his "Archer de Charles IX.," upon which his reputation at Paris is to depend (*vide* "Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris"), may be applied to it.

In 1829, M. de Girardin, who was then editor of the "Mode," inserted in that periodical, a tale by M. de Balzac, entitled "El Verdugo." This is a story of a Spanish noble family, which is concerned in a treacherous plot to massacre a French garrison. The whole family is sentenced to death, but the life of the heir to the title is at length spared, upon condition that he will do the office of executioner upon the remaining members, which he is ultimately forced to do by the peremptory command of his father. Although the tale exhibits great narrative power, the general effect of it is one of unmitigated horror, and it certainly belongs to Horace Saint Aubin rather than to Honoré de Balzac.

In 1830, Balzac published the "Physiology of Marriage," (*Physiologie du Mariage, ou Meditations de philosophie électorique sur le bonheur et le malheur conjugal, publiée par un jeune célibataire.*). This work met with the greatest success, and the authorship (for it was published anonymously) was variously attributed to an old man of fashion grown cynical, an old *roué* of a physician, and other sexagenarians. No one could believe that it had been written by a man of thirty, until the man of thirty, in consequence of repeated misrepresentations as to the authorship and the habits and character of the author, felt it necessary to come forward and avow himself. The only work we can compare the "Philosophy of Marriage" with is the "Marriage Bed," by Defoe, to which, as regards the division of the subject, and in some other particulars, it bears a considerable resemblance. Defoe has treated his subject much too coarsely for his book to be considered readable in the present day; but the objection to Balzac's work relates not so much to impropriety in the details, as to the grave scientific manner in which he affects to regard the most trivial matters connected with husbands and wives, and

to the tone of irony which pervades his entire work, and which, for those who understand him, constitutes its greatest charm. M. Jules Janin, the author of the "Ane Mort," and other unpopular atrocities which seem to have been written by a bewildered butcher, with a skewer dipped in blood, declared that the "Physiology" was "infernal." Numerous journalists of virtue misquoted Balzac, in order to prove that he disbelieved in the existence of a single virtuous woman; and our own "Quarterly Review" denounced him as a writer, who, amongst other things, "referred us to Rousseau as the standard and text-book of public morals." The passage in which Balzac refers to Rousseau is as follows: "*Ouvrez Rousseau, car il ne s'agira d'aucune question de morale publique dont il n'ait d'avance indiqué la portée.*" To render the word *portée* by either "standard" or "text-book," is certainly a "free" translation. The fact is, Balzac had a far more elevated notion of virtue than those who have attacked him. He knew how to distinguish between virtue and "the homage which vice pays to virtue," and admiring it profoundly, found it, like all things worthy of profound admiration, exceedingly rare. "A virtuous woman," says the author of the "Physiology," "has in her heart a fibre more or less than other women: she is stupid or sublime." Indeed, it is not the wives, but the husbands, against whom the book in question is directed. "The faults of the wives are so many acts of accusation against the egotism, heedlessness, and worthlessness of the husbands," says the "Jeune Célibitaire." And again, "conjugal happiness proceeds from a perfect concord between the souls of the husband and wife. Hence it results that, in order to be happy, the husband must conform to certain rules of honour and delicacy. If his happiness is to consist in being loved, he must himself love sincerely, and nothing can resist a genuine passion. . . . It is as absurd to pretend that it is impossible to love the same woman always, as it would be to say that a celebrated musician requires several violins to execute a piece of music, and to create an enchanting melody."

In the preface to the first edition of the "Peau de Chagrin," Balzac states, that in the "Physiology" he had made an attempt to revive the literature of the eighteenth century. This preface has been suppressed in the subsequent editions, but the author declares in it (as far as we can remember his words) that "unless we return to the literature of our ancestors, a deluge of barbarians, and the burning of our libraries, are the only things which can save us, and enable us to recommence the eternal circle in which the human mind appears to go round." He then explains that the public had declared itself unable to sympathise

any longer with the heroes and heroines of consumption, and that it was beginning to feel the bad effects of the literature of blood, fire and rapine, so flourishing immediately before the appearance of the "*Peau de Chagrin*," which was written with the avowed purpose of anatomising and exposing French society as it existed immediately after the Revolution of 1830. "Your mean costumes, your unsuccessful revolutions, your shop-keeping politicians, your religion dead, your powers paralysed, your kings on half-pay—are these so fine," he asks, "that you would have them transfigured? No," he continues, "I can only laugh at you (*il n'y a qu'à se moquer*); that is the only literature possible in an expiring state of society." The "*Peau de Chagrin*," contained the most brilliant descriptions which its author had yet produced, as the "*Physiology*" exhibited some of his best analytical writing. The conversation at the banquet, where artists, writers, musicians, bankers, doctors, are all talking together about the most opposite subjects, is represented with consummate art, and in a manner perfectly novel.

Balzac did not exhibit the profound knowledge of human life which has since distinguished him until 1833, between which year and 1835 he published the "*Médecin de Campagne*," "*Eugénie Grandet*," and the "*Père Goriot*." The "*Peau de Chagrin*," powerfully and brilliantly as it is written, must be looked upon as belonging to Balzac's "second manner," and as decidedly wanting in character when compared with the three master-pieces which we have just mentioned. The author was thirty-five when "*Eugénie Grandet*," and the "*Scènes de la vie de Province*," first appeared—the age of Goldsmith when he published the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," and of Fielding when he published "*Joseph Andrews*." He was twenty-five years younger than Richardson when he wrote "*Clarissa*;" twelve years younger than Rousseau when he brought out the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*;" and nearly the age of Thackeray when he produced "*Vanity Fair*." It was fashionable for some time with critics to speak of "*Eugénie Grandet*," as Balzac's *chef d'œuvre*, as if he had only written one; and many years afterwards the author complained in a preface that an attempt had been made to disparage his other works by bestowing an inordinate amount of praise upon the one in question, which, nevertheless, he said (and with evident delight), the critics had been unable to force upon the public (!) whereas, the "*Médecin de Campagne*" had reached a fourth edition. The well-known comparison of Balzac to the Dutch painters is only just so far as regards the truthfulness with which he has depicted interiors, and the habits of some homely characters; it is unjust so far as regards his exqui-

site female characters (how very Dutch the *Femme de trente ans*, Lady Brandon, Esther, Pauline, Fœdora, and Honorine!) and is stupidly untrue with respect to his landscapes of Touraine, and the sad poetry of the final scene in the "*Lys dans la Vallée*."

If we except the three heads of criticism, Gustave Planche, Philarète Chasles, and Sainte Beuve, Balzac may be said to have had all the reviewers of France against him. He retaliated with Lousteau the *feuilletoniste*, the "*Muse du Département*," and the "*Grand Homme de Province à Paris*." We remember in London, the frenzy with which the inferior weekly newspapers received the chapters of "*Pendennis*," in which certain striking features and very probable characters connected with the English press were portrayed; but the effect of the terribly exact picture of literary life in Paris which the "*Grand Homme de Province à Paris*" contained, was such as to make every journalist turn his pen into a *stiletto*, in order to convince Balzac of the truly Dutch nature of his brilliant and poetical genius.

The principal characteristic of Balzac's novels is, nevertheless, their reality. They differ from the French novels which preceded them, not only in the truthfulness of the characters, but also in the simple and natural motives of the intrigue which, of course, has its origin in the hearts of the characters. In Balzac's novels, love—a comparatively unimportant affair in modern society—was no longer recognised as the one sole dramatic agent, and a sweeping reform was effected in the terrible last chapter, when the good used to be gathered together and respectably married, while the bad were cast out into single-lived perdition. Balzac's object was to do for the nineteenth century that which Rétif de la Bretonne had announced his intention of doing for the eighteenth, under the title of "*Monuments du Costume physique et moral de la fin du 18^{me} siècle*." This Rétif—who wrote one novel on the subject of his separation from his wife, and another on the occasion of his daughter's marrying without his consent (he called this "sacrificing himself to the good of his fellow-citizens")—never carried out his promise with respect to the 18th century in general, and we are not aware that he even had the honour of suggesting the "*Comédie Humaine*" to Balzac.

The "*Comédie Humaine*" contains pictures of every kind of society existing in France during the first half of the nineteenth century, whether literary, political, commercial, military, ecclesiastical, or rural. Of the different *scènes* into which the work is divided, the "*Scènes de la vie de Province*" exhibit most senti-

ment; the "Scènes de la vie Parisienne" most brilliancy; and "Les Paysans" in the "Scènes de la vie de Campagne," a rugged truthfulness which had never before been shown in France in connexion with the peasant, who, according to Boucher, Florian, and others, drove with a crook of barley-sugar his milk-white lambs, decorated with ribbons of azure.

Balzac, in spite of the animosity of the press, was always admired by the greatest men of the day; and, in the dedications of various volumes of the "Comédie Humaine," he has recorded his friendship for Nodier, Lamartine, Théophile Gauthier, Heine, George Sand, Delacroix, Rossini, and Victor Hugo.

With regard to works not included in the "Comédie Humaine," we will only call attention to the "Enfant Maudit," an exquisite tale of the 15th century, the details of which are a sufficient reply to those ignorant persons who fancy that Balzac could only draw the society and scenes by which he was surrounded. As for the inferiority of his plays to his novels, we attribute their want of success to his having cultivated description at the expense of dialogue, which he never employs for the sake of telling a story: and the actual scenery, costumes, and properties of the theatre must, of course, have been common-place, compared to what they would have been in a novel by Balzac.

It is Balzac's *forte* to illustrate his characters by the accumulation of a number of little incidents, each of which adds something to the individuality of the personages; so that, although in the first instance we recognise them from the author's description of their personal appearance, their habits, the scenes by which they are surrounded, even their parentage, and the manner in which they have been educated, we are at last rendered perfectly familiar and even intimate with them, by hearing the words placed in their mouths, and witnessing their everyday actions. He never proceeds in any other manner with those characters which he has most carefully drawn: Felix and Monsieur and Madame de Mortsaufr, in the "Lys dans la Vallée;" the Chevalier de Valois, in the "Vieille Fille;" Ursule Mirouet, the charming young girl who has been adopted by an old doctor, and educated by an old priest; Despleins, whom anatomy and analysis have rendered sceptical, but who founds a mass for the soul of the pious Auvergnat who assisted him when he was a penniless student; Mademoiselle Rogron, the vulgar and jealous old maid, who persecutes little Pierrette to death under pretence of behaving like an aunt; all the Grandet family and all the Claes family are produced, entirely or in part, by the method in question.

In consequence of the number of petty incidents introduced

with great effect by Balzac throughout most of his novels, it has been said of him, as it has been said of Richardson, Defoe, and other writers who delighted in details, that "he knew how to invest the most ordinary occurrences with interest"—the fact being that the occurrences in question have neither more nor less interest than they can derive from the characters of the persons to whom they are represented as happening. Pierrette striking her head against the side of the door after she has been sent prematurely to bed by Mademoiselle Rogron, calls forth more sympathy than the report of an accident on the Eastern Counties' Railway; and the first indication of Madame de Mortsauf's illness affects us more than the list of "the number of deaths during the week ending," &c., for an almost indefinite period. Balzac himself says that, for suggestiveness, the two fatal lines, "Yesterday evening a young woman threw herself from the Pont Neuf into the Seine," can never be equalled, but at the same time there can be no doubt but that Madame du Bruel would have been more seriously affected by hearing that La Palferinc had gone without his dinner, and that Honorine's husband would have been more hurt by hearing that his wife had passed a sleepless night.

On the other hand, Balzac has been accused of giving an unnatural degree of importance to details, of recording trivialities, of describing interiors with the precision of an appraiser, of tiring the reader by histories of the ancestors (and even of the heraldic bearings and quarterings of the ancestors) of some of his characters, of indulging in disquisitions on the manners of the inhabitants, natural and mineral productions, morality, state of trade, &c., of the places in which he lays his scenes. To which it may be replied, that the arrangement or disarrangement of the furniture of a room sometimes expresses the character of the owner more clearly than his or her own physiognomy would do; and that a child brought up in an old castle would differ from another child who had always lived in a modern fashionable mansion, while neither of them would entirely resemble a third child who had been continually shut up in a puritanical parlour of the Richardsonian pattern, although all three might originally have possessed almost identical dispositions; that an inventory may in itself be both comic and poetical (as Balzac's annotated catalogue of the objects in the celebrated curiosity-shop of the "Peau de Chagrin" sufficiently proves); and that, in certain cases (as in the last scene of the first part of "Ursule Mirouet," in which a young man enters the room where his father died, for the first time since his death), the said "inventory" is as unavoidable as the presence of scenery on the stage in a modern drama. With regard to the long family histories which are occa-

sionally introduced, they are frequently necessary, in order to prepare the reader for one of those events of which the explanation might appear unnatural if offered after the occurrence, although it may be simple enough as contained in the introduction to the story. Sometimes, too, these introductions serve to give probability to a character which, although true in nature, is not of a kind met with every day. "The characters of a novel," says Balzac, "must be more logical than those of history. The latter want to have life given them—the former have lived. The existence of these requires no proof, however unnatural their actions may appear; while the existence of the others must be supported by unanimous consent." The strange character of the husband of the provincial blue-stocking, in the "*Muse du Département*," has been accounted for in an introduction of such length, that those who are not aware of the utility of all Balzac's details, might be tempted to skip it.

The system of details, moreover, gives great reality to the characters. "I was born in the year 1632," says an old friend, "in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreuznaer, but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called—nay, we call ourselves, and write our name, Crusoe, and so my companions always called me." It is of course impossible to disbelieve in the existence of a man who tells you where his father and mother lived, and that his real name was Kreuznaer, although "by the usual corruption of words in England he is called Crusoe!"

Many French critics have affected to look upon the detailing and realising system of Balzac as significant of the decay of art in France, (the decay of an art which, before Balzac wrote, did not exist there!) They will tell you, that the great harvest having been made, the detail school is composed only of gleaners, and that the statue is disappearing before the daguerreotype. Realism is confounded with materialism by writers who have never been able to distinguish between classicism and conventionalism, and is represented as being the art of copying external nature with correctness, when analysis of human character and motives, and the observation of mental phenomena, form the very foundation of the system.

It is not even true, however, that the novel descends to details of character and incident in proportion as it gets older, or Thac-

keray, the representative of the English novel in the present day, would be more circumstantial than Defoe, and more minute than Richardson. In fact, critics can no more lay down general rules which are not liable to be upset at any moment by the appearance of a man of genius, than politicians can establish a constitution which does not in itself contain the elements of a revolution. To complain of Balzac's details, which formed part of his system, is to object to his existence as a novelist. It has often been asked why "*Clarissa Harlowe*" was written in letters, and Richardson has replied that he wrote it in letters, perhaps because he had previously written a novel in letters, which had proved a success; perhaps because he was not able to write narrative; and probably, because the mode which he had chosen suited him better than any other. Those who are not satisfied with Richardson's explanation resemble the critic in Balzac's "*Grand Homme de Province à Paris*." Lucien is astonished at the rapidity with which the critic has disposed of a book of travels in Egypt. "I have discovered eleven faults of French in it," says the *feuilletoniste*, "and I shall tell the author, that, although he can read hieroglyphics, he can't write his own language. After that, I shall say, that instead of troubling himself about Egyptian art, he should have devoted his attention to the question of trade, and shall end with a flourish about the Levant, and the commerce of France." "And if he had devoted himself to the commercial question?" inquires Lucien. "Then," replies the *feuilletoniste*, "I should have told him that he had better have occupied himself with art."

Balzac's description in detail of Madame de Mortsauf's voice has been often quoted as an instance of the abuse of the system: "Sa façon de dire les terminaisons en *i* faisait croire à quelque chant d'oiseau, le *ch* prononcé par elle était comme une caresse, et la manière dont elle attaquait les *t* accusait le despotisme du cœur. Elle étendait ainsi sans le savoir le sens des mots, et vous entraînait l'âme dans un monde immense." It appears to us that this description of certain sounds of the voice has the singular merit of suggesting the voice itself. An "idealist," or "classicist," could only have qualified Madame de Mortsauf's voice as "silvery," "liquid," or by some other adjective which may be applied to a thousand different voices; but Balzac, mentioning the sounds which were especially beautiful in her utterance, gives as clear a notion of her mode of speaking, as a description of the airs she was in the habit of executing, and of the notes which she possessed in greatest perfection, would give of her singing. Many persons will doubtless be unable to understand this description of sound, as others, who are entirely without

pictorial faculties, may fail to appreciate the descriptions of scenery in the exquisite novel from which we have extracted the above. M. Henry Mürger, who follows in the same school as Balzac, and who is a faithful observer of the society around him, has understood this description of Madame de Mortsauf's voice, as he proves by a passage in one of his "*Scènes de la vie de Jeunesse*."* In another tale in the same collection, (*Madame Olympe*,) he has imitated the forms of Balzac with more fidelity than was necessary, the consequence being a stiffness, which is entirely absent from the volume generally.

M. Champfleury, to whom we are indebted for the interesting conversations with M. de Balzac appended to M. Baschet's memoir, is the author of several volumes of tales, and is an acknowledged disciple of Balzac's. ; "That which I see," says M. Champfleury, "enters into my head, descends into my pen, and becomes that which I have seen." This, however, only describes a portion of the method of Balzac, who, after observing one fact and one character, arrived at the truth with regard to a thousand others by means of an analogical process, which will always remain a mystery to those who are unable to exercise it. Balzac must frequently have perceived a whole character from a few words or a single incident, as a *clairvoyante* possessing a letter, or a lock of hair, is supposed to be instantly acquainted with everything relating to the person to whom they belong; or as Shakspeare, with only the Italian *novelli* and Plutarch's Lives, imagined the manners and customs of Italy and Greece. M. Champfleury's last work, "*Les Aventures de Mdlle. Mariette*," is advertised as belonging to "*l'école réaliste la plus avancée*;" and a classical critic has threatened the author of that interesting book with the vengeance of the government, in case he should realize any further projects of realism. Let us hope that the re-establishment of the guillotine, which was talked of some time ago, had no connexion with the terrible threat of the classical critic.

* "As tu remarqué avec quelle douceur elle dit certains mots—*mon ami* par exemple, et vois tu," &c.—"*Les Amours d'Olivier*."

ART. IX.—THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

1. *Turkey and its Destiny.* By Charles MacFarlane. London: Murray. 1850.
2. *Travels in European Turkey in 1850.* By Edmund Spencer. London: Colburn. 1851.

THE events of the last twelve months have effected a startling change in the position of the Eastern States; and the recent negotiations, which have been conducted on the shores of the Bosphorus, have drawn the eyes of Europe, in expectation of a crisis in the Turkish rule, to that remote quarter of the Continent, which has been the theatre of the most marvellous varieties of fortune, and the grandest actions of mankind. The incendiary conflagrations around the capital, the fall of Redschid's Administration, the outbreak of the Montenegrin war, the hostile attitude of the Austrian Government, and finally, the attempted invasion of the Ottoman independence on the part of the Court of St. Petersburg, have followed each other in too rapid a succession to admit of a development of the results which they might otherwise singly have exhibited. Domestic disquietude has been replaced by foreign intervention; and at this very hour the States of Western Europe are arrayed against the ambition of the North. The position of the Continent is scarcely less strange, than critical. A great state, which seemed to have relinquished for a quarter of a century the aggrandizing policy it had pursued from the days of Catherine and Paul, has suddenly reassumed its traditional character; while, in France, a Government, based apparently on principles neither of conservatism nor law, and ignoring the policy alike of Vicenza, Chateaubriand, and Thiers, has come forward to sustain the independence of the Porte. Austria, impelled by the sterner peril of to-day, has done well to forget the jarring interests of Turkey on the Adriatic; and, prudently desirous at once to elevate her position, to maintain the rights of Europe, and preserve her alliance with the Czar, offers herself as the mediator of the dispute between the Ottoman and Russian governments. The Court of Berlin, not unwilling, moreover, to retrieve its isolated position by cementing its alliance with Vienna, is naturally ready to oppose the progress of a policy which tends directly to increase the existing disparity between its own strength and that of the Court of St. Petersburg, with which it has no special compact to forego. It would not be easy, therefore, to suppose that the sagacity of such a Minister as

Count Nesselrode (however indifferently the recent negotiations may have illustrated his prudence) would permit the Russian Government to assume a directly hostile position, which it would be unable to sustain: and it is not improbable, that the arrogant mission of the Prince de Menschikoff will be found to recoil upon the interests of his master, until the settlement of the pending question shall result in leaving the House of Romanoff, temporarily at least, without an ally in Europe. But the critical position to which a long period of misgovernment, and an increasing national degeneracy, have at length reduced the dominion of the Porte, imparts an indirect significance, more than commensurate with the interests immediately at stake, to the question still pending on the Bosphorus; and, accordingly, whatever may be the result of the existing political dispute, it becomes an object of interest to review the internal condition of the Empire, and the policies which have been pursued by the Great Powers among the states of Eastern Europe. The question of the East has recently been treated of by several writers.

Mr. Macfarlane has delivered to the world a portentous work, professing to treat of the present and the future of Turkey, of which the design appears, if possible, yet less commendable than the execution; and the enrolment of his name, to which he appears to aspire, among the great political writers of the present century, would seem to carry us back involuntarily to the time when the Egyptian theocracy was depreciated by the deification of the Goose. Without the aid of his preface and his title-page, it might be difficult, indeed, amid the variety and incongruity of his matter, to discern with what direct object the work was written. Throughout two ponderous volumes, comprehending in the aggregate twelve hundred and twenty pages, the reader is struck by an unfortunate combination of failures. The author's statements of fact (however really correct) partake too largely of the character of the marvellous to inspire the ready credulity of his reader, and his intended romance wears the dulness of truth. Professing to describe the position of Turkey, as a commercial question, he gives us neither statistics, nor the data from which he draws his conclusions. Professing again to treat of the interests of that state in a diplomatic point of view, he is content to reproduce the wildest theories of some visionary politicians, which he displays neither the courage to adopt nor the judgment to disown; and, without even the show of sophistical reasoning, to make a feeble and unavailing effort to depreciate the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston and Lord Stratford. His illustrations of administrative neglect and judicial injustice are unattended by

any practical suggestions of reform. His descriptions of scenery should have been kept out by the stirring narratives of Layard, Kinglake, and the lamented Warburton. By far the greater portion of his work is, however, neither political nor descriptive. The choice morsels devoted to the question of government and the objects of nature, when carefully eliminated, leave nearly a thousand pages, containing for the most part disquisitions upon indifferent topics, mingled with pointless and wearisome observations, amid which the reader is jolted from one subject to another with such unpleasing precipitation, that he fancies himself travelling upon the roads of Turkey, and in the company of Mr. Macfarlane. It remains, therefore, only to express a hope, that the Turkish Government may have been the gainer where the British public has been the loser, although it might scarcely perhaps be expected that the *Fulus Achates* of the King of the Two Sicilies should be able to present a comprehensive line of policy to the consideration of the Porte, until the introduction of the model Neapolitan dungeons had created the basis of his administrative reform!

It is strange that we do not possess a single good work either upon the manners or the politics of Turkey. The commercial and diplomatic position which has long been assumed by the Ottoman State, and the anomalies of its social and religious character, would seem likely to attract the notice of political writers. The truth may be that the few whose capacities are commensurate with the task, have been apprehensive of the instability of the Empire; and have feared that a change in the destinies of the East might prematurely destroy the value of their labours. The work of Mr. Spencer, though not assuming the importance of a political writing, and bearing the humbler appellation of a book of travels, contains much valuable information. Events are traced with good reasoning to their causes, instances of misgovernment are definitely pointed out, and practical suggestions are submitted. But, while it in no way fails in the execution of its design, it is not the work that is required in Europe at the present conjuncture. The elements of such a work exist in abundance: and it is to be hoped that we may not always have to search for fragments bearing upon the question, through the journals of travellers, the general and diffuser writings of political economists, and the vast collection of public treaties, though arranged in a manner characteristic of the experience and ability of Mr. Hertslet.

Let us consider for a moment the change which the position of the European Powers, and the military degeneration of the Turkish people, have effected at Constantinople in the traditional policy of a Mahometan state.

The tumults and convulsions attendant in the fifteenth century on the dissolution of the Byzantine Empire—from whose Chaos the genius of the Second Mahomet wrought a new and eventually a fairer Creation—bequeathed for a long subsequent period a character of instability to the destinies of South-Eastern Europe; and the martial spirit and success of the invaders seemed to revive in a younger race the illimitable ambition of the Caliphate. But though, after a long struggle, opposition yielded to the arms of the Moslem conquerors, the moral spirit was not extinguished with the physical power; and the nations which had been compromised by the ascendancy of the race of Othman, rose once more to the assertion of their independence. Against the encroachments of the Turk upon the rights of Central Europe were then arrayed, at the outpost of danger, the patriotism of Venice, and the stern chivalry of the Knights of St. John. In support of the Cross, under the unequal contest, were combined, with more or less efficacy and vigour, the arms of France, of Spain, of England, and the Empire. The provinces of Eastern Europe were alternately won and lost in the vicissitudes of war. The eagle and the crescent waved alternately in triumph on the waters of the Levant. At length, after a struggle of many generations, success inclined definitively to the European cause, and the Turks were finally driven out of Hungary, whose fall had seemed to cast a shade over the memory of the line of Jagellon. It is not, therefore, until some period in the eighteenth century, which it would be difficult exactly to determine, that the European dominions of the Porte acquired definite and recognised boundaries. Up to this age the Osmanli had seemed to acknowledge no other controlling law than the limits of actual power, but henceforth his rule was circumscribed by a recognition of the leading principles of international jurisprudence.* And thus, to this very day, the growth of their civilization has been marked by a corresponding decline of their political power. The introduction of the Russian monarchy on the diplomatic theatre, diverted, in great measure, the attention of Turkey from the west, during the latter half of the past century. But it was obvious that the object of their contests had been changed, and that the principle of Mahometanism had been lost. The Turks continued indeed to fight for their national honour, but they had relinquished the proselytism of the sword. The last century then saw the Ottoman Porte a great and independent Power—a state whose pretensions and boundaries were known and reco-

* The alliance between England and the Porte dates from the capitulations of the seventeenth century.

gnised—and one which political and commercial treaties had placed upon a footing of equality and friendship with European states.

A period precisely of four hundred years has now elapsed since the complete establishment of the European Empire of the Turks; and it is only within the lifetime of many of the present generation that it has sunk from that condition of power and independence which characterized its government in the days of Catherine. The mal-administration of its public affairs, the disastrous issue of its hostilities with Russia, and the ambitious policy of the Court of St. Petersburg, have operated as the more visible causes of its subsequent decline. Under different phases of policy, changing with the condition of the times, the objects of Russia have been unvarying; and, upon the base of that fabric of her authority in northern Turkey which had been laid by Suwarrow in the Treaty of Jassi, a superstructure has in our own days been raised by M. de Nesselrode in the Treaty of Adrianople (1829). By these conventions the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia were virtually wrested from the Turkish rule. The Treaties of St. Petersburg (1826), and London (1827), in which Great Britain, France, and Russia, entered upon a mediation between Greece and Turkey, resulted in the erection of the Hellenic body into an independent state. Thus, both to the north and to the south, the European dominions of the Porte were simultaneously dismembered. At a later period, during the insurrection of Mehemet Ali, when compromise and foreign intervention had become necessary to the safety of the state, the Quadruple Treaty of the 15th of July, 1840, gave the assent of Europe to the virtual independence of Egypt. The Ottoman Empire has thus subsisted on foreign support, while the course of events has gradually been sacrificing at once its territorial and political integrity.

It is obvious that the main considerations at stake in the Turkish Empire resolve themselves, firstly, into the *general* interests of Europe; and, secondly, into the *special* interests of individual states which have exhibited a conflicting force that it has been the aim of diplomacy to balance. The leading principle which is conceived to be involved in the disposition of the Eastern States is, of course, the equipoise of European power. The forms which that principle has assumed, as well as the states between whom the balance has been held, have undergone great variations through the long period for which it has existed; although the theory, whether of its introduction on the one hand, or of its scientific adoption on the other, in the fifteenth century, is undoubtedly fallacious, and conveys, perhaps, the

strongest imputation which the graver historical reflection of the nineteenth age has ventured to impose on the penetration and sagacity of Bolingbroke. Within the last century, the Porte has seen the Kingdom of Prussia come forward to fill the station which its own misgovernment had lost on the political theatre of Europe, much as the Russian Empire had risen, as it were, a few generations earlier, to succeed the ruined monarchy of Spain. But the keys of the European destinies are still held between the same number of powers; and the imperfect adjustment of the diplomatic equilibrium, at the present day, clearly renders the relation of Turkey to Europe the more critical. Nor is it less manifest that, in the event of a partition of this Empire becoming the result of its dismemberment, the larger share of the spoil would inevitably accrue to that state which has already gained a predominance on the continent, and is also favoured by its proximity to the scene of action. The equality of power, in truth, which subsisted between the Courts of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, from the Treaty of Hubertsburg to the Treaty of Tilsit, is no longer observable. The growth of Austria and Prussia, under the policies respectively of Metternich and Hardenberg, has not corresponded with the progress of Russia under M. de Nesselrode's contemporary administration; and, as a natural consequence, there is an end to the mutual independence, and exact reciprocity of relation, which characterized the elder triumvirate of Kaunitz, and Hertzberg, and Potemkin. Moreover, the superiority of the imperial House of Russia over the Houses of Lorraine-Hapsburg, and Hohenzollern, has imposed a further danger on the balancing system, in facilitating the imposition of the behests of St. Petersburg upon the Courts of Vienna and Berlin: and the ill-success of remonstrances offered to their united policy by the governments of France and England, has been placed on record during the age of Kaunitz in the partition of Poland, and during our own times in the dissolution of the Cracovian Republic. The present conjuncture, it is true, does not exhibit such an alliance between the Eastern Powers; but the independent line of policy, which is now being pursued by the Governments of Austria and Prussia, is attributable to the pressing claims of self-preservation, and the support of the French Emperor.

The position of European affairs clearly points, therefore, to the necessity of maintaining a great and independent territory in the south-east of Europe. To demolish the existing state, until its reconstruction can be insured from the elements which its fall may leave behind it, would be impracticable and rash. The question then arises, in the event of the crumbling fabric

of the Turkish Empire falling, either through foreign agency or internal revolution—a contingency which is regarded by many as neither improbable nor distant, and by some as a necessary alternative,—what independent state could arise to occupy its place, and supply the purposes of Europe? Such an inquiry suggests, of course, the great Christian population of European Turkey, as constituting the elements of a state whose union might be cemented not simply by political but by national bonds.

It must be admitted, unquestionably, in the first place, that those branches of the great Slavonic nation which are comprehended in the dominions of the Ottoman Porte, present, in a great measure, the advantage of a common impulse fostered by a common origin. Their attainment, therefore, of political independence would not probably be productive of national injustice among themselves, since it would not exhibit the fatal distinction of dominant and servile races. It would rather abolish the differences of political condition which have hitherto existed in the Turkish state; for the theory of their emancipation naturally embraces the territorial ejection of the Asiatic race, and not its political subjugation. Nor can it be asserted that any real injustice would thus be sustained on the part of the Turk, for his expulsion from the European continent would constitute simply a reciprocal action, caused by a change of fortune, and his own incompetency to rule. And if, on the one hand, the Turks have traditionally permitted the Christians to continue in the occupation of their soil, the Christians, on the other, are ready to grant to their Turkish masters an Asiatic independence. Thus the question between the Turk and the Slavonian seems to stand, viewed as a matter of international justice.

But if the *destructive* policy involved in the reorganization of European Turkey admit of so easy a reconciliation with the principles of equity, it remains to be considered whether there may not be insurmountable difficulties attendant upon the *constructive* policy which must follow in its train. The most obvious at once, and most advantageous form of government for the Christian population to adopt, whenever their emancipation may take place, is undoubtedly that of a Great Federal State—which should comprehend the provinces of Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria, leaving Albania to join or hold aloof from this alliance at her will, and Greece to act as her proximate revolution might dictate. The States of the Federation might act independently (it may be thought) in regard to their own internal government, and collectively in regard to the affairs of

Europe. Their integrity and independence, as a Federal Body, might be guaranteed by a protectorate of the Great Powers. It would become not simply the duty, but the policy, of each of these Powers to protect their constitution, and defend their rights. Constantinople (that sublime theatre of religious and political vicissitude !) might be once more the capital of a Christian race, and the government of their state might be rapidly productive of a commerce and a prosperity unknown among the nations of the Levant.

But however pleasing may be the prospect of such a triumph on the part of Christianity and intelligent government, it is difficult to regard a scheme such as this in any other light than as the theory of a visionary politician. In the first place, the great preponderance of the Slavonic nation among the European subjects of the Porte, has afforded but a fallacious index of the unity of the Christian States. The commensurate growth of these States has been thwarted by diversities of government, of resource, and of geographical position. And these primary diversities have, in a natural course, wrought a similar divergence in their character, their customs, and their civilization. The bold and independent spirit of the Servian race is not shared by the simpler Christians of Bulgaria. Uniting only with the latter in a common hatred of the Crescent, the former people is rising in wealth and commerce, and has nearly reached a condition of independence, while Bulgaria remains in a pastoral indigence perpetuated by religious superstition, and has failed to throw off, or even materially to curtail, the authority of the Porte. The Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia are in a great measure estranged from the provinces lying to the southward of the Danube. A remembrance of the perfidy of the Byzantine Emperors has served to perpetuate the hatred borne by the Slavonians towards the Greeks. Even the Albanian race comprises two distinct and often hostile populations.—Again, it must be borne in mind that the whole theory of a Slavonic independence presupposes the concurrence of the Great Powers in such an arrangement. By whatever hand, or under whatever influence, the existing fabric of government may eventually be thrown down, it can scarcely be doubted that the occasion would be such as to call forth the cupidity of the Continental Powers in a very odious shape. And while it would be necessary to amalgamate, in such a Federal State, the whole of the Turkish territory on either bank of the Danube, in order to establish it as a respectable and independent Power, it is obvious that the hold which Russia has so long obtained of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia would effectually prevent their being yielded

up to the influence of a Slavonic regeneration. The event would rather tend to render that an absolute, which had previously been a partial and conditional, possession in her hands. In truth, the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia seem, in the language of our Norman law, to be tenants in tail, *pur autre vie*, (that 'life' being understood as the political existence of the Turkish Empire,) at the close of which the remainder is secured to the Czar: but a grave doubt arises, meanwhile, whether the entail may not previously be barred, and the estate of their independence sold, in satisfaction of a debt of gratitude to the very questionable services of the Imperial Remainderman!

But there is another view of the question under consideration than that of the creation of a federal and independent state out of the Christian elements of the Mahometan Empire. It is difficult indeed to reflect upon the history of Continental Governments, even of those of more recent times, and resist the conviction that their policy, whenever the period for action might arrive, would rather be governed by a balance of rival jealousies than by an union for the general interests. Accordingly, there is reason to apprehend that the course which the adjacent Empires would be disposed to pursue in Turkey, on the expiration of the Ottoman Monarchy, would be similar to that which, in the last century, enthralled and parted out in Poland an illustrious people of cognate origin. It is by means of Compromise and Partition that continental diplomacy has almost invariably sought to adjust the conflicting and ever cogent forces of rivalry and ambition. The question then arises, between whom, in the event of a partition of Turkey taking place, the spoil would be shared? It would be idle to offer to such a problem a solution which must necessarily be conjectural, and presumptuous so to map out the destinies of rising nations: it is needless, therefore, to inquire *how far* the influence of the Western Powers might be neutralized in reference to the aggrandizement of Russia, were a nominal sovereignty over Bosnia and Albania to be thrown as a sop to Austria, and Egypt to be offered as a bait to France. The Court of Vienna undoubtedly has sought such an extension of her territory through many administrations, and the valley of the Nile has been an object of cupidity to the Government of Paris since the invasion of Bonaparte. But the Courts of the Tuilleries and the Schoënbrunn are now united in opposition to the policy of the Czar; and under whatever principles of apparent equality a partition might be effected of the Turkish territories to the westward of the Euxine, it is obvious that any such equality would be purely nominal—that the local influence of Russia, once established by absolute rule, would inevitably

preponderate in the surrounding states, until Austria, for one, were compelled, by increasing feebleness, to yield up her distant territory. Thus, it would appear that any scheme for the disposal of the Turkish soil, founded on a principle of partition, would be rapidly, if not immediately, subversive of the equilibrium of Europe.

There is no other conceivable condition of a people (excepting absolute anarchy) when their former polity is at an end: they must either reorganize their state or surrender their sovereignty to others. The latter alternative would in this case be productive of evils far greater than it could redress, and the former presents difficulties which would have baffled the genius of Stein. Thus, the fall of Turkey, in any circumstances, would rather augment than diminish the complications of the Eastern question. And here it may be well to protest against the acceptance of a theory which a want of candour, or a feebleness of perception, has fondly and vainly urged against the dominion of the Porte. It has been maintained that those national rights which existed in south-eastern Europe before the dominion of the Crescent, ought in justice to be revived. But which of those provinces, now subject to the Porte, it may be asked, was shorn of its independent rights by the fall of the Byzantine empire? It is obvious that no race exists to represent any rights which were then surrendered, and the resurrection would be simply supposititious. And beyond this, if there yet existed the representatives of former rights, it would be hard to say towards which of the various states and races, that through traditionary ages have alternately held and yielded up the shores of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, the claims of inheritance might incline. Nor has there existed any such historical sympathy in the fortune of the Byzantine Empire, as in any way to influence its revival. Its deeds seem to survive only in the pages of Gibbon, and have been supplanted by the sterner records of a sterner race. The argument for the necessary revival of ancient rights in any new arrangement of the affairs of Europe, is ably met in the powerful language of the late Lord Londonderry, when, in reference to the Congress of Vienna, he says: "If the design of the Allied Powers had comprehended the reconstruction of all those states which time has swept away from the political face of the continent, I should have been ashamed that my country should have belonged to a confederacy founded on such a principle of imbecility." Moreover, the progress of the Servian people, since the introduction of the liberal policy which is now guiding the Divan, has sufficiently proved that the sway of the Ottoman at Constantinople is not incom-

patible with a development of the resources of the Christian Principalities.

But although it seems clear that the support of the Turkish Empire forms the safer policy for the western nations, it has happened that the positions of particular states have from time to time exhibited conflicting interests in the affairs of the Levant, in such a degree as to create serious differences between the leading courts of Europe, and the question thence arises, how far the special objects of individual governments may be likely to counterpoise the general interests of the European commonwealths? The interests and policies of the four greater Powers (for the position and commerce of Prussia have not attached any very great significance to her voice in the questions of the East) form, therefore, important considerations in the question at issue. In regard to our own country, it may be asserted, that the Court of St. James's has invariably had but one interest to pursue. England, in truth, has, in any probable disposition of Turkey, little to be gained, and nearly everything to be lost. In either continent—in Asia or in Europe—such a change is likely very seriously to threaten at once her political position and commercial interests. It is obvious that the intervention of an inert and extensive empire, which has nearly fallen into the position of a neutral territory, between the states of Europe and her Indian possessions, has formed, ever since their establishment, one of their strongest safeguards; and it is probable that the duration of her ascendancy in the East would have been brief, had her Asiatic empire been reared in the days of the Caliphs or the elder Sultans. And whatever may be the nature of the change which is thought, sooner or later, to be awaiting Turkey—whether Russia or an independent Slavonic government were master at Constantinople—it is certain that such an event would tend to lessen the influence of this country over the affairs of the Levant, and also very seriously endanger her maritime supremacy in the Mediterranean. For it can scarcely be doubted that, in such a disruption of the politics of the East, the principles involved in the Treaty of the Dardanelles, relating to the channel of Constantinople, which have in great measure kept the naval forces of the Euxine in the background, would be abandoned by the states of Europe; and that the naval station of Russia (or its outpost at least) would be advanced from Sebastopol to the Golden Horn. Nor would such a position of affairs fail to render the commercial interests of England in the Black Sea more or less precarious.

Under these circumstances, as well as from a view of general interests, it has been the determination alike of Lord Palmerston,

Lord Clarendon, and Lord Aberdeen, to sustain the independence of the Sublime Porte. The Quadruple Treaty of July 15th, 1840, forms one of the most successful illustrations of this policy; and never did the honest bearing of England, supported by an inimitable dexterity of negotiation at home, contrast more happily with the tortuous policy of the French government; nor ever probably did diplomacy secure to this country and to Europe a more beneficial triumph than that which was achieved by the Foreign Minister of the day over the Administration of M. Thiers. The ability and the frankness with which this line of policy has been carried out at Constantinople, have secured to Lord Stratford a preponderating influence over the councils of the Porte, which neither the insidious policy of M. de Lavalette, the ceaseless intrigues of Aristarchi, nor even the arrogant bearing of Prince Menschikoff, have been able to countervail.*

The chequered character of the policy which has been pursued by successive Governments at Paris, with reference to the Turkish question, during the course of the last fifty years, has been a natural consequence of the absence at once of a *direct* and *special* interest in the fate of the Ottoman empire, and the prevalence of a restless national ambition. French interests in the Levant are thus wholly alien from those of England and from those of Russia. It has been the policy of the Court of the Tuilleries alternately to maintain the *status quo* in the Levant for the *general* benefit of Europe, and to disturb it for its own *indirect* advantage. But the theory of a 'natural league' between France and Russia, which has since become the basis of its ambitious policy in the East, and has given to its designs, as it were, an intelligent principle of action, was never recognised in practice before the period of the treaty of Tilsit (1807); and it is singular that this theory has been maintained successively by the Bonapartists, the Legitimists, and the Orleanists, though with some difference in the specific objects which it may have served. The vast design of Bonaparte embraced the erection of a French Empire in the East which should extend over Egypt, Syria, Morea, Albania, Candia, the islands of the Ægean, and all the ports of the Levant, from the Hellespont to the Nile. The scheme of the Bourbons, on the other hand, during the latter days of their tottering throne, as brought forward by Polignac

* Mr. Macfarlane, towards the close of his second volume, remarks, as a singular circumstance, that no sooner did he attempt, when at Therapia, to enter upon a political discussion with Lord Stratford, than Lord S. immediately turned the conversation to the subject of the Greek Tragedians! We do not share in the author's surprise that Lord Stratford should have hesitated to talk politics with Mr. Macfarlane.

and Chateaubriand, rendered the partition of the Turkish Empire—the direct benefit in which it transferred to the other Powers—subservient to its own aggrandizement on the banks of the Rhine, with the single and advantageous reservation that the territory surrounding Constantinople should be formed into an independent state, after the precedent, we may suppose, of the little ‘kingdom of Bosphorus,’ which lives in the record of barbarous times. The policy of M. Thiers, again, bore no resemblance to that of M. de Chateaubriand; nor did it present any striking points of similarity to that which was pursued, under the directions of Bonaparte, by Prince Talleyrand and the Duke of Vicenza. But with the accession of M. Guizot to office in November, 1840, the theory of a natural league passed again from political notice: and the position of Europe, at the present conjuncture, presents no longer that balance of politics, as well as that balance of power, which has since been held, at the corresponding extremities of the continent, between a despotic system in Russia and a republican constitution in France. The humiliating result of the policy of M. Thiers’ administration forms perhaps the best safeguard against its revival at Versailles: and under any probable disposition—and supposing that the designs of France and Russia were such as the other Powers should possess neither the will nor the ability to defeat—it is evident that France would lose in the aggrandizement of Russia far more than she could acquire through her own share in the spoil, of which, moreover, her tenure must always be precarious. Irrespective of the blow which the Government of Paris would sustain upon the continent by thus creating, in the Court of St. Petersburg, the master-throne of Europe—a consideration which must alone be decisive of the question—it may be conceded that the danger which her maritime influence in the Mediterranean would sustain by extending Russia, virtually at least, from the Crimea to the Hellespont, would very far outweigh any advantage she could acquire from a doubtful aggrandisement in the East. But during the continuance of our existing friendship, and under any moderate or reasonable Government at Paris, there is little reason to apprehend that the affairs of eastern Europe would be again disturbed by the clashing interests of France and England.

Nor can it be well supposed that the policy of Austria would ever be balanced between her own aggrandizement and a fear of Russia. Viewing Turkey as a political question, whatever might be her readiness to grasp the western possessions of the Sultan, it cannot have escaped even the successors of M. de Metternich (not gifted with his shrewd appreciation of the state of affairs), that any partition of Turkey, founded on an alliance between her-

self and Russia, must result in apportioning the lion's share to the latter state, and to her own Government the jackal's portion of the prey. Nor can it be less clear that the increasing power of Russia opposed to the diminishing strength of Austria, would throw the eastern influence of the two states, originally unequal, respectively into ascending and descending scales. In a commercial point of view, the question can scarcely be entertained; for notwithstanding the vast elements of commerce which remain undeveloped in the lands watered by the Danube, the misgovernment of Austria has continually checked the progress of its people since the happy reign of Maria Theresa, and the reforming policy of the Prince de Kaunitz. But it is obvious that whenever the navigation of the Danube beyond the eastern frontier of the Austrian Empire may assume a commercial importance, the Court of Vienna will find it far easier to impose its behests upon a weak than upon a powerful state.

Thus it would appear, then, that there are two policies in operation affecting the destinies of the East—a policy of action, and a policy of inaction,—a Russian policy, and a policy contra-Russian.* It would be incorrect, however, to suppose that the views and objects of each of the Great Powers are never brought practically into coincidence: all human governments have exhibited from time to time points of union in the most divergent lines of interest, much as, on the face of the natural globe, we find points of section between the equator and the ecliptic. It becomes, therefore, the object of the Western Powers to turn this unity of view, whenever it may manifest itself, to the best advantage. But there can be little room for apprehension that that which has been termed the policy of action, would outweigh that which has been termed the policy of inaction, while the Western States continue to maintain a common alliance, or (even in default of an alliance) to pursue their real interests. There can be no doubt that the ultimate arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, while they curtailed the exorbitant influence of France, turned in some degree the scales of power in favour of the Court of St. Petersburg, much as the Treaties of Westphalia, two centuries ago, in endeavouring to restore the

* As may be imagined, we do not concur with the politicians of Exeter Hall in their perpetual apprehension of the growing power of the Court of St. Petersburg, as though they were awaiting their *Fifth Monarchy* in the character of the Russian Empire! And yet it would be difficult to conceive a school placed in a more direct antagonism to the school of Bourbon diplomacy. We cannot help thinking that there may have been those among the disciples of the Duc de Richelieu and M. de Chateaubriand, who may have regarded the Fifth Monarchy as having manifested itself already—in the development of the *Balancing System*.

diplomatic equilibrium which had been lost by the combination of the Courts of Madrid and Vienna, transferred to the House of Bourbon a great measure of that preponderance of power by which it had necessarily been destroyed. Nor can there be any question that the policy of Russia, from the days of Peter, has been a policy of traditional aggrandizement. The line of outward conduct assumed by the Court of St. Petersburg, as represented by Nesselrode and Pozzo di Borgo, has undoubtedly undergone a change since the age of the great Potemkin, and an attitude of hostility has been replaced, up to the present time, by a spirit of moderation: but whether or not such a change may have been the result of any real metamorphosis of its political principles, it is clear that a revival of its original policy will not now be tolerated by the European Powers, and that a pacific administration of foreign interests is best adapted to the objects of a prudent, even though an ambitious, minister. Nevertheless, Turkey will be secure from external aggression, while public virtue, political foresight, or honesty of purpose prevail in the councils of Western Europe. The uncertainty attaching, however, to the perpetual observation of these conditions of the integrity of the Empire, renders the Eastern question one of the foremost objects of European solicitude; and it is thus that the political science of diplomacy, which the ever-widening necessities of nations, in their social and commercial growth, have been gradually creating and extending through the alternations of peace and war, acquires at Constantinople a greater practical value than in any other capital of Europe.

The political and social aspect now presented by the shores of the Bosphorus would contrast strangely, in the eyes of the men of old, with the rude simplicity of the early world. In our own day, we seem to look back through a vista of ages, each possessed of a distinctive character, and marked by some imperishable event, in which we trace the dominion alternately of Europe and of Asia, as empire after empire successively has passed away, and left, as it were, in the track of its course, some legend perpetuated on the spot, or some record to gratify the external senses. The magnificent aqueducts, spanning the broad ravines, so amply illustrative of the splendour and industry of an earlier day, or the half-ruined monuments of Genoa on the Asiatic hills, replace the traditions of former times, and the simpler story of the Colchian age. At this day, after four centuries of Moslem rule, the Manners of Europe, mingling with the Faith of Asia, are working a slow and imperceptible transformation of the Turkish State, and the cypresses and minarets upon either shore are no longer the certain emblems of an exclusive Mahometan sway. The Ambassadors of the four greater Powers—as the Four

Kings of Constantinople—appear practically to possess, in all matters of graver import; when united in opinion, the supreme authority in the state; and to commit to the councils of the Porte little more than a subordinate and executive jurisdiction. Their protectorate seems to form a species of political elixir for the prolongation of the national life. But it must be remembered that foreign support, all powerful in its protection against external danger, can provide but inadequately for the internal peace and security of another state; and the question accordingly arises, whether there may yet remain a sufficient vitality in the existing constitution for the support of the internal government.

It would be difficult for any Englishman—whether a tourist or a politician—to sail up the Dardanelles into the Marmora, without auguring some degree of political virtue from the apparent military strength of the fortresses which attract his notice on either shore. As he passes between the castles at Sestos and Abydos, and sees them still bristling with cannon, he fancies that some of the spirit of the ancient crescent must yet linger upon scenes, with which he had been content to associate some legend of the home of Leander or the watch-tower of Hero. But the strength of these military positions is considerably overestimated; and it may be surmised that the paper Treaty of the Dardanelles has formed a more availing defence of Constantinople than all the fortresses of the Turk. It was one of the salient provisions of this important treaty to close the passages which join the *Ægean* to the Black Sea against foreign ships of war, from the *Nine Windmills* on the south, and the *Pavorane* on the north—or, in more classic language, from *Sigæum* and the *Symplegades*. Thus, the nations of the earth seemed excluded from the sublime regions of the Porte, which appeared to be placed as a sort of *Èlysium*, on the very verge of civilization, midway between the habitable globe and the gloomy regions of the *Cimmerian Bosphorus*! The right of ingress and of egress was thus exclusively confided in the forces of the Sultan. The military strength of the Government is materially increased by the passes of the Balkan, which have fenced, as it were, the heart of the empire from attack towards the north.* It is thus impossible that the armies of the Czar should succeed in overwhelming Turkey by a *coup-de-main* from the landward side of Constantinople. The Bosphorus, from *Buyukdere* to the *Golden Horn*, could present, it is true, but slight opposition to

* This circumstance appears to have been overlooked in the pamphlet of M. de Haxthausen, in which that author labours to prove that the Russian army, on its completion of the conquest of Hungary, might have overwhelmed the Turkish empire by a *coup-de-main*.

the progress of the fleets of Sebastopol; but the more prudent attack of the northern invader would rather be directed to the disaffected provinces along the line of the Danube, in order, in the first instance, to win over to his side the inhabitants of the lands which seem stretched out as the *propugnacula imperii*, to defend the centre of the monarchy. The Turkish army does not probably exceed 120,000 regular troops in time of peace, but we are at this moment witnessing the celerity with which administrative vigour and individual patriotism may augment the forces of the empire.

Yet the data from whence our conclusions must be drawn as to the vitality of the Turkish state, are to be found rather in the social condition of the population and the political character of the government, than either in the military defences of the frontier or the force of public treaties. The social differences observable in the various provinces have already been adverted to. The ethnological elements of the Empire, which appear almost as various as the character of its political institutions, are capable of material subdivision. The Turks, the Slavonians, the Hellenized Albanians, and the Skipetars, who are thought to have once wandered from the Caucasus, form the main population of European Turkey; and it would be tedious to enter upon the various ramifications of the Slavonic race. Misgovernment, and a prejudice of the Turk against a reforming policy, have combined to extend the political differences which the varieties of physical origin and religious belief had originally introduced. In the first place, the reforms which were sanctioned by the Government of the late Sultan have resulted in a division of the Mahometan population against itself. The Mahometans of Bosnia and Albania have leagued with those of Asia against the policy of the Porte. Again, among the Christian states, there is a general disaffection to the existing system. In Bulgaria, where the Christians number from 4,000,000 to 4,500,000, or rather more than half the aggregate population of European Turkey, (more especially among the mountains of the Haiduc,) this spirit is prevalent and strong; and if there were anything in a political animosity that could alone confer a power of resistance upon nations, the crescent would not long wave over the western fortresses of the Bosphorus. But the Bulgarian race is not gifted with vigour, while it is backward in civilization. Servia, on the other hand, as we have seen, is wealthy, powerful, and nearly free. Bosnia is also arrayed in hostility to the Porte. Nor has Albania forgotten how ill her ancient service has been requited by the ruling power. And the difficulties which have long been presented by such a position of affairs have been immeasurably enhanced by the obdurate nature

of a Mahometan government, which can admit of no serious mitigation of its despotism, while the provinces included in its dominions remain virtually subject to its control.

Under these circumstances it may be fairly asked, by what principle of cohesion does an Empire continue to hang together, which is founded neither on community of race, nor on the affection of the governed, nor on its military power, nor on the virtues of its administration, nor on a sense of reciprocal advantage. nor even on the political unity of the dominant nation? The truth is, that the Porte, conscious of its inability to cope with its disaffected subjects, has from time to time skilfully contrived to break the force of their united action by sowing a dissension among the hostile provinces—a policy which has ordinarily brought one or other of her foes to her standard as an ally. When the revolt of the Albanian Beys, which succeeded to the emancipation of Greece and the Treaty of Adrianople, had grown too powerful for subjugation by the Porte, and the insurrection was found to be at once extending in compass and increasing in danger, it became the adroit policy of Mehmet Reschid—then director of the government at Constantinople—to arm the Rayahs, whose support his reforming policy had already secured, in defence of his master's cause. When, again, the massacre of those Beys had united Bosnia and the two races of Albania in hostility to the Porte, ever fertile in resource, he succeeded in arraying, in support of the policy of Constantinople, the schismatic Greeks on the one hand—upon the plea that the Albanians of the North, who maintain the Latin ritual, had entered into a conspiracy against the Greek church—and the Osmanlis on the other, upon the ground that the insurrectionary provinces had commenced a war of extirpation with the Turkish race! Thus the Ottoman Government has been preserved, in the hour of peril, rather by its dexterity of negotiation than by military force. In times of peace, moreover, it has cemented its authority over the Slavonic tribes by an alliance with the Eastern Church, which a state of reciprocal dependence has rendered sincere and durable on either side. It has been the policy of the Divan to support the clergy of the higher orders, who, being of Greek origin, and ignorant of the Slavonic language, would be altogether unacceptable to a free people. In this manner, the dependence of the upper clergy on the supreme government has insured to the latter the corresponding advantage of their support. From this circumstance, a compliance with the recent demands of Prince Menschikoff would have endangered the last link in the chain which has bound the Slavonian to the Turk.

In discussing the question of the internal administration of Turkey, it would be vain to enter upon a declamation against a

maladministration which no one probably would have the hardihood to controvert : it suffices simply to explain the machinery by which the work of government is carried on, and to suggest remedies to some of the more salient errors which characterize the internal policy of the Empire. The imperial revenue, which is gathered from various sources, amounts, as nearly as it may be calculated, to 700,000,000 piastres (or about £6,000,000 sterling), which a judicious and economical administration would render less disproportionate to the necessities of government. It may be matter, however, of grave doubt, whether the substitution of a collecting system for the existing mode of farming out the revenues would, as is commonly thought, be productive of a greater income to the state. The revenues undoubtedly are not leased out on such terms of advantage to the Divan as to leave any insignificant profits in the hands of the tenants of the Exchequer, but it may fairly be presumed, on the other hand, that (even irrespective of the ordinary expenses of collection, which, under the superintendence of the Government, would without doubt exceed the charge upon those to whom the revenues are farmed out) the pecuniary malversations* of the minor Pashas would be found to counterbalance the gains of the Exchequer from a system of direct collection : and the difference would in all probability be simply this, that the surplus over and above the amount paid into the Exchequer would, in the one case, become the recognised profit of the lessees of the public income, while in the other, it would form the fraudulent gains of the inferior officers of the Porte. Viewing the matter, therefore, simply as a question of revenue, it is not probable that the substitution of one system for the other would be found to be of material advantage to the state.

The capitation tax, which the Porte has pretended to levy upon its Christian subjects, in return for their exemption from military service, while it has in reality served the double purpose of maintaining a Mahometan army, in whose fidelity the Government might confide, and of excluding the Rayahs from the use of arms, is naturally one of the most irksome impositions of the state. It is levied at the rate of about thirty piastres a head upon male adults. The property tax is so irregularly assessed, that it would be difficult to form an estimate of its extent. Probably the taxes form the most lucrative source of revenue to the state. But the Customs duties, whatever proportion they may bear to the total amount of the public income, necessarily exercise a stronger indirect influence on the revenue, by regulating in some measure the national prosperity. It has been the misfortune of Turkey, that, while the political wisdom of Mr. Ricardo has never yet illuminated the councils of

the Divan, the commercial treaties into which she has entered with foreign states have bound down the Government to a system more injurious to the national industry than its own unbiassed politics would have dictated. The Porte has set out with the unhappy principle that a heavy Customs' duty is necessary to the existence of government; and foreign Powers, forced to recognise a policy in which they were unable to acquiesce, have stipulated in return that the burden of the tax should be imposed upon the exports of the country, in order that a reduction may be effected upon their own imported produce. The Treaty of Balta-Liman, concluded on the 16th of August, 1838, stipulated that, in lieu of the old interior duties, the English merchant should be subject to a charge of nine per cent. on goods purchased in the Turkish territories for exportation, and to a further duty of three per cent. on shipment taking place. On the other hand, the same treaty imposed a three per cent. duty upon importation, and a further charge of two per cent. on sale being effected of the goods imported. Thus, while the markets of Turkey were thenceforth to be deluged with foreign produce, under the restriction of a duty of only five per cent., the English merchant could find for Turkish produce no sale which might appear likely to reimburse him for the payment of an export charge more than double in amount, together with whatever import-duty were imposed by the state to which his goods might be transmitted. As a consequence, too obvious to be insisted on, of this international legislation (undoubtedly beneficial in its operation towards our own country), the aggregate imports of Turkey have greatly exceeded her aggregate exports. A discouragement of industry, and an artificial existence, is the inevitable tendency of such a system. Could the Porte only be persuaded of the elastic properties of the great principle of *production*, the existing taxes on exportation would no doubt be rapidly repealed. Unhappily, the Government is not sufficiently convinced of the certainty of an eventual recompence for the revenue immediately surrendered, to countenance, in the language of a party, "a revision of its fiscal system." Nor does the desperate condition of the national credit render easy even the temporary suspension of any one of its sources of public income. The prospect of an improvement in the Turkish financial system is, however, rendered less forlorn by the circumstance that the policy of the Divan does not proceed upon any false theory of the protection of labour; the excess of the export over the import duties as clearly indicating that the tariff has been arranged with a view to the revenue of the state, as the heavy tax which the Austrian system imposes upon the importation of coffee—a commodity which is not produced in the territories of the House of Lorraine-Hapsburg—demonstrates

that the Court of Vienna has based its financial policy upon other interests than those of the Austrian producer.

But apart from the errors of its fiscal system, the Ottoman Porte has grievously misdirected the national industry in the encouragement which it has lent to manufactures, and in its neglect of agricultural improvements. It was obvious from the very commencement of the reforming policy of Mahmoud, that Turkey, even under a happier commercial policy, could not cope with the manufactured produce of this country in any quarter of the globe, and that unless a duty tantamount to a prohibition (which existing treaties would defeat) were imposed by the Divan on the importation of foreign produce, the manufactures of Turkey would be undersold by those of England in the markets of the East. Had the vast sums of money which the government has squandered upon this chimera been devoted to the cause of agriculture, the result would have been very different. So materially does the want of roads, and of other means of communication, affect the trade in the raw produce of the country, that the cost of transport, for the distance even of 100 miles, may very often double the original cost of production. Were the Government ready to undertake the improvement of the internal communications of Turkey, they might obtain the necessary supplies from the sale of a portion of the imperial property, (which a contemplated reform of this character would enable them more advantageously to accomplish), after the precedent of the course pursued by Prince Meternich in Hungary.* There can be no doubt that the formation of roads and canals in Turkey would effect a metamorphosis of its internal commerce. But the work is not easy. The Porte, under its reforming policy in the reign of Mahmoud, was at once urged on by the Slavonic population, and assailed vehemently by a vast body of the Turks, until the whole Empire was threatened with dissolution. It may be presumed, however, from the present temper of the people, that the animosity with which a religious bigotry was at first disposed to assail the work of reformation would not be again so powerfully excited, and there can be no doubt that the Divan, in any serious effort to retrace its past policy, would receive the earnest support of several of the Powers of Europe. Surely it may not be without some emblematical truth, that the oxen yoked to the plough, the reapers in the cornfields, and other such Arcadian scenes, are portrayed on the tapestried walls of

* Under the present aspect of affairs, it may be pleaded, it is true, that the *tenure* of the purchaser might not be found to depend wholly upon the Sultan's *title*. But we believe that, in ordinary times, the feeling of security would be sufficiently strong to induce the purchase.

the Secretary of State's room in the Foreign Office, in the midst of which each succeeding Minister has seemed like a sort of Pan presiding over the rural happiness of mankind!

It may be conceived, then, how remote is the prospect of accomplishing an extensive political reform in a state in which there are so many discordant elements to be considered—so many conflicting interests to be satisfied. Bound down within a certain latitude, by public treaties, to a given line of action—kept backward by distorted views of commercial policy, and harassed by the pressing necessities of the hour—the Ottoman Porte seeks a refuge from more immediate dangers in a policy of inaction, which, if persevered in for any long period of time, must necessarily work its irretrievable destruction. That there yet remain such elements of wealth and prosperity in the Turkish Empire, as would materially improve the position alike of the Government and of the people, and that the difficulties attendant on their development would not be insuperable to a sagacious and resolute Administration, is acknowledged by all Christian politicians in the East, of every shade of opinion. And a policy of reform seems necessary to avert the ruin of the state. There exists no longer any political vitality in the famous institutions of the Turk. So truly is society the sap, and the life, and the spring, of institutions—so wholly subordinate to the temper of the people and the genius of the age, are at once the form and the system of government—that a change of moral condition destroys at once the virtue of that which was previously all powerful; and the polity of the state, strengthened no longer by an adaptation to the character of the nation, hangs as it were by a single thread, liable to be broken by the first blow of internal discord. Perhaps no stronger evidence could be drawn from the experience of states, and the moral nature of mankind, of the real subserviency of potentates to those whom they profess to govern, and of the perpetual dependence of the political fabric on the varying necessities of the commonwealth, than in the ever-failing energies of a system which ceases to represent the character of the existing age. The faint resistance which the Government was able to oppose to the ambitious policy of the late Egyptian viceroy records the condition to which it has in reality been reduced; nor does history afford a more striking evidence of the utter powerlessness of a great empire, when its internal polity is deranged, and the vigour of its government decayed.

There is another point of interest comprehended in the Eastern question, which the events of the last quarter of a century have in a great degree dis severed from the politics of the Turkish

Empire—the Kingdom of Greece. Yet whatever may be the force of the public treaties which provided for the independence of the Hellenic nation and the integrity of the existing state—and whatever the yet greater force of the political interests by which the stipulations of those treaties may be cemented and confirmed—it is obvious that the affairs of Greece are not in themselves so alien from those of the adjoining territories, as to form a consideration wholly independent of the comprehensive political rearrangement which must follow the last catastrophe, whenever it may transpire, of the Ottoman rule. A disquisition, therefore, on the condition of the prospects of eastern Europe, which might not at least cursorily touch upon the Greek question, would seem imperfect.

It may be asserted with truth, that the Greek nation were less indebted for their emancipation to their own worthiness of independent rights, than to the imperative laws of an outraged humanity, and the fair inheritance of an ancient fame. Their position in the scale of nations would never have attracted the notice, or gained the selfish interests, of the Great Powers of Europe. Neither their geographical position, nor the capacities of the Grecian soil, seemed to offer to the intervening states a prospect of any material extension of their commercial wealth. But the frightful massacres that had followed in the train of six years of contested domination seemed to renew the mediæval warfare that the Crescent of old had carried on against the Cross; and Greece at length found succour in an alliance that served her for the fleets of the Doge, and the sword of the Order of Jerusalem. And there was undoubtedly an influence at work to foster the intervention of Western Europe, in a remembrance of ancient claims—a remembrance not simply of what Greece once had been, but one that seemed to involve a recognition of obligations too grave in their nature for any political service to require—an influence which, however fanciful in the estimation of many, served to arouse popular sympathy, and thereby confirm the reforming policy on which the allied Governments had entered. So true is it of states, as of individuals, that there is a heritage of ancestral renown, which, when men have lost, through the frailty or ill-fortune of intervening generations, the position their forefathers had won is powerful to create an interest in their cause, and which their own worthlessness or folly can never perhaps totally extinguish.

But there was another object in the policy of Greek emancipation than that of humanity. This was a policy of self-interest and self-preservation: and it was no doubt advisable that such a plea of justification should be entered, as a prominent ground of

action, by the interfering States—whether the dictates of self-preservation or of humanity might preponderate at heart—in consequence of the conditions of the public law of Europe, which, if they ignored the plea of humanity, acknowledged at least that of self-preservation, as a valid ground of intervention. And it was evident that a principle which, but a few years previously, had been maintained by the Holy Alliance in the Congresses of Laybach and Verona, could not consistently be disputed, either by Austria or Prussia, when advanced with infinitely greater validity of argument by the Courts of Great Britain, France, and Russia. The ground on which the three Powers supported their plea of self-preservation was that the distractions to which the Greek Peninsula had been subject, had given so vast a scope to the operations of piracy in the Archipelago, and other parts of the Levant, as to destroy their commerce, and subvert their maritime interests, throughout all the seas neighbouring on the contested territory. Nor did it seem that a policy which the laws of Europe and the rights of humanity united to support, could well be gainsaid. Yet it is singular to observe how each of the continental Powers followed the dictates of its individual interests. It would be an unjust aspersion, indeed, on the memory of Mr. Canning, to suppose him actuated wholly by a selfish, however justifiable, policy: nor would it be fair, perhaps, to throw a similar imputation even on the shrewd Polignac. But Great Britain had, in truth, a conflicting interest at stake in the policy of 1826, which rendered her in a far less degree an interested party in the intervention than either France or Russia. She had to contend between the suspension of her own commerce in the Archipelago, and the assumption of a policy which, if it should involve a reduction of the power of Turkey, must necessarily prove disastrous to herself. The interests of France, on the other hand, little prejudiced by any probable humiliation of the Porte, were simply directed to a rescue of her own commerce in the same quarter; while Russia, proportionately the more eager as she was the more interested in the enterprise, sought at once a similar object, and a step in her ancient policy of aggrandizement in Turkey. Prince Metternich again, on the part of Austria, rejected a reforming policy in which the Court of Vienna seemed likely rather to be a loser than a gainer. It was in this position of international interests that the Duke of Wellington was sent to the Russian capital in the spring of 1826, where he negotiated with the Prince de Lieven, and signed, on the 23rd of March, the Treaty of St. Petersburg, which concerted a mediation, on the part of Great Britain and Russia, between Greece and Turkey, and was assented to by France,

during the following year, in the Treaty of London.* Thus, it would appear that the Triple Alliance was concerted, in the first place, from considerations of self-interest, and, in the second, with a view to a satisfaction of the claims of humanity; but, at the same time, it may be assumed that the Greeks themselves were less indebted to their own exertions for that public spirit which supported the Ministers of England, France, and Russia, in their policy of emancipation, than to the genius of Byron and the patriotism of Capodistria.

It becomes an object of interest to inquire how far the course of events may have realized the views of the high contracting Powers, since the establishment of an independent monarchy in Greece. It is undeniable that those views, though founded on no chimerical suppositions, and reasonable in their character, have been greatly disappointed. It may be fairly questioned, indeed, whether the nation, at the outset, were worthy of a Constitution, whether those national sentiments and ideas, which can alone give force to a political union, had not been so wholly extinguished by ages of Mahometan misrule as to render the

* With great deference to the opinions of Dr. Wheaton, we cannot coincide with him in his view that the treaty of London has recognised other *grounds of interference* than those arising out of a principle of self-interest. The preamble of this treaty, the language of which seems most clear, states that the high contracting powers are, "penetrated with the necessity of putting an end to the sanguinary contest which, by delivering up the Greek provinces, and the isles of the Archipelago, to all the disorders of anarchy, produces daily fresh *impediments to the commerce of the European states, and gives occasion to piracies which not only expose the subjects of the high contracting parties to considerable losses*, but, besides, render necessary burdensome measures of protection and repression." The then existing contest produced, no doubt, the suspension of European commerce, both by sea and land, and thereby indirectly affected the interests of the contracting powers; but it does not surely follow that it therefore formed the justifying ground of action. The *justification* is explicitly set forth in the treaty as resting, not upon the *cause*, but upon the *result*. And this principle, moreover, elucidates the policy of Mr. Canning, in declining to interfere forcibly in the affairs of Greece until they had assumed an aspect seriously detrimental to British interests. Dr. Wheaton, on the other hand, interprets the treaty that the contest itself formed the main ground of justification, and appears, to use a common phrase, "to put the cart before the horse." No doubt the inhuman warfare of the day rendered the allied governments the more ready to take the part for which the suspension of their own commerce in the Archipelago offered a legal justification; and we should sincerely rejoice to see the principle, which Dr. Wheaton conceives to be acknowledged in the treaty of London, established as part of the public law of Europe, whatever might be the practical difficulties attendant upon its operation. Humanity has never probably, of late years, been so grossly outraged as in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies: yet upon that question Lord Palmerston unhesitatingly stated that a foreign government possessed no power of interference.—See Wheaton's "International Law," vol. i. p. 125.



people unfit for the exercise of independent power. Yet there was no alternative. The attitude of the Porte forbade any hope of such a compromise being effected between the belligerents as might place Greece in the intermediate position to which the Treaty of St. Petersburg had pointed. So complete had the demoralization of the people at length become, that Independence found them a nation of pirates by sea, and banditti by land. It was hoped, and not unreasonably, that in the lapse of twenty years, by which time a new generation would spring up, a course of good government would have materially changed their character. But those twenty years have, unhappily, been lost in a career so vicious, a mal-administration so complete, that the nation wears a character, if possible, of yet greater demoralization and degeneracy than previously to its emancipation. The career of Government has been marked by systematic corruption—that of the people by a corresponding violence. There is no progress, no improvement, even little personal safety, in the country; while the State is reduced to a condition of hopeless and irretrievable insolvency. The weak and vacillating, yet harsh and arbitrary, misrule of Otho, has been peculiarly ill adapted to the genius of the Hellenic people. They required, as it were, at once sail and ballast—to be controlled and to be led on—a self-denying policy on the part of the ruling power, and one which might be regulated in its sphere of action by considerations of public utility. Those national wants, on the contrary, have been met by despotism and bad faith, by corruption and administrative imbecility, by foreign and domestic intrigue. Perhaps the policy of the Court of the Tuilleries reduced Greece to its worst position in 1847; nor ever, probably, did an illegitimate and unscrupulous ambition throw a broader and a darker shade upon the lustre which an intellectual greatness, and unsurpassed theoretical ability, have shed upon the name of Guizot. The interference of the French Government, both by secret intrigue and by open force, in the Greek elections of 1847, in support of the party of M. Coletti, terminated, however, in a manner most singularly infelicitous; and the Parliament which had been elected in support of a despotic cause, presented the truly democratic and revolutionary spectacle of an assembly in which the very banditti of the country were represented in more than one instance by a member of their own community! The history of emancipated Greece, and the position of the nation at the present conjuncture, combine to suggest grave doubts of the binding virtues which the treaties that guaranteed its independence may be found to possess, whenever the last hour of the Ottoman monarchy may arrive: and the coincidence, that Greece in its youth, and Turkey in its decrepitude, alike subsist on the hollow

and extrinsic support of foreign diplomacy, forms no happy augury of the fortune of the existing political institutions of Eastern Europe.

But there is another great practical evil—and one in which the commercial interests of Great Britain are directly involved—arising out of the disorganization of society in Greece:—we allude to the monstrous height to which piracy is now carried on, both by continental and insular Greeks, and would urge the subject on the earnest consideration of the Foreign Office. The fact of a piratical system having been traditionally maintained by the islanders of the Archipelago, from very early times, affords no argument whatever against an imperative demand for another effort for its abolition; since, in the first place, the evil has so increased in magnitude that it has become totally unsafe for small craft to trade in the *Ægean* and the *Ionian* seas; and since, in the second, the Treaty of London, to which Great Britain, France, and Russia were the contracting parties, in having specially set forth the existence of a piratical trade in justification of an interference in the internal affairs of Turkey, has recognised a right of forcible intervention for the suppression of this iniquitous traffic, whenever it may again be found to inflict injuries of commensurate severity upon the commercial interests of the Triple Alliance. And it is ardently to be hoped that her Majesty's Government, after so long an experience of the inability of the Court of Greece to control the actions of its own subjects, will adopt vigorous measures for the abolition of the existing system. The amount of injury continually sustained by the shipping interests of different nations is very considerable; and the depredations of the islanders of the Archipelago are of course committed, irrespective of the flags under which vessels trading in the East may be sailing. The corsairs of the Levant form two classes: there are those who make piracy their exclusive profession, and there are those also who follow it as a species of subsidiary avocation, in sailing from port to port under the guise of a legitimate trade. The latter class are, of course, the less easy to detect. They are almost wholly Greeks—either subjects of King Otho, or settlers on the Turkish coast,*—and conversely there are few maritime Greeks who are not also pirates. They are, consequently, established in nearly all the islands of the Archipelago, but muster, probably, the greatest number on either side of Cape St. Angelo, in the gulfs of Napoli and Colokythia, where the demoralization of successive generations has left no other spirit to animate the shores of Argolis and Laconia.

* The natives of the Septinsular Republic are not free from this reproach.
[Vol. LX. No. CXVII.]—NEW SERIES, Vol. IV. No. I. R

The character of these pirates is singular enough. Urged on by an insatiable thirst for gain, daunted by no difficulty, committing frightful atrocities, and inspired with a spirit of adventurous enterprise, the manners of those captain-corsairs who have withdrawn from their profession on their ill-gotten wealth, are, nevertheless, as it is universally acknowledged, mild and almost polished. They are, for the most part, hospitable and courteous, even dependable and sincere. Their wealth is frequently enormous. The respectability of the profession may have somewhat declined in their eyes since the period of the emancipation. There are those now living, respected and influential merchants in the East, who are more than suspected of having themselves carried on the trade of the corsair on the high seas some thirty years ago; and very many of a similar class, whose direct or indirect benefit in piratical gains has long been notorious. But the inferiority of the class by whom the piracy of the Levant is now carried on, (for in Greece even piracy has degenerated!) and its discountenance by those who have since gained a position in society, affords no prospect of any material decline of the existing system, which can only be effected by the intervention of one or more of the maritime powers of Europe.*

It may be alleged, perhaps, that the disgraceful illustrations, which may daily be witnessed in all the cities of the Levant, of the inability of Great Britain to improve the social condition, however she may amend the government, of the Ionian Islands, renders it difficult for her to be extreme in marking the sins of Greece. The Turkish Government has, in truth, more ground of complaint against British subjects, for disturbances of the public peace, than against the whole of Continental Europe. The natives of the Republic, whom either chance, a roving disposition, or a repugnance to an honest and industrious livelihood, expatriates from their own islands, are in the habit (as is well known to those who are conversant with the affairs of the East) of congregating in Constantinople and other cities of Turkey, where they continue to subsist, partially or wholly, by means of robberies and assassinations, which are of daily, or rather nightly, occurrence in the suburbs of the capital. The Ottoman Porte is placed, meanwhile, in the anomalous position

* Lord Byron's portraiture of the Greek pirates is no doubt very correct. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that the poet has drawn the character of Lambro from real life, without even the substitution of a fictitious name. Lambro was probably in the zenith of his dark celebrity during Byron's second residence in Greece. His story, as recorded by the poet, is mainly true; and the old patriarch-pirate, at the age of between eighty and ninety, was lately living, if indeed he be not yet living, in the island of Zea.

of a Government without jurisdiction over subjects of many foreign states, in its own territories. The character of Turkish institutions, and the insignificant value which they attach to human life, has rendered it essential to the security of British subjects that the latter should be wholly exempted from the operation of the criminal laws of Turkey, and recognise no other jurisdiction than that of the diplomatic and consular officers of Great Britain; and the establishment of this happy convention has been productive of a reciprocal benefit in extending the commercial relations of Turkey, while it has secured in a great degree the lives and property of Englishmen in the Ottoman dominions. But every advantage is fraught with its corresponding evil, however much the one may preponderate over the other, so, in the present instance, it may be affirmed that a measure which has proved of incalculable benefit to all respectable classes of British subjects, has at the same time taken out of the hands of the Turkish authorities a wholesome control over the Ionian criminals, which the British Embassy is unable to exercise. A distinction between classes of subjects of the British Crown—which could only proceed upon the proof of a criminality that could not be adduced until the jurisdiction had already taken effect—was of course impossible. But, while we therefore unhesitatingly acquiesce in the wisdom of the arrangement, there are matters of detail connected with the manner in which the system is carried out which may be liable to exception.*

The authority of the British Government over subjects of the Crown in Turkey rests, as it is well known, on the statute of the 6 & 7 Victoria, c. 94, commonly called the "Foreign Jurisdiction Act," which repealed the cognate statute of the 6 & 7 Will. IV., and a portion of that of the 6 George IV. The diplomatic and consular Officers of Great Britain exercise a criminal jurisdiction over British subjects, in virtue of three successive Orders in Council, founded upon the above-mentioned statute, and bearing date, respectively, 1843, 1844, and 1847. The effect of these Orders has been to assign to British Consuls a power of inflicting limited punishment upon subjects of the Crown, and (either in cases of a graver nature, or where the

* We fear that the sobriety of the Greeks is not increased by the cheapness of the Tenedos wine, which is sold for half-a-piastre a bottle, and is the common beverage of the Archipelago. Poor Tenedos, alas! even the sovereignties of the gods seem to be revolutionised; and we find Bacchus usurping the Island of Apollo. But the government of Bacchus is exceedingly bad—in truth, his mal-administration is reprehensible in the highest degree: the wine of Tenedos resembles indifferent claret, which has well nigh effected a transmigration into vinegar!

trial cannot satisfactorily be conducted in the Turkish dominions) to appoint the colony of Malta as the seat of a supreme, though not appellate, criminal jurisdiction. The system, however, works ill: the efforts of the Consuls to repress the outrages of the Ionians are completely abortive; and it is calculated, at the very lowest computation, that *three-fourths* of the assassinations committed at Constantinople are perpetrated by British subjects. A leading objection to the present scheme is to be found in the fact that the Consuls act under a perpetual intimidation, greater in proportion as there is the more necessity for the exercise of their authority, at the hands of the criminals.

To such a condition, then, is the dominion of the Turk at this day reduced. Arising in an age of nearly universal barbarism, prevailing through a period of mediæval darkness, the system of Mahomet retained for awhile its *prestige* in the world, even when its light had been seen to fade before the clearer dawn of Western civilization and science. Resting on the sword, it recognised no existence but in the sword. Yet there was a further condition which it had overlooked—the means on which the sword itself might subsist. And, happily, the growth of knowledge has developed more plenteous, more durable, and purer springs of national strength. From a communion in those advantages, the system of the Crescent has cut off its votaries. From any possible extrication from the graver errors of a political religion, the superstitious reverence by which those errors are upheld debars the Turkish nation. Thus the Ottoman Government, if it experience the peril of standing still, experiences scarcely less the peril of advance. In the eyes of one class its progress is retrogression, and its retrogression progress. By another, a reforming policy is claimed as the condition of a renewed dependence. As a consequence of an administrative imbecility and a national decline, the financial credit of the empire has become wholly dissipated. To quell a formidable insurrection whenever it may arise, to keep down a nearly universal discontent, to conduct the government with a bankrupt treasury, are the three problems on the solution of which hangs the existence of the Ottoman sway. The skill of the Divan in surmounting, under the existing system, the difficulties of public administration, is entitled to unequivocal praise. The more overwhelming danger of external violence is also perpetually before the eyes of Government. But it has been seen that so long as an alliance may continue, or a far-sighted policy be pursued, among the western nations, there is no sufficient reason to apprehend any serious result from the clashing of opposite interests on the part of foreign Powers. Nevertheless, either the cessation of such a policy, or an increased complication of the

internal government, may at any time threaten Turkey with the catastrophe which diplomacy labours to avert. Yet, whatever may be the doom in store for the next hundred years—a partition, a Slavonic independence, or an Ottoman misrule—however the struggle between liberty and despotism may terminate—the same jealous and encroaching policies will probably be pursued by foreign Powers, and thus Europe will gain no repose from a change of government in the East.

By those politicians who would urge, with great plausibility and partial truth, that the time has arrived when the statesmen of Europe should sweep away the modern international system of balancing the power of states, and—discarding the jealous rivalries of nations—should act on a broader and fairer principle of political philosophy, which would merge in the good of the commonwealth the claims and pretensions of individual governments,—let it be remembered, that although the system originated in the jealousies of the great rival Powers, it has a more profound basis. In the present relative position of states, its continuance is inevitable, and, instead of looking forward to its extinction, we hope to see its operation extended so as fully to meet the requirements of that nobler feeling which ought to characterize every great and free nation,—viz., that it is the duty of the stronger to protect the rights and liberties of the weaker members of the European commonwealth.

Since the foregoing was put into type, the views of the Russian Government have been formally published in the Circular Note of M. de Nesselrode, which has already received too general a criticism to render needful an iteration of the instances in which the Court of St. Petersburg endeavours to sustain its position upon illogical arguments, upon false analogies, and upon the conversion of occasional concessions into irresistible precedents. But this document has served to place the Czar in a position from which he will find it as difficult to recede as to advance with honour: while it is obvious that the first act of hostility on the part of Russia will result in transferring to Great Britain and France the keys of the Baltic and the Euxine. For the issue of a contest little apprehension will be entertained in Western Europe. And sincerely as we hope that diplomacy may yet preserve the peace of the world, we are confident that it is not the will of the present Government and its allies to surrender their position; and thus, by shrinking from war, to make way for the introduction of a train of disasters of incalculably greater magnitude.

ART. X—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series will give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

Theology. **C**ONSIDERABLE attention has been excited in the "religious world" of evangelical dissenters, by a public debate,¹ carried on for six evenings, in the Cowper-street Institution, in the months of January and February, between Mr. Holyoake and the Rev. Brewin Grant, an independent minister of Birmingham. The question at issue was, the social advantages of "secularism" as compared with Christianity. Mr. Grant is very far from being orthodox. He belongs to the rapidly increasing number of young ministers who, compelled by worldly information to abandon the old divinity, as taught from the earliest periods of patristic antiquity down to the present century, consent to fall back upon the Scriptures, resolved to let the Bible mean no more than they can reasonably maintain. It is curious to observe religious papers and magazines applauding as the champion of their faith a man in whose theology they do not themselves believe, and who has not hesitated, even in the present discussion, to throw contempt upon their peculiar views. We should be heartily glad to learn that Mr. Grant really represented the religious opinions of the body in whose name he appears.

"Secularism" is the theory of doing without religion. As it professes to respect every law and manifestation of nature, it may yet become religious, supposing that to be true which many

¹ "Christianity and Secularism." Report of a Public Discussion between the Rev. Brewin Grant and G. J. Holyoake, Esq. London: Ward and Co.

believe, that the sentiment of worship forms an important element in our constitution. Secularism will then mean the theory of life according to nature. Hitherto it has stood upon two principles, which may be thus stated: the one is general and philosophic—"follow nature;" the other special, and not philosophic, but conventional,—“deny religion.” But if religion is a manifestation of nature, and no experience could prove but that it may be, the special rule is out of harmony with the wiser and more rational principle, whose proper hostility is to supernaturalism and not to religion itself.

This unhappy peculiarity of secularism, the natural result of its history, could not fail to afford advantage to so acute an opponent as Mr. Grant. It began in atheism; and although it has now abandoned the disproof of deity, contenting itself with the assertion that nothing can be known upon the subject, it is still, in practice and in spirit, professedly “without God.”

Mr. Holyoake takes rank among the ablest expounders of the life according to nature, so far at least as his views extend. Few more eloquent or more forcible displays of sensible, practical thought, could be found, than are contained in his opening statement, in the description of the moral influences which operate in the formation of character, and at frequent intervals in the debate. Ready, acute, and full of resources, he presents the example of a remarkable self-control, which could scarcely fail of influence upon those who were present. Seldom has it been our fortune to witness a more coldly bitter and uncandid attack, than was made by the champion of orthodoxy from his opening speech to the last.

Mr. Grant holds to the opinion that any amount of personal abuse is allowable if based upon truth. Under cover of a public discussion, he brings Mr. Holyoake to trial for every opinion, expressed or understood, by every contributor to “the Reasoner” for the space of above a dozen years. An excellent quarry, perhaps, and the safest for a Christian champion himself far gone in heresy. One remark a reasonable man might desire to offer upon such a course—why was not this single purpose avowed at the outset? Why should respectable persons like the chairmen have been led into the delusion that they were about to listen to a temperate discussion, for truth and not for victory, upon the respective subjects in dispute? Mr. Grant might have been accomplishing his mission—he certainly failed to do justice to himself. More quick than clear in his perception, he often argues like the Legate in “King John,” reasoning upon terms with a play of words almost marvellous. We regret at every page to see a subtle, ingenious mind employed in a manner so little worthy of itself.

THE debate may be read with interest as setting forth the opinions of two able men, at least for the very brief moments at which one is allowed to forget the enormous arrogance of assumption on the one side, and the unhappy necessity of self-defence on the other. We believe that the public mind is prepared for something better than this quarrel of words and personalities; at the same time, we do not look for an honest disputation whilst every interest of the opposing parties is fatal to mutual concession, and even the courtesies of society may with impunity be neglected.

It is a real refreshment to fix attention, in contrast, upon the work of a solid thinker, as charitable in disposition as his views are large and philosophical. It contains the series of eight Bampton lectures, delivered in 1851, by the Rev. Henry Wilson, on the subject of the Communion of Saints.² The style in which they are composed is that of an accomplished scholar; but, unfortunately for their general acceptance, neither simple nor sufficiently direct: the thoughtful reader will not complain of the too stately form which conveys to him so large an amount of sound instruction, clear historical discrimination, and careful interpretation of theology, in the language and sympathies of modern times. The author finds the true catholic bond of union among Christians "in the identity of their disposition and purpose, rather than in their dogmatic or historic faith, their feelings, the supernatural influences in which they believe, their worship, or their formal, or mere personal, virtue." They all exhibit a "fixed faith in the victory of good over evil," and the conviction that "they are the appointed instruments to secure it." They are not "disciples" only, but "apostles." This principle embraces all Christian communions; while, in order to render the Church of England more effective in carrying forward its own part in the great work of regenerating the world, Mr. Wilson would take advantage of the practice of "confirmation," and convert it from its present lax employment into a real point of demarcation between the faithful and the worldly. He regards the creeds of the English church as mere symbols, to be interpreted according to the best information of the age. He admits the utmost enlargement of scientific views, even in the examination of the Scriptures. It would not be easy to point to a better example of profound and penetrating criticism than that, for example, in which the writer discriminates between the varied uses of the term "faith," as employed by Paul, Calvin, and Luther. He is

² "The Communion of Saints; an attempt to illustrate the true principles of Christian Union: in Eight Lectures, delivered before the University of Oxford." By Henry Bristow Wilson, B.D. Oxford: W. Graham. London: Hatchard and Son.

prepared to allow, that even the work of the Holy Spirit is represented in the New Testament through the popular, ignorant medium of ideas current at the time. Whatever opinion such a man may hold must claim respectful attention; he does not hold it without reason: and in these too hasty days of superficial dogmatism, we conceive it to be of far more consequence to attend to the manner of a man's thoughts, than to what he may happen to believe.

Something different from these lectures is another series upon the various church-forms of Christianity,³ by the Rev. John Gordon, Unitarian minister at Coventry. They contain much excellent sense, and are calculated to improve the too slight reputation for religious earnestness of the denomination to which the writer belongs. Displaying no high order of genius, they characterize, in the usual way, the English and Roman churches, Congregationalism, Methodism, and Unitarianism; offering hearty homage alike to Wesley and Priestley, to Dr. Owen and Channing. Unlike the philosopher in the church, here is a writer, whom no orthodox community would own as a fellow-Christian, who yet persists in taking the orthodox point of view, recommending his own church-fellowship as the most scriptural. But he is too conscious of the superiority of his theological opinions to be unjust, excepting to that class of thinkers who rather seek religion in the philosophy of man's nature than in any miraculous foundation of churches. Every word of the sentence which Mr. Gordon passes upon unbelievers, the orthodox party would use against himself. He adopts, in fact, their style of criticism in the lecture upon "Indifferentism," in which he confounds, in one trite sweep of censure, the whole army of doubters.

Mr. King, of Trinity College, Dublin, has employed much learning and ingenuity to prove that Titus,⁴ the supposed Bishop of Crete, was really the same person as Timothy, the reputed episcopal head of the church at Ephesus. "Titus" was an abbreviation of the long and awkward name "Timotheus," recommended to choice as being also Latin, and selected, possibly, after the manner in which "an Irishman going to settle in England might adopt, instead of his native patronymic, one which should correspond to it in the English tongue, putting 'Rogers,' for instance, for 'McRory,' or 'Bradley' for 'Brallaghan.'" In the second epistle to the Church of Corinth both names are mentioned, and with a remarkable appearance to common perception of designating two distinct persons. It is

³ "Christian Developments." By John Gordon. London: Edward Whitfield, Strand.

⁴ "Who was Titus?" By R. King, A.B. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

instructive to know that verbal comment upon sacred books, so far as it can establish anything, seems able, in the opinion of commentators, to prove everything. This very epistle supplies the main argument of the book before us. It may be stated in a few words, although, according to the vicious custom of such writers, the author has made his paradoxical opinion a centre of the most varied and minute dissertation, interesting to those who prefer that loose method, but not popularly acceptable. From the second of Paul's letters to Corinth, we learn that he was anxiously expecting, after his enforced departure from Ephesus, some news from the Christian people of Corinth, to whom he had sent a sharp letter of reproof. It was a person bearing the name of Titus whom the apostle had sent, and he had no rest in his mind until that fellow-labourer returned. He then indites an epistle, full of gentler words, making frequent mention in it of this intimate friend, and of his Corinthian mission. But, in the Acts of the Apostles, about the same period, Paul is said to have sent into Macedonia a person named Timothy, and in the first letter to Corinth he intimates that that disciple might soon be expected amongst them, and urges them to conduct him forth in peace, since he expected to see him with the brethren. Mr. King assumes here for Timothy the special business which was obviously transacted by Titus, and the identification becomes complete. There is, on the other hand, no proof that Timothy reached the place; perhaps there may be reasons to believe the contrary: certainly, whether he arrived there or not, the incidental allusions to him in the first letter afford no reasonable ground for the idea that he was entrusted with any special mission to the Corinthians, beyond the purpose with which he was to visit other churches in the same ministerial tour. That Paul should speak in his first letter of his probable coming was more natural, especially as he had assisted in the establishment of their church. One allusion to him in the second Epistle has a similar bearing, while the same circumstance gives additional point to the conjoining of his name with Paul's at the head of the document which accredited to the same people the further mission of Titus.

A volume containing "the Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem the Syrian," translated by Dr. Burgess, is as creditable to the translator's good taste as to his learning. Ephraem lived under the Emperor Constantine and his sons, and was thoroughly Athanasian; but the design of the liberal translator was literary, and not theological.

The volume contains thirty-five hymns and nine metrical homilies. The author's style of thought and the translator's

power of rendering it, will be best shown by a specimen: we select the third hymn:—

“ON THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

“How bitter is the grief
For the death of childhood;
How grievous the separation
Of the infant from its mother:
‘Train it up, Lord, in thy dwelling!’

“This day afflicts
The fathers through their sons;
And death now breaks
The staff of their old age:
‘Lord! may they lean on Thee!’

“This day removes
The only child from its mother,
And cuts off the arm
Which would have been her stay:
‘In thee, Lord, may she trust!’

“This day separates
The little one from its parent,
And leaves her in the wilderness
Of suffering and grief:
‘Do Thou, Lord, comfort her!’

“This day divides
The sucking child from the breast:
And the mother wails and grieves
Because her intercourse with it has perished:
‘May she see it in the Kingdom!’

“O happy infancy,
Which hath gained Paradise!
Alas! for old age,
Which still remains in sorrow!
‘Lord, be Thou its helper!’”

The writer of this hymn was certainly a poet, and we consider that Dr. Burgess has done good service to literature in giving us this addition to our stock of early Christian poetry.

Mr. Bolton has thrown together in an essay,⁵ which gained the Hulsean prize for 1852, the substance of the Christian apologies to the end of Augustine. He classifies their arguments, as drawn from the following sources—“antecedent probability,

⁵ “Evidences of Christianity, from the Early Fathers.” By W. J. Bolton. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

antiquities, the prophetic and miraculous elements, the doctrines, the morals, and the success of the Gospel." We attach more consequence to the extracts than to the thread of remark with which our author connects them. There is material for a really good dissertation in the comparison between the late writers on Christian evidence and these apologists; but it should not be in the hands of one who persists in interpreting ancient authors by the light of the articles of the Church of England.

A selection from the correspondence of Dr. Chalmers⁶ might be made more popularly serviceable if itself selected from, and if the writer's sentiments were reduced to some kind of classification. "What a good, hearty, loving Scotch soul he is!" This expression of Professor Edwards, when on a visit to Edinburgh, is forcibly recalled by many of the letters in this volume. We have been always interested in his affectionate appreciation of kindred genius, as in men like John Foster and Robert Hall—in his industrious tenderness towards the young people of his acquaintance—in his earnest, practical form of character—in that consistent and unwearied energy which gave its high tone to the celebrated "secession." "What will the good doctor think?" is a question which must have often recurred to every individual engaged in that conflict. Some portions of the late correspondence read almost like anticipated history. Dr. Chalmers, however, the model of pastors, was not a great theologian. There must have been a strong root of goodness and liberality in a character which could withstand so successfully the repressive influence of a narrow, exclusive creed. It may be taken as the sure test of something false in a system, when it has power, as in the present instance, to isolate a genuine soul from universal sympathy, and confine the interest of its sentiments to the very small circle of converts to a peculiar faith.

De Castro's sketches from Spanish religious history⁷ are by no means complete, nor conceived in the spirit of a philosopher. They read like the essays of an incipient literature, and in this view will become more interesting to the future than they can be at present. The author writes with boldness and evident conviction. We should like him better if he were more Spanish, if we could less often detect in his remarks the echo of orthodox English opinion. He is not fortunate in his in-

⁶ "A Selection from the Correspondence of Dr. Chalmers." Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

⁷ "History of Religious Intolerance in Spain." By Señor Don Adolfo de Castro. Translated by Thomas Parker. London: W. and F. Cash, Bishopsgate Street, Without.

terpreter, who can scarcely be praised for either a very accurate literary knowledge or for good taste.

Philosophy. Mr. Holyoake has written a short treatise, which may be called a grammar of organization,⁸ and which offers many valuable hints, useful to all persons who would unite and work together for any purpose consistent with principle. Our English societies have much need of this plain, but philosophic teaching.

We can afford only a brief notice of the cheap edition of Paley's "Moral Philosophy,"⁹ issued by Chambers, under the careful and judicious superintendence of Mr. Bain. The notes and dissertations of the editor form a useful addition to the book, and indicate a familiarity with the subject calculated to inspire confidence in the mind of the student. The introduction deserves especial praise, as a really valuable help to the understanding of the book.

The reprint of Mr. Napier's "Essay on the early and direct Influence of Lord Bacon's Philosophical Writings,"¹⁰ is likely to attract attention as giving permanent shape to a most valuable contribution towards the history of science. It was read, in the year 1818, before the "Royal Society of Edinburgh," and is now reproduced from their "Transactions." It is carefully argued, and well written, and, to our judgment, successfully vindicates the high claim of the "father of modern science"—a kind of claim only made with justice for those who establish a principle in all its fulness, and are able, in some sort, to predict its yet untried results.

In the same volume is the re-issue of a paper on Sir Walter Raleigh, replete with that peculiar interest which unvaryingly attracts us to every new historic light upon the stirring age of Queen Elizabeth.

Dr. Vaughan has re-written his life and opinions of John de Wycliffe¹¹ in a style by no means the less interesting that it frequently recalls the manner of one whom he rather irreverently denominates "our somewhat whimsical friend—Thomas Carlyle." The sentiments of the reformer are carefully set forth in extracts from his numerous works sufficiently copious and pertinent to create the interest of a biography; the materials are too few and bare, excepting in the hands of a writer capable

⁸ "Organization, not of Arms but Ideas." London: J. Watson.

⁹ "The Moral Philosophy of Paley, with Dissertations and Notes." By Alexander Bain, A.M. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

¹⁰ "Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh." By the late Macvey Napier, Esq. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

¹¹ "John de Wycliffe, D.D.: a Monograph." By Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: Seeleys.

of sketching from imagination, and of giving harmonious relief to the results of antiquarian research. If the figure of John Wickliffe does not stand forth so clearly marked in individuality as that of the celebrated abbot of Bury St. Edmunds, we cannot attribute the difference to any deficiency of learning, or to any want of industry on the part of the biographer. He returns to his labour with the evident romantic zeal of a first love. What the reformer is to his own mind he is able to portray; all that, in such an age, such a man must have been, our evangelical historian cannot perhaps depict. Writers of this class too commonly do little more than throw their own ideal into the past; they surround it with an antique garniture, and are content. Wickliffe, in the book before us, is a kind of evangelical protestant dissenter—such as Dr. Vaughan would probably picture to himself alike Paul and Calvin, Peter and John Huss. The chief value of this work will be found in the full illustration which it gives of the fact, that, for many generations in England before the Reformation, a strong current of religious reform had set in; and the writer suggests incidentally, to an extent perhaps with which he would not willingly be credited, numberless worldly influences, which carried our national mind in the same direction.

Natural
Science.

The excellent "Principles of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Vegetable Cell,"¹² by Hugo Von Mohl, has appeared in an English form, having been translated, with the author's sanction, by Mr. Hefrey, one of the ablest of our investigators of vegetable physiology. It is the best manual for the study of the structure of plants with which we are acquainted, and is indispensable to the botanist. The subjects of which it treats are of more than special interest, and bear importantly upon natural history in all its branches.

In the natural history section of the "Scientific Memoirs,"¹³ several valuable papers on vegetable physiology have recently been translated by the same able hand with the above. The publication in which they are contained is highly honourable as well as useful to British science, since the object to which it is devoted is the making known as speedily as possible the scattered but precious labours of foreign philosophers. The more valuable and profound these memoirs are, the smaller the number of their readers must be; hence the translation and publication of them has to be undertaken purely for love of science on the part of

¹² "Principles of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Vegetable Cell." By Hugo von Mohl. Translated by Arthur Hefrey, F.R.S. London: Van Voorst. 1852.

¹³ "Scientific Memoirs, selected from the Transactions of Foreign Academies of Science, and from Foreign Journals." London: Taylor and Francis. 1852-53.

the editors and publishers. Among the zoological essays contained in recent parts, are excellent abstracts of the profound treatises on philosophical zoology, by the celebrated Von Baer,—little known in this country, and likely to be of much service, through their excellence and suggestiveness. These abstracts are prepared by one of the most promising of our younger physiologists and comparative anatomists, Mr. Huxley, whose own original researches have placed him in a high position in the class of true observers and philosophers of whom Von Baer may be taken as the type. The task which he has undertaken is a worthy one,—that, to use his own words, “of assisting to place in its proper position, during the lifetime of the venerable author, the reputation of one who had in the completest manner demonstrated the truth of the doctrine of Epigenesis three years before the delivery of Cuvier’s ‘Leçons sur l’Histoire des Sciences Naturelles,’ (in which he still advocates the evolution theory,) and who had long recognised development as the sole basis of zoological classification, while in France, Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire were enbittering one another’s lives with endless mere anatomical discussions and replications, and while in Germany, the cautious study of nature was given up for the spinning of *Nature-Philosophies* and other hypothetical cobwebs.” In the same publication is contained an account of one of the most curious facts and discoveries of late years made in zoology, viz., the history of the males of the Argonauts, and certain other cuttle fishes, a story that reads like a romance, but, from the nature of the subject, is unadapted for general readers. One of the strangest and most interesting features of it is that now we know the truth, we are enabled to understand certain passages in Aristotle’s “History of Animals,” which seemed obscure and almost absurd, but are, in reality, distinct though brief statements of the true sexual phenomena of the Octopus, which, after two or three centuries of continued observation, modern naturalists have only just made out.

An extensive work on a favourite department of British zoology has just been brought to a conclusion, and adds one more to the series of elaborate treatises in which British naturalists have endeavoured to illustrate with full details and excellent figures the animal population of their native province. This is the account of the “British Mollusks and their Shells,”¹⁴ by Professor Edward Forbes and Mr. Harley, a laborious undertaking, extending over several years, and containing the results of the researches of numerous excellent observers. Friendly

¹⁴ “History of British Mollusca.” By Professor E. Forbes and Sylvanus Harley. 4 vols. 8vo. Van Voorst. 1853.

co-operation prevails more among naturalists than any other set of men of science.

A thick quarto, constituting the third volume of "Observations made at the Magnetical and Meteorological Observatory at Hobarton, in Van Diemen's Island," has been printed by the government, and superintended by Colonel Sabine.

In a small but compact treatise,¹⁵ the able geologist who directs the survey in Ireland, has given a clear and concise outline, untechnical and popular in style, of the physical portion of his science. A book of this kind has for some time been much wanted, since most of our elementary works are devoted, in great part, to the natural-history aspect of geology. Mr. Jukes writes with spirit, and from his own knowledge, acquired in the field both at home and in far distant countries. This gives a freshness to his treatment of the subject. The illustrations of this pretty volume are remarkably clever, and quite unbackneyed, a great advantage in a geological manual, since the illustrative scenery of most writers of this kind consists too often of views that have done service for a quarter of a century. The author of this volume has recently sent forth an original essay* of much merit, upon the coal-district of Staffordshire.

Political and Social Science. Earl Grey acknowledges the reign of public opinion by the act of defending his "Colonial Policy,"¹⁶ in two octavo volumes, filled with letters addressed *pro forma*, to his administrative chief, Lord John Russell. If his lordship's actual management in detail had been as little to be complained of as the principles he here enunciates, and as the manner of stating and discussing them, the Colonial Office would not have contributed its heavy share of unpopularity to the breaking up of Lord John's administration. In some "preliminary remarks" these principles are laid down:—free trade was to be maintained, notwithstanding the discontent it occasioned in the colonies; our colonial empire was to be upheld, for we cannot rid ourselves of the obligations which have grown up with it, whether in respect of humanity or of international rights, nor could we preserve at less cost that external and general peace which we should assuredly still be called on to preserve, even if we let the colonies loose;—each colony ought to pay its own internal expenses;—where the condition of the population permits, representative institutions ought to be established;—a population composed in part of small numbers

¹⁵ "Popular Physical Geology." By J. Beete Jukes, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Reeve and Co. 1853.

* "Records of the Geological Survey of Great Britain," Vol. I. Part 2.

¹⁶ "The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration." By Earl Grey. 2 vols. Bentley. 1853.

of an intelligent and highly civilized dominant class and in part of a rude and ignorant multitude, is not in a condition which permits the use of representative institutions, that of Ceylon, for example,—practical freedom is to be secured in such cases by means of liberty of discussion and of the unrestrained right of resort to the imperial authorities whenever the local government fails to give satisfaction;—municipal institutions ought to be founded wherever practicable, for the sake both of their direct objects, and of their use in preparing the people for further participation in public affairs;—and the colonies, all of which now commonly pay the cost of their own civil government, ought gradually to be brought to bear also, in some form, their share in the general military expenses of the empire. His lordship, moreover, says that since in small colonies very much must depend on the personal qualities of the governor and other chief officers, and only the few principal offices on which so much depends now remain in the patronage of the imperial ministry, the anxiety attendant on the choice is very great, while the patronage is too small to afford party influence enough to make it an object with any ministry.

The sugar colonies, prostrated really by the commercial failures of 1847, attributed their distress entirely to the new policy of free-trade, which ought at most only to have been charged with some such temporary consequences as always attend a change. Some of these colonies, under instigation and guidance from England, attempted to thwart the home government, and to compel a return to a protectionist system of sugar duties, by refusing to maintain public faith with their officers in the matter of salaries, and to provide for the ordinary expenses of government. They were met by the natural retort implied in the cessation of the ordinary measures of security to themselves and their property, of which those expenses are the cost. The opposition ceased, and all parties are becoming reconciled to freedom. Jamaica, however, seems to be an exception to the general submission, and will probably have to barter the pet absurdities of its constitution for imperial relief from its embarrassments.

On the vexed question of transportation, his lordship has more to say for his own views and the measures consequent on them, than might at first sight be expected. We have not space, however, to follow him in this or other topics of great importance to our colonial policy, and nearly affecting the estimate to be ultimately formed of his own official career. Probably his reputation, and, consequently, his efficiency as a minister, suffered more from petulance under opposition, not inconsistent with a squeezableness which sometimes betrayed him into unworthy

situations, than from any want either of sound principles, or of a willingness on the whole to carry them into effect. Discreet silence in these volumes, as to certain transactions connected with New Zealand, prevents one illustration of this remark from coming before the public at present in such a version as his lordship might have to give.

If we had room for speculation, we should here advert to the strong confirmation afforded by these volumes to the views on colonial government we propounded some months ago. To say to the colonies, "Quarrel as you like, only so that you pay the costs yourselves," is to let loose a brood of young nations to fall out with one another or with the rest of the world; while, whatever our obtestations, we must eventually be saddled, in one way or another, with a large share of the responsibility and its consequences. We have no choice but to hold the empire together; and we can only hold it together permanently, and in a state of internal quiet, by means of some such chief elements of polity as these;—a set of general principles to which all parts of the empire shall conform,—municipal authorities for the carrying out of these principles in detail, under imperial supervision and guarantee for conformity in principle to the general standard,—one citizenship running over all the empire, subject to local municipal regulations,—one common defence, to the cost and strength of which each part proportionately contributes. Earl Grey's volumes may be most easily read as a commentary on these elements.

The appearance of Mr. Baillic's "*Moohummudan Law of the Land Tax in India*," to which we shall presently advert, throws us back on the "*Moohummudan Law of Sale*,"¹⁷ by the same learned and able member of the Calcutta bar, published some time ago. In both books the original materials, drawn from the Arabic, are amply illustrated for the English reader. It will doubtless be recollected that all Moohummudan law is based on the same authority as religion. A few passages in the Kooran, delivered at times by the Prophet under the passing exigencies of a barbarous condition of society, supply its foundation; these are defective enough to require that any sayings of his which can be traditionally authenticated with more or less certainty, should be added to them; again, the opinions or decisions of the "companions" of the Prophet, who were held to be under divine guidance, are appealed to in absence of higher authority; and, lastly, the whole are extended in their application by means of "analogical reasoning." This "reasoning" led to the establishment of four chief orthodox sects, the founder of one of them

¹⁷ "The Moohummudan Law of Sale, according to the Huneefee Code: from the Futawa Alumgeerce." By Neil B. E. Baillic. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

being Haneefa, who died at Bagdad, 150 A. H., or about the year 772 of the Christian era. He had two disciples, Yoosuf and Moohummud, whose dicta are held to be scarcely inferior to his own; the united voice of the three has the force of absolute law. The body of decisions and of usages with the effect of law, which grew up in Irak under the followers of these eminent men, was carried to India, when, four hundred years after, the Mussulmans permanently established themselves at Delhi. Five hundred years more had elapsed, when, about A. D. 1670, the Mogul emperor, Aurungzebe, assembled a number of lawyers, who produced at his command the collection of decisions called, after himself, the Futawa Alungcerec, which, as to two or three subjects of principal importance, Mr. Baillie has made accessible, and even interesting, to the English reader.

Like all other law, where there is no living legislature, this is almost entirely composed of precedents and decisions. The original principles were few, in some respects obscure, and, in many others, not adapted to the extended use which afterwards befel them. It is curious, however, and highly instructive, to note the fecundity of consequences which a single principle, artistically treated, may exhibit. The prophet had said (Koorân, chap. ii.) "God hath permitted selling, and forbidden usury. Whosoever returneth to usury they shall be companions of hell fire; they shall continue therein for ever." And he said not much more on the subject. But what is usury? The Arabic word employed means "excess," and is not exactly confined to what we call "interest." An advantage, therefore, to one party, not confronted by a corresponding one to the other, is usury; and this definition, together with the practical precautions against breaches of the principle which have acquired the effect of law, carry the doctrine into the commonest transactions of life. Where the goods to be exchanged are on both sides of kinds to be measured, or similarly both to be weighed, they must be mutually delivered at the time of the bargain, or one party gains an advantage in the delay, and that is usury. Goods of the same kind must be exactly equal in weight, or measure, difference of quality notwithstanding, or there is usury here also. Again, the objects of sale are divided into two classes—those which are composed of similar constituent parts, and those of dissimilar parts. Corn is of the first kind, a horse of the second. The first class do not require specification; and the real object of sale, where they are concerned, is only an obligation, until the article intended to be sold is separated, designated, and delivered. The second class infer specification in the act of sale. The objects of sale are thus divided into obligations and things, subject, however, to further

subdivision, and some important uses of the doctrine. Moreover, "price" is not confined, as with us, to the expression of value in terms of money. Generally speaking, the function of price may be sustained by anything of the class which is distinguished by dissimilarity of parts; all other matters are objects of sale, whatever may be opposed to them. Now, a stipulation to delay the delivery of the object of sale would be illegal, and would vitiate the transaction; but a like delay in the delivery of the price is lawful. But again, credit cannot be opposed to credit; both the things exchanged cannot remain after the bargain with their original owners—one of them at least must be delivered forthwith; time bargains are unlawful. To all this, and much more, is to be added the doctrine of options, of cancellation for defects, of various kinds of loans, &c. &c., for the bare mention of which we cannot now find space.

This system of law, we have said, was that of the Mussulman governments in India; and it seems to have supplanted almost entirely, in many parts of that country, whatever of Hindoo law might previously have been in force. It is true that here, as elsewhere, men were ingenious in devising formal escapes from express but distasteful laws; it is also true that some Hindoo usages, such as credit and usury, survived all invasion; but these mitigations of the rigour of the system only increased its intricacy and confusion; and when we take into account the evident unfitness of it to the requirements of the active and extended commerce in which some classes of Hindoos and other natives engaged, and also remember that India never possessed a system of judicature exempt from the corruptions of some classes and the violence of others, we can easily conceive the pressure of necessity under which the British authorities first attempted to make laws, and to establish courts in India, and the eagerness with which the people would avail themselves of any new chance of justice. How far the attempt has succeeded, or, if not successful, has been honestly, diligently, and judiciously made, are questions to be discussed elsewhere.

We cannot take leave of this book without saying that it supplies an exceedingly interesting chapter in the general history of law, as well as some important materials, for judging of the condition of India, and of some of the reforms which that country requires.

Of Mr. Baillie's other book¹⁸ we need only say that, drawn from the same original sources, and its topics expounded with equal care, it is of great value to all who have occasion to in-

¹⁸ "The Land Tax of India, according to the Moohummudan Law." Translated from the Futawa Alumgceree, by Neil B. E. Baillie. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

investigate the fiscal system of India. It does with lawyer-like precision for the Moohummudan part of the land-tax question of India, what the book of Lieut.-Gen. Briggs did, in 1830, for all the different parts of the subject, but more especially for the Hindoo, with a wider historical range, and therefore, with less of minute exactness. The word "system" is, indeed, hardly applicable to the facts. The form of government at once the oldest, and, before the Moohummudan times, the most prevalent, seems to have been that in which every village was a separate little commonwealth, with its own officers, its lands being held by the families who originally constituted the community. The government, which ruled over all, was little more than that of him who, from prescription, sanctity, or the strong hand, was able to exact the accustomed tribute. For this tribute each village—that is, each sub-republic,—was answerable as a body; and the burden was shared internally by their own arrangements—a matter not difficult where much else was held or done in common. Upon this system the Mussulmans superinduced theirs, which laid a light tax on lands held by the faithful, a heavier one on those held by others; and grants of the government revenue were often made to individuals both by way of payment for services, and of royal favour. Moreover, the technical spirit of the Moohummudan judicial authorities spared not this branch of law. Room, however, was left for the Hindoo usage of succession to operate, by which the lands of a deceased parent were often held in common by the family; and thus rights which had no previous existence, became colourable in the eyes of the foreign rulers, who cared little for the name which stood as that of the holder of the land, or for any persons holding along with or under him, so long as the revenue was paid. When all these different matters were brought into Mussulman courts, novelties were confirmed, and the old orders of things were succeeded by another full of complications, arising from their junction. This, however, was not a process uniform all over India; but more of Moohummudan was introduced, or more of Hindoo remained, according to the greater or less extent or strength of the foreign rule, or to the greater or less desirableness to the people of some authoritative law, however imperfect or unwelcome. Nor is it quite certain that even the original Hindoo basis, although generally prevalent, was everywhere to be found, and was everywhere exactly alike.

A condition thus darkened by diversity, seems also full of doubt and practical difficulties, when we tacitly assume, as we almost always do, that India is one country, instead of being only a single name for a group of countries; and if we further assume that we are bound by the feelings of the people to conform to historic precedents in any fiscal arrangements we may devise. The search, however, on these grounds, for some single system

applicable to all India alike, seems to have failed equally in the hands of archæologists and of revenue officers.

Mr. Cameron,¹⁹ with every title to attention on the higher class of Indian subjects, has laid his views before parliament and the public in a form which admits much more of argument and illustration than the petition which he addressed to the legislature. His object is to enforce the good policy as well as the justice of employing qualified natives in the superior offices of our Indian government, and to urge the extension of education in our Eastern empire. He deduces from the experience of the Romans the safety and wisdom of admitting the subject races to share in our power; he advocates encouragement to the use of the English language as a means of enlightenment, as well as of government; he desires the establishment of universities in India, competent to confer degrees; and he presses on the government measures for inducing the resort of natives to England, for the completion of their education. He exposes the conduct of the Court of Directors in evading the admission of Dr. Chuckerbuddy to the covenanted service of the East India Company, when the claims of that highly educated Hindoo medical gentleman were pressed on them by Sir Edward Ryan and himself,—conduct which we take to be a good deal more skilful than wise. Whoever takes an interest in the present Indian question, ought to read this book, the result of twelve years' experience in offices which require the most careful examination of the character of the people, and the condition of society in our Indian empire. We will only add, that amongst the circumstances required to make book-education effectual, or even prevalent, we do not observe that this able and philosophic author adverts to the industrial elevation and reforms, which in this, as well as other views, India so urgently requires.

We have before us other books and pamphlets on India, for which we cannot at present afford space proportionate to the importance of their subjects. Since, however, India, to be effectually reformed, must be a matter of perennial interest, and continually renewed investigation, we have less difficulty in postponing each of them, until its subject comes under due examination. Meanwhile, we may give a few words to some of them.

Mr. Irving's "Theory and Practice of Caste"²⁰ is a small book, well worth reading. We are somewhat surprised that both

¹⁹ "An Address to Parliament on the Duties of Great Britain to India, in respect to the Education of the Natives and their Official Employment." By Charles Hay Cameron, late Fourth Member of the Council of India, &c. &c. Longmans. 1853.

²⁰ "The Theory and Practice of Caste." By B. A. Irving, Esq., B.A. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

Mr. Cameron and he should attribute the apparent immobility of Hindooism (more apparent, indeed, than real) so exclusively to caste, and leave out of account the influence of the village system, with its endowed artizans, and the consequent comparative isolation of the village—that is, of nine-tenths of India.

The pamphlet of Mr. Bruce Norton²¹ has attracted much attention from the newspaper press, and has been thought by a cabinet minister to require an answer in parliament. Although it is open to the objection of being an *ex parte* collection of extreme cases of judicial blundering and incompetency, rather than a fair exposition of average facts, and although it points pretty plainly to the very undesirable operation of flooding southern India from the over-full reservoirs of Westminster Hall, yet the good service it has done, on the whole, is plainly marked in the present discussion. In connexion with this, we may notice another pamphlet²² on the judicial affairs of India; this relates to the presidency of Bombay. Its author, Nowrozjee Furdoojee, is a resident of that city, and produced his book under the encouragement of the Native Association there, by whom it is circulated in England, as well as Mr. Norton's pamphlet, to serve as an expression of their own views. This Parsee author writes good English, and takes, on the whole, so sensible a view of the subject, as to encourage a belief that the people of India are progressing towards a knowledge of their own affairs.

The political morality of the Western presidency is curiously illustrated by the proceedings relative to Baroda, condensedly narrated from the blue books.²³ The story of the widow Joitabae and her persecutions is amongst the most remarkable illustrations of modern native Indian life, and is not one the least discreditable to the British government. The whole is an exceedingly interesting exhibition of indefatigable and courageous honesty in the person of Col. Outram, opposed to the corrupt villany, alternately subtle and audacious, but always bold and clever, of some of the very worst specimens of the Brahmin intriguer. It is rumoured that the government of Bombay have vindicated their manner of dealing with these corruptions so little to the satisfaction of the home authorities, that Baroda has been removed from their control to that of the Governor-General.

²¹ "The Administration of Justice in Southern India." By John Bruce Norton, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Madras: Pharos and Co. 1853.

²² "On the Civil Administration of the Bombay Presidency." By Nowrozjee Furdoojee, Fourth Translator and Interpreter to Her Majesty's Supreme Court. London: Chapman. 1853.

²³ "Baroda and Bombay: their Political Morality. A Narrative drawn from the Papers laid before Parliament in relation to the removal of Lieut.-Col. Outram from the office of Resident at the Court of the Guckwar." By John Chapman. London: Chapman. 1853.

History and
Memoirs. The eleventh volume of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece,"²⁴ and Mr. Burton's fragment of the "History of Scotland,"²⁵ are the only historical works prominent in the mass of literature published during the last quarter. Goldsmith's philosopher was rather disposed to wonder to his friend, Fum Hoam, that there should be any demand for new books, before those already published have been read. The public, however, can, without fatigue, keep pace with our historians, read each volume that they publish, and, after reading each, find time to spend in whistling for the next. For certainly, whatever may be said of travellers and novelists, it is not the historian "that with superfluous burden loads the day." There is a reason for everything, and one for this thing, therefore, among others. Even a bad history cannot be written otherwise than by the aid of a certain amount of serious and steady toil, which by no means suits the multitude of men who go to press—as they would go to a masked ball—to amuse themselves by the assumption of a new costume, and are disposed rather to make work than to do it for their readers.

Few historians, pledged to a series of volumes, have ever trespassed less upon the patience of the public than Mr. Grote, of whose thoughtful, scholarly, and manly "History of Greece," the last volume but one, carrying affairs on to the death of Philip of Macedon, is now before the world. The publication of this history, consisting of twelve volumes, in which there is no trace of carelessness, in which everywhere a ripe and liberal judgment is seen to have been at work on stores of learning, will have extended over not more than about five years. The style throughout is vigorous and polished, as might be expected in a work that is already ranked among our standard histories.

If Mr. Burton's "History of Scotland" may not also be regarded as a permanent addition to our literature, it may at least be pronounced a very worthy contribution to the literature of the day. It wants nothing that industry and good judgment could furnish—nothing but the gift of life. Mr. Burton does not possess creative power; he cannot reproduce dead facts in living forms, but it is just to add, that there are few who can. This reservation made, we are bound to commend very highly Mr. Burton's history. The subject of it is remarkably well chosen. It embraces a period of sixty years, which not only admits of, but demands separate treatment, inasmuch as it includes the whole narrative of one of the most important events

²⁴ "History of Greece." By George Grote, Esq. Vol. IX. Murray.

²⁵ "History of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection." By John Hill Burton. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

in the history of Great Britain—the union effected between England and Scotland. After the Revolution and the Vote of Forfeiture, the course of events in Scotland first began to tend towards the consummation of this bargain. At the cost of much trouble and strife it was completed, and at length assured for ever, at the close of the last Jacobite insurrection in 1748. At that date, therefore, Mr. Burton's history comes to a natural end. The history of the union was worth writing well, and it is well written by Mr. Burton, who has studied to good purpose contemporary books, and tracts, and manuscripts, has had access to old family chests, and has spared no pains over his undertaking. He writes well, also; the absence of creative genius does by no means, in his case, imply dulness. His style is correct, careful, and free from every kind of affectation or impertinence. A few words of Scottish flavour, such, for instance, as "dubiety," rather improve than mar the general effect; the book deals with a period that abounds in interesting incidents, and Mr. Burton, who can maintain the gravity of history without being either tedious or pedantic, will satisfy all sober readers, and add very considerably to his reputation. We should note, also, concerning these volumes, that, as they treat of the years immediately following the ruin of the Roman Church north of the Tweed, they include the first and most important portion of the modern ecclesiastical history of Scotland. The ability with which the chapters upon church affairs are written, is not the least striking feature of Mr. Burton's very valuable work.

This, perhaps, is the most convenient place in which to record the publication of the fourth volume of Colonel Mure's "*History of the Greek Language and Literature*,"²⁶ which maintains its sterling character; and as even a summary, supplied by so good a historian of Roman affairs as Mr. Merivale, ought not to be omitted from our chronicle, we call the attention of all teachers to the short "*History of the last Century of the Roman Commonwealth*,"²⁷ lately published by that very able scholar.

From history we pass to the materials of which historians hereafter will make use. This stuff *pour servir* is now being rather abundantly supplied, and commonly appears in somewhat bulky volumes, which are not books, but the material for books, or are books only in the sense of being printed, bound, and lettered. The time has now arrived in which it is constantly happening that delicate obstacles have crumbled away, and left room

²⁶ "Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece." By Colonel Mure. Vol. IV. Longman and Co.

²⁷ "The Fall of the Roman Republic: a Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth." By the Rev. C. Merivale, B.D. Longman and Co.

for the appearance of the letters, diary, or memoirs of some member or other of the last or penultimate generation, whose letters, diary, or memoirs, ought to be published. The historical value of such publications is unquestionable, and their value is often the greater the more crudely they are issued, that is to say, the less they are cooked for publication. The reading of such books belongs to the unwelcome duties of life which, of course, have to be performed. They hold in literature a place like that held in society by family bores, who cannot be denied a corner to themselves as often as they call, to whom we look as the chief sources of information about the deeds of our relations, but whose morsels of information commonly float in a thin, flavourless medium of waste talk. We are, in these days, too busy for the composition of long diaries or letters; but at the end of the last century, and the beginning of this, men seem to have taken a malicious pleasure in preparing doses of this nature for posterity. The English have rarely a talent for agreeable chat; Mr. Pepys and Horace Walpole were the only men among us who could ever chronicle small beer with any spirit. Upon such ground the French put us to utter shame. Moreover, it is unhappily the fact, that there has scarcely been a period of which the minute details were more profitless and stupid than that of which we are now inheriting the legacy of papers.

The "Memorials of Fox,"²⁸—more than worth the duty (of attention) to which these inheritances always make us liable—come to us, after having been for some time bungled over by Lord Holland, then, for a week, actively edited by Lord Holland's secretary, who leaves most evidence of work behind him, and finally arranged for the press by Lord John Russell, of whom it was predicted from the first, that in the end he would be the man to send them to the printers. Everything left by Fox will be of use to future historians, and ought to be read by all who, in our own day, desire to acquire just views of recent history and of the actors in it. As books, and judged by their inherent merits, however, very little can be said for the readable quality of these first two volumes of memorials; the interest, it is said, will be much greater in the volumes that are presently to follow. Since we have said so much of memoirs generally, we may content ourselves now with simply recording the appearance of Lord Londonderry's "Castlereagh Papers,"²⁹ badly edited, and of the

²⁸ "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox." Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Bentley.

²⁹ "The Despatches of the late Viscount Castlereagh." Third and last Series. Edited by the Marquess of Londonderry. 4 vols. Murray.

last two volumes of the "Grenville Papers,"³⁰ which last form really an important key to the knowledge of the times to which they refer, and are edited with more than the amount of ability usually expended on such tasks. But by far the best editor who has been at work lately in this department of literature is Lord Mahon, who has, during the past quarter, completed his edition of the "Letters and Works of Chesterfield."³¹ Lord Chesterfield occupies a place of his own in our language—a curious but safe one—as a standard author, and Lord Mahon has taken care to carry out his undertaking so as to produce what will be regarded always as the one perfect edition of his works.

Biography. We pass by the two volumes of "Moore's Life and Letters,"³² which are noticed elsewhere in this number, and take up the "Autobiography of Captain Chesterton,"³³ the thoroughly respected governor of Coldbath-fields House of Correction, who has compressed into two volumes the narrative of a remarkably eventful life. Though autobiography, it is not self-praise. Captain Chesterton has been quite unused

"to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers,"

and is not disposed to entertain a maggot of his own. His book is natural and healthy. As a boy, he joined the army in Belgium, after Waterloo; he served in Belgium, and elsewhere; was with the English army before Quebec and New Orleans; suffered half-pay, after a reduction of the artillery force; and under the directions of General English, joined the patriots in South America; suffered famine, fever, capture, and imprisonment; was released, and came to England, where he laboured to begin the world again, acting as teacher, and as writer in a country paper, ready to do anything that was honest for his own support. He was preparing to take holy orders when, a quarter of a century ago, he became governor of Coldbath-fields. In that position he has met with some, not the least interesting, of his experiences; and now, in a natural and genial way, because he has a tale to tell, he tells it. The book is not remarkable for

³⁰ "Diary of George Grenville, First Lord of the Treasury; together with his Private and Public Correspondence." Edited, with Notes, by William J. Smith. 2 vols. Murray.

³¹ "The Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield, now first published from the original MSS." Edited by the Right Hon. Lord Mahon. Fifth and concluding volume. Bentley.

³² "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Edited by Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. III. and IV. Longman and Co.

³³ "Peace, War, and Adventure: an Autobiographical Memoir of G. L. Chesterton," &c. &c. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

literary merit, for Captain Chesterton has, of course, spent more time in the world than in the closet; but as the entertaining story of a life of action, told with perfect frankness, and as an autobiography untinctured by conceit, such as a man in his own lifetime may never be ashamed to see in a friend's hand, the book may be very honestly commended.

Higher literary rank must be assigned to another book, having an autobiographic form, the English work of an Italian author, whose family stands firm in the respect of his compatriots. It is called "*Lorenzo Benoni*,"³⁴ and consists of a chain of passages in the life of an Italian painfully characteristic of the state of Italy under despotic rule. The book might be classed, at the reader's will, as history, biography, or fiction. The events lead up to the year 1832, and to the violent suppression in that year of a conspiracy among Italian patriots, of which the central agents, prompted from Marseilles, were resident in Genoa. Of those prime agents the author of the book was one. The correspondent at Marseilles, a young man named in the book *Fantasio*, banished from Genoa at an early stage of the proceedings, we can reveal no secret in identifying with M. Mazzini. The assumed name of the writer, *Benoni*, is of obvious significance. *Lorenzo* is a name also connected by the poets, more than once, with thoughts of sorrow. So far the book is genuine; it is genuine also in the pictures that it gives of school-life under the priests, and of university life, in which both priests and spies made it their labour to keep down the students; of whom, as they were young and generous, it was thought that they were very likely to be hostile to the government. So far, the book is characterized by the fidelity of history; to a very great extent, also, it contains the true story of the writer's life in youth and early manhood. But as he was pledged to no particular disclosures he has written of himself only so much as he pleased, and has assumed the right of representing his Italian as placed under any circumstances that he thought advisable. Thus he has used an artist's liberty in so presenting his account of school-life, that the plots and passions of a set of schoolboys shall be made to represent, upon a tiny stage, the greater scenes of political contest that have for some years past had Europe for their theatre. This part of the subject is worked out with a nicety and delicacy of touch, with a grave playfulness that wins the reader's heart. As the narrative goes on, the refined taste of the writer becomes more and more apparent. He deals in none of the loud patriotism,—honest, but coarse,—with which

³⁴ "*Lorenzo Benoni: Passages in the Life of an Italian.*" Constable and Co.

we are familiar, makes no strain after startling revelations. "Lorenzo Benoni" is the work of a man of genius and deep feeling, who has been struck not only through his country, but through his home; who speaks in the quiet tone which strong minds commonly acquire when they have been chastened with affliction, and their strength enables them to keep their passions down. The author speaks out of a sad heart in a cheerful tone. His English, we should add, is not merely good, but individual, —no slight recommendation to a book, when the best table of contents will not secure any continuance of attention to a volume badly written; and, as Goldoni has made one of his clowns tell us, sometimes a good tongue fetches more than a good head, (*qualche volte una bona lingua val più di una bona testa.*)

Without inquiring too closely whether it ought not to be reckoned among works of fiction, we may in this place announce the publication of the first volume of the collected works of De Quincey, the English opium eater. The volume consists of Autobiographic Sketches—*Dichtung und Wahrheit*: chiefly, we suspect, *Dichtung*—and contains the work of a fine mind, a little marred by want of discipline, a little too self-occupied. The republication of these works in America has by a few months preceded the appearance of the English reprint.

Models of writing, if not of biography, Mr. Thackeray's admirably-polished "Lectures on the English Humorists,"³⁵ having become familiar to the ears of English and Americans, are now "subjected to their faithful eyes," and will, we believe, make good the Horatian maxim by exciting in their present form a more emphatic admiration. Whatever differences of opinion may arise between the writer and the reader out of Mr. Thackeray's views concerning Addison, or Steele, or Sterne, or Swift, there is no man of taste who will not recognise in these sketches a master's touch, the work of a true humorist, and of a man accomplished in his art. Notes, of which the matter is well chosen, are appended to the Lectures, illustrative of the text, and calculated to be very useful to the great majority of readers.

To pure geography a very useful contribution has
 Geography
 and Travels. been made by Mr. Findlay,³⁶ whose Comparative Atlas will be of great service to all who think it worth while to identify the world of to-day, so far as it can be identified at all, with the world known to the Greeks and Romans. Mr. Findlay has evidently been at much pains in some particulars to

³⁵ "Lectures on the English Humourists." By W. M. Thackeray, Esq. 1 vol. Smith, Elder, and Co.

³⁶ "A Comparative Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography, comprised in Fifty-four Maps, &c. &c." By Alexander G. Findlay. Tegg and Co.

make this identification accurate; and he has added to his maps a couple of Indices, by one of which the ancient name of any modern place, and by the other of which, the modern name of any ancient place, may be at once discovered. There are separate maps of ancient Rome and Athens, and of the chief modern sections of the globe, except Australia.

The traveller among us who, during the last quarter, has in a published book of travel contributed most immediately to the wants of the geographer, is Mr. Galton.³⁷ Others, of course, who have not written books, have been discovering. We mean only to distinguish Mr. Galton's from the other travel books of the quarter, by right of the fact that he describes a journey over land hitherto unvisited, in the now popular field of exploration, Southern Africa. His journey was from the western coast inland towards the great lake: his discoveries on such a track were of course not very important; they do little more than leave it to be said of a certain line of soil that an Englishman has traversed it. Mr. Galton's book, however, describes tribes, customs, animals, and scenery very effectively, has illustrations, and is altogether well worth reading.

Mr. Brodie Cruickshank,³⁸ the author of a recent book upon another corner of the great African continent—the neighbourhood of Cape Coast Castle—is qualified as an informant by a residence upon the spot during eighteen years, which certainly he did not spend in sleeping. From his book we get a fuller and better account of the Fantees than we had before, with, of course, an authentic and very interesting chapter about L. E. L. In another quarter of the world a Free Trader³⁹ claims also the right, which a long residence among a people gives, to be heard about another section of the uncivilized part of the human race—the North American Indians, dwelling about the Oregon territory. His book is short, to the purpose, full of anecdote, and worth the little time it costs to read it. How Mr. Palliser⁴⁰ enjoyed the wild sports of the North American prairies, met bears, and was tossed by buffalos, many a young sportsman will delight to read; but, as a matter of sport, we would counsel nobody to go over the Atlantic for a buffalo, while there is chamois hunting to be had in Europe.

³⁷ "The Narrative of an Explorer in South Africa." By Francis Galton. Murray.

³⁸ "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa, including an Account of the Native Tribes, &c." By Brodie Cruickshank, Member of the Legislative Council, Cape Coast Castle. Hurst and Blackett.

³⁹ "Traits of North American Indian Character." By a Free Trader.

⁴⁰ "Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies." By John Palliser. Murray.

Of the "Chamois Hunting in Bavaria,"⁴¹ Mr. Boner has an account in such a book as we get only now and then, but do get now and then from a keen sportsman. The sport is of the best kind, and Mr. Boner has gone into it body and mind, but he has appreciated—and knows how to make appreciated by his readers—not only the sport, but also the brisk mountain air, the open scenery, the home life of the Bavarian huntsmen, the peasants, and the maids who mind the cattle on a thousand hills, the *Semmerinnen*.

Hunter of game of another kind that is to be found in Bavaria, a frequenter of the studios of Munich,⁴² the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt has done justice to a literary education by the publication of a very clever set of sketches, partly contributed at first to "Household Words" and the *Athenæum*, chiefly, however, new, under the title of the "Art-Student in Munich." The minute handling of every topic indicates at once in the writer great care and great talent. It is a little too minute to be well adapted for people who are obliged to devour their books by the volume. The work should be bought,—it is worth buying,—and put upon some shelf or table, to be taken up and read, a chapter at a time. Used in that way, it may be made the source of a great deal of pleasure. Like a wine delicately flavoured, it should be tasted slowly, glass by glass, not taken by the tumbler. Another account of German life, by Mr. Loring Brace,⁴³ being a simultaneous publication in London of a work issued in America, will be found elsewhere noticed.

Miss Martineau's ink having had time to dry, Dr. Forbes⁴⁴ has now written his account of a "Tour in Ireland." He reports a good opinion both of Ireland and of the Irish—writes the details of his journey with much good sense and good-humour, interspersing his account with statistical matter born in this or that blue book, of which he has sipped the sweets. Englishmen are said to be found travelling everywhere, and certainly there are volumes issued in every quarter of the year by our countrymen containing accounts of journeyings in almost every quarter of the globe. We select only a few for mention, and are glad to close our present list of writings by the English travellers, with a "Journey round the World," by a German, M. Gerstäcker,⁴⁵

⁴¹ "Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria." By Charles Boner. Chapman and Hall.

⁴² "An Art-Student in Munich." By Anna Mary Howitt. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

⁴³ "Home Life in Germany." By Charles Loring Brace. 2 vols. Bentley.

⁴⁴ "Memoranda made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852." By John Forbes, M.D. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

⁴⁵ "Narrative of a Journey round the World, &c." By F. Gerstäcker. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

written in English; a ramble as random and extensive in its nature, and as inconsiderable, as far as regards the information got from it, as any Briton could desire. The book makes pleasant reading, and contains here and there a few facts that are not trite. To those who have read little about travel, we may safely recommend it, but by those who have read much, it should be handled carefully.

We must content ourselves for the present with announcing the recent publication of Francis and Theresa Pulszky's work,⁴⁶ as we intend in a future number to recur to it in an article on the United States. We may now, however, call the attention of our readers to a chapter in the first volume, having no reference to America, and which contains a most interesting account of Madame Kossuth's escape, after many perils, from the bloodhounds of Austria.

Fiction. We have little to report about the novelists, who spent their strength at the beginning of the year. The authoress of "*Margaret Maitland*" maintained her credit towards the end of the first quarter as a skilful sketcher of the Scotch; her "*Harry Muir*"⁴⁷ was a good novel, but somewhat weak. We have since had nothing of any great note. "*Cyrilla*"⁴⁸ was a failure, for which the authoress of the "*Initials*" must consider herself indebted in one good novel to the English public. She can easily write one, if she will only give us German character in a story of German life as she sees it in her adopted home, not as she reads of it in German novels. Germans are no more able to write novels than the English to write diaries. A novel like "*Cyrilla*," with the interest all centred on a case of bigamy, and at the end of which, the villain in a prisoner's van, meets the hero and heroine in a hearse—a story full of swooning, sudden death, clairvoyance, and duelling, is a good German novel, but of a kind that should be written in the German language, and confined to German readers.

Though they have been for sometime before the public, we may notice here the recent reprint from *Fraser's Magazine* of two clever novels, Mr. Kingsley's "*Hypatia*,"⁴⁹ eccentric, but full of genius, and Mr. Melville's "*Digby Grand*,"⁵⁰ a novel of

⁴⁶ "*White, Red, Black: Sketches of Society in the United States during the visit of their Guest.*" By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. 3 vols. Trübner and Co.

⁴⁷ "*Harry Muir.*" By the Author of "*Margaret Maitland.*" 3 vols. 2nd edition. Hurst and Blackett.

⁴⁸ "*Cyrilla.*" By the Author of "*The Initials.*" 3 vols. Bentley.

⁴⁹ "*Hypatia.*" By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, jun. J. W. Parker and Son.

⁵⁰ "*Captain Digby Grand: an Autobiography.*" By G. J. Whyte Melville. 2 vols. Parker and Son.

the military dashing school, remarkable among its kind for being written throughout with good taste and genuine ability.

While we write, the authoress of "Mary Barton" and "Ruth," is issuing in a complete form the "Cranford Papers,"⁵¹ which have appeared lately, from time to time, in "Household Words." We are not sure whether they may not be considered her *chef-d'œuvre*. It is such a series as no male creature could have written,—only a woman of genius, quick of wit, and not less quick of feeling. It is cleverer than the "Our Village" of Miss Mitford, though less simple and rustic in its tone, having, in fact, charms of another character.

Poetry. The poets during the past quarter have sung little, at least audibly. Mr. Edwin Arnold⁵² has obtained some well-merited attention by writing verses, though an Oxford prize poet, of more than average merit. He is the Oxford poet of the day, vastly superior in poetical ability to his master in poetry, the Oxford professor, if we may judge of the latter by his Installation Ode, lately recited. A volume of posthumous verses by a gentleman whose name is hallowed by poetical associations—Mr. Quillinan⁵³—has been published, and deserves a line of quiet praise. Mr. Quillinan's translation of the first five (and best) books of the *Lusiad* of Camoens,⁵⁴ though it was to have had more polishing, does justice to his taste and skill. Goethe's lyrical poems also have found a translator in Mr. Edgar Bowring,⁵⁵ who translated formerly the minor poems of Schiller. If English readers who will have translated lyrics only set out with a distinct understanding that such things admit not oftener than about once in a thousand cases of anything like real translation, there can be no harm in their taking out of Mr. Edgar Bowring's volume the little idea that they can get of Goethe as a lyric poet;—it is next to none, and sometimes worse than none, but it is all that can be given. Such translations will be had, and perhaps should be had, and it is well that there are translators who will work at them so conscientiously as Mr. Bowring, who has encountered difficulties such as only those who have tried to satisfy themselves with work of their own in the same kind can properly appreciate. We only desire that all who read his or any other translation of

⁵¹ "Cranford." By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. Republished from "Household Words." Chapman and Hall.

⁵² "Poems: Narrative and Lyrical." By Edwin Arnold, of University College. Oxford: Macpherson.

⁵³ "Poems." By Edward Quillinan. With a Memoir by William Johnston. Moxon.

⁵⁴ "Camoens' *Lusiad*." Translated by Edward Quillinan. With Notes by John Adamson. Moxon.

⁵⁵ "The Poems of Goethe; translated in the Original Metres. With a Sketch of Goethe's Life." By Edgar Alfred Bowring. Parker and Son.

[Vol. LX. No. CXVII.]—NEW SERIES, Vol. IV. No. I.

lyrics, would bear always in mind, that lyric poems are not composed of words only. The genius of lyric poetry differs so much in different countries, that separate senses themselves are not more distinct, and it is nearly as easy to represent sight by sound, as to represent one of Goethe's delicately-constructed lyrics by any pattern of corresponding words, for which its measure can be taken by the most dexterous and practised of translators. Perhaps an Englishman would like to see Tennyson's "In Memoriam" translated into French or Dutch? If he would not, let him understand, that to turn fairly the best of Goethe's minor poems into any language but his own, is a task still more difficult.

Mr. Otto Wenckstern attaches his name to a little volume of the wisdom of Goethe,⁵⁶ consisting of shrewd sayings, collected, not from his works, in which he speaks as an artist through fictitious characters, but from letters and other writings, in which he is speaking his own mind without reserve. The idea was a happy one; the selection has been made with judgment; and although Mr. Wenckstern's English is not of the pithiest, the little book is on the whole so good, that it ought to be remarkably successful.



ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

Theology. **W**E have often thought that there must be something in the calm self-possession of a liberal, well-informed man of the world, which irritates those who assume to themselves the peculiar title of "the religious." Is it envy, or hatred, or what form of uncharitableness that gives to the denunciatory language of the Rev. W. G. Schaaffler,¹ missionary at Constantinople, such zest and pungency? His utmost fierceness is devoted to a form of worldliness, whose contempt he seems especially to resent, yet whose opinion he so much dreads that, in self-defence, he must defy and curse it,—the worldly wickedness of those who presume to doubt what his party believe to be the sacred, infallible truth. He is to meditate upon the last days of Jesus, and we prepare to follow his* thoughts, certain to find in discourses delivered in the East,

⁵⁶ "The Wisdom of Goethe, selected from his Writings." By Otto Wenckstern. Parker and Son.

¹ "Meditations on the Last Days of Christ." By W. G. Schaaffler, Missionary at Constantinople. Boston: Jewett and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

something of that assistance which our occidental imagination needs, in order to comprehend with more just sympathy, the most interesting and striking story ever written. No matter for difference of opinion; we should rejoice to learn from any writer sufficiently familiar with oriental experiences, and informed with the oriental spirit, to reproduce the real life in Palestine of one who so lived and died as did the Founder of the Christian church. The reader perceives that we have suffered disappointment. With the graceful, human interest of description of works like Abbot's "Corner Stone" still fresh in recollection, we looked for something even closer to the truth, from a writer living almost on the spot.

The "Walk to Emmaus" is the topic of one of the meditations. Cowper wrote a few of his best lines upon that subject, and in the gospel it reads with all the touching effect of a charming episode. Mr. Schauffler dilates upon it thus:

"And the reply of his companion was equally replete with sorrow: O, stop! you break my heart! You know I loved him as much as any of you did; and, ah! I cannot forgive it to our high priests. It was abominable! . . . But you heard, I suppose, of Chuza's wife, and the rest who went to the sepulchre, and saw angels who said he lived; and of Peter and John? and was not your wife there too?—they all found the grave open,—and, what do you think! Ah! as to the women,—the other rejoined,—it was dark when they went out . . . or, will you rest your faith upon the testimony of females? After all, we have been mistaken about our pious friend. A good, holy brother he was, and indeed he seems to have thought himself the Messiah,—or we misunderstood him, it may be: mistakes are easy," &c.

English people sometimes talk in that manner, Americans perhaps still more. Who could believe it of the East? A little good taste, such as a few "worldly" lessons might teach him, would form an evident improvement upon the real graphic power which our author, in common with all his countrymen, seems to possess.

The life and writings of the late Professor Edwards² exhibit one of the best aspects under which to judge the orthodox, Calvinistic system of ideas. He was essentially a "representative" man. Of gentle and reserved manners, sensitive to the degree of frequent melancholy, refined in taste, and of large benevolence, he was yet ambitious of literary distinction, and having, as he believed, consecrated these characteristics by associating them with religion, he pursued, with exhaustless perseverance, the kind of life to which they naturally led. Such an

² "Writings of Professor B. B. Edwards. With a Memoir by Edwards A. Park." Boston: Jewett and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

organization, so trained to puritanism from the commencement, could scarcely have produced any other result. His diffident and pensive temperament would hold him to the creed which his gentle benevolence might be expected to modify; his attention mainly fixing itself upon the merciful and the useful in the system of theology under which he had been brought up. Of an order of mind more critical than philosophical, more judicious than original,—contemplative, didactic, and, in refinement of taste, poetic, Professor Edwards may be regarded as the perfect type of the well-educated, scholarly, gentlemanly believer whom the world more honours than the church.

To persons of the same class, the two volumes before us must be of priceless value. While keeping the vision safely within the limited horizon of a particular faith, they afford play to those instincts of the "natural man," those sympathies with art, those aspirations after knowledge, which puritanism abhors as vanity, and has with so much difficulty admitted to have any interest co-ordinate with the eternal welfare of the soul. The professor was distinguished for his skill in the Hebrew and other oriental languages; he was, moreover, a sound classic, and had familiarized himself with the literature of the Continent. He read with admiration the best English writers; and laboured by example and precept to correct the style of his countrymen, and to diffuse amongst them the taste for liberal studies. He had no horror of Shakspeare, and could display an almost unbounded veneration for Wordsworth. In Calvinistic moments of self-condemnation, he must have considered this universal sympathy his "most easily-besetting sin," for it was the happy characteristic of the man, the real "root that was in him," a germ of too quick vitality to be crushed by any paralyzing faith.

To the ordinary reader it may be painful to witness the want of harmony between sentiment and opinion, between natural and acquired feelings, between the sinner and the conventional man. Mr. Park relates, with astonishing coolness, that at the professor's conversion, "all the waves of divine judgment seemed to be rolling over that cherished youth; and out of the depths was he crying, night and day, and all in vain, for one gleam of peace. Through ten successive days it seemed to him and to others that he would faint under the sad revelations which he had received of his own enmity to God. His constitution broke down almost." "Indeed he seems never to have altogether recovered the buoyancy of his earlier life." To the last the impression continues of an unharmonized character. It has been trained into an atmosphere to which it cannot grow accustomed.

Compare the healthy tone in which the writer details his European tour, or discourses on education, or poetry, or lan-

guage, with the following:—"On a review of the year, I find nothing but guilt, abuse of my great Redeemer." "My sins have been great and aggravated the past day. My heart is the seat of all manner of evil. It is a current of deep and dreadful depravity. While taking my exercise this forenoon at the workshop, I did not think of any serious subject. . . ." One example occurs of this decided, methodical character trying to settle the logic of these chaotic experiences: "We need brokenness of spirit, and prostration of soul at the foot of the cross. Perhaps there is no better way to accomplish this than to confess to God *fully* our sins, to call them all by their proper names, to mention them with great *particularity*, and the dearest sin to dwell upon a long time; and then to associate all these sins with the unutterable agonies of the Son of God for the soul's redemption." Here is a hopeless struggle of the two natures, the native and the artificial, indicated in the very mixture of styles. The better the man is, of course the more painful is the conflict. To call this self-examination were ridiculous: it is rather the sad symptom of contention between the natural development and its early, and, therefore, strong limitation of conventional, dogmatic notions.

We have read with considerable interest the papers on Catholicism in Italy, on Ancient Slavery, on Female Education, and the Study of the Classics. There is an essay upon the limitations of Oxford study, particularly suggestive at the present moment. The memoir is written with considerable ability, and by an enthusiastic admirer. Allowing for the peculiar point of view which governs the entire sentiment of the publication, the life and the writings of Professor Edwards alike deserve attention. Humanity is presented in such works under a form which requires to be better understood before it can be fairly outgrown.

Natural
Science. Among the many valuable and portly works on the geology of the United States, published in the form of State Reports, the account of the geology of Wisconsin and the neighbouring territories is one of the most welcome and complete.³ A stout, closely-printed quarto, of more than six hundred pages, filled with scientific observations, concerning for the most part unexplored districts, and accompanied by a geological map, embracing a region seven hundred and fifty miles in length, and three hundred and fifty in breadth, including an area of two hundred thousand square miles, is no small contribution to geological science, especially when we find that the

³ "Report of a Geological Survey of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota." By David Dale Owen. Philadelphia. 1852.

work is well done throughout. The accompanying atlas of figures of fossils, &c., is, in many respects, an advance upon American illustrative works. This may be said also of the second volume of the great work upon the organic remains of the older rocks of New York.⁴ America may well be proud of these great descriptive treatises, and of the possession of men able and willing to work out the structure of their country with the care and detail which give so much value to their published labours.

From Judge Thomas L. Smith we have an un-pretending school-book⁵ of less than four hundred pages, on the "Elements of the Laws" of the United States, or more particularly perhaps of his own state of Indiana. Here are clearly and judiciously treated the constitutional powers of the state and federal governments, every branch of civil and criminal law in common use, and the various modes of legal procedure. The book bears a recommendation from the Indiana State Board of Education, addressed to all public schools and teachers. If our readers would relish a contrast, let them take up this book immediately after Mr. Baillie's two volumes on "Moohummedan Law," which we have noticed elsewhere. The eastern system, in the absence of an ever living source of law, remains haughtily the same in its professed foundations, but practically bent to new necessities of society by formal evasions and novel subtleties, and is covered with interpretations which render it as far as possible no easily-intelligible rule of life. The laws of the United States, derived through the English law from an antiquity at least as remote as that of the Moohummedan system, bear the impress of new and continual adaptation to circumstances as they arise. The ever-enduring principles are made, by a sufficient authority, to take new forms of use, as the changes of time require. One consequence of this is a practical utility in the law, of which individuals in oriental communities can rarely avail themselves, and in the absence of which they are fain to bear with injustice as well as they can, or to take refuge in the accidental acuteness of some particular judge. Another consequence is, that law expressed in the terms and directed to the wants of the day, can easily be made intelligible to the many, instead of being locked up as the science of the few; and so the monstrous absurdity and wrong may be diminished, which render the law practically useless as a rule of

⁴ "Palæontology of New York." Vol. II. By James Hall. Albany. 1852.

⁵ "Elements of the Laws; or, Outlines of the System of Civil and Criminal Laws in Force in the United States, and in the several States of the Union." By Thomas L. Smith, late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. 1853.

life and conduct for the very matters in respect of which it is, backed by all the power of the state, a rule of penalty and judgment. If English law is not as simple and intelligible as American, it is only because we have suffered the principles of the common heritage to be more vigorously and consistently worked out by our younger co-heirs than by ourselves. Judge Smith's book well deserves adaptation to English purposes; and our law reforms in progress we trust will render any similar compilation here at least as simple as this is.

Another contrast, but in the opposite direction, is afforded by the respective books of Mr. Cameron and Mr. Gouge.⁶ The former we have seen, with his lofty philanthropy, deducing the good policy of justice from the experience of a thousand years; the latter bluntly and honestly gives us the history of Texas, or rather of its finances, a state which, setting up for itself in 1835, contrived to appropriate the fullest honours of repudiation by 1850, notwithstanding the difficulty presented by its undoubted ability to pay. Texas borrowed money in the days of her distress, on such terms as is common with states and individuals in such circumstances; but, not content with attempting to pay with lands instead of money, she also set up the enormous doctrine that she was bound to pay, not what she had solemnly agreed to pay, but only a sum equivalent to that which she received. The premium she had signed and sealed for as the price of the risk, when money was advanced to her at her utmost need, she treated as a farce; and the men who found her with no more than 35 dollars in her national chest, not only had to forego interest for some years, but are denied the fulfilment of the terms on which they lent the money, while Texas is amply and even boastfully able to pay. Mr. Gouge alleges this to be the worst case of American repudiation which has yet occurred. Mississippi says, however lamely, that her debt was contracted contrary to law; Florida says she was not of age; Indiana and Michigan allege fraud in the transactions; Arkansas pleads poverty, but not unwillingness, to pay, and with Illinois, gave up to its creditors the public works on which the advances had been spent; Pennsylvania, Maryland, and others, thrown into confusion by the follies of banking, suspended payment indeed, but resumed on the return of ability. But Texas can allege neither illegality, nor minority, nor fraud, nor poverty, nor temporary inability; but repudiates serenely, with prosperity in every quarter of her territory. The real hope of the United States

⁶ "The Fiscal History of Texas." By William M. Gouge. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co. 1852.

lies, not in the cleverness of politicians like those of Texas, but in the honesty and clear-sightedness of publicists like Mr. Gouge.

We have a fellow spirit with Mr. Gouge in Mr. J. R. Giddings,⁷ who has just published a collection of his own speeches in Congress from 1841, when he opposed the injustice of the Florida war, to 1852, when he descanted on the state of parties previous to the late presidential election. In the course of his career, he reviews the cases of the Amistead negroes, the annexation of Texas, the occupation of Oregon, the Mexican war, and the admission of California; the spirit of the whole may be gathered from these concluding lines:—

"It is uncertain whether I shall again address this body; but one thing I ask—that friends and foes, here and elsewhere, in this and in coming time, shall understand that, whether in public or private, by the wayside or the fireside, in life or in death, I oppose, denounce and repudiate the efforts now put forth to involve the people of the free states in the support of slavery, the slave-trade, and their attendant crimes."

From Mr. H. C. Carey⁸ we have a book founded on the singular theory that all slavery comes of preventing manufacturers from locating themselves distributively all over the world, alongside the agriculture which maintains them. It follows from this that England is the great cause of slavery. Mr. Carey is evidently an indefatigable reader, and an industrious thinker; but he has evidently reached a position of the utmost absurdity, to which he has forced his way through facts which would have stopped any ordinary man, and from which he can now see human society with none but the falsest effect. His book may some day serve us as a text for a disquisition on kindred topics, and, meanwhile, we commend it to the attention of all collectors of sociological curiosities.

Any opinion of ours on Mrs. Stowe's "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin"⁹ necessarily comes after the verdict which public opinion has already pronounced; yet we should, perhaps, hardly be excused from some notice of the book, however brief. Whoever had acquired a knowledge of American slavery, only moderately correct and extensive, would feel no fear that Mrs. Stowe would not readily adduce authenticated facts enough to justify the moral features of her imaginative creations. "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

⁷ "Speeches in Congress." By Joshua R. Giddings. Boston: John P. Jewett and Co. 1853.

⁸ "The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign: why it exists, and how it may be extinguished." Philadelphia: A. Hart. London: Sampson Low. 1853.

⁹ "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded." London: Clarke, Beeton, and Co.; and Bosworth.

in fact, only presents typical instances of what exists in the common daily life of slavery. That these instances are depicted with the fervour of genius, detracts nothing from their substantial truth. The picture may, indeed, have thus acquired a piquancy which is not easily recognised in the original occurrences by accustomed observers, although it be sufficiently visible in them by less perverted eyes; but for this effect, revealing what they have little suspected, those of long-abused vision ought to be, of all men, most grateful. Of Mrs. Stowe's theology we have here nothing to say; but with her anthropology we deeply and earnestly agree.

With two more volumes Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll (who is not to be identified with Mr. J. R. Ingersoll, lately the United States Minister in this country) has completed his "*History of the Second War between Great Britain and America.*"¹⁰ These volumes embrace the events of the year 1814, and of the first two months of the year 1815, peace having been concluded on the 15th of February of that year. The first of the two volumes is, however, chiefly occupied by a long episode, consisting of the history of French affairs between 1799 and 1844. Three hundred pages about the Bonapartes, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, the divorce of Josephine, Napoleon's two abdications, and his death, &c. &c., form rather an unmerciful addition to a history of the last—we trust for ever the last—angry contest between English and Americans. Upon the subject properly in hand, Mr. Ingersoll is qualified to write with some authority, since he was himself actively concerned on the American side in the discussion of the war while it was in progress; but the history of Napoleon is rendered less desirable by the fact that, on account of the total absence of all reference to the authorities on which he founds the statements in his work, unless it should happen that he speaks from personal experience, and so himself becomes a good authority for what he says, Mr. Ingersoll is only trustworthy so long as he is trite. We have no doubt at all—we see good reason to believe—that Mr. Ingersoll has taken pains to verify his facts; but the exactitude of history requires that every historian shall tell in what way he has verified them. It is convenient that a historical work should have marginal titles to the successive topics, and a date at the head of every page, also an index at the close; but those are mere aids to the reader, and we will not

¹⁰ "History of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain, declared by Act of Congress, the 18th of June, 1812, and concluded by Peace, the 15th of February, 1815." By Charles J. Ingersoll. Second series, 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

call them indispensable. References are, however, absolute requirements; they are the vertebral column of a history. It is a grave defect, therefore, in Mr. Ingersoll's work, that it does not contain a single note or side reference of any kind. We should say, as a matter of justice, that the three hundred pages of French affairs are given for the purpose of developing American views of European progress, and that it is their purpose to dwell especially on the journeying to and fro between America and France of persons or opinions, and to point, in an American way, the moral of the French Consular Republic. From some of the actors in this part of French history, as, for instance, from Joseph Bonaparte, Mr. Ingersoll obtained immediate information. Taken rather as a long series of essays than as a history, the volumes will be found both entertaining and instructive. Their evident partisan spirit, and their complete Americanism both of thought and style, cause Mr. Ingersoll's pages, read as essays, to be thoroughly enjoyable, for there is character even in their worst defects. Here is a man writing in earnest, letting his thoughts grow over his book without an inch of pruning. As the strong man flourishes his arms, so our strong writer flourishes his pen, not always with any exact object in view. The excellent American historian, Mr. Bancroft, in his recent "*History of the Revolution*," has much of the same kind of writing, though his history is good, and well supplied with references. To nice European tastes this may seem very faulty, it may make the British think about stump orators, but the old stump has pith in it.

To what has been already said of Mr. Ingersoll's history, it should be added that the absence of notes is, to a very great extent, atoned for by the including in the text of references and quotations, that might otherwise have been placed at the bottom of the page.

A little book, on a historical subject, "*The Slavery of Europeans in the Barbary States*,"¹¹ written at first apparently in the form of lectures, has been found worth publishing. It is a neat and careful little compilation, on a subject nearly enough allied to the absorbing topic of negro slavery to be attractive to the great majority of readers at this present date.

It will suffice to call attention to a large and more important publication, in the class of historical papers and memoirs, the collected works of the celebrated Governor of New York, W. H. Seward.¹² These are volumes that require no recommendation to be added to the statement of their title.

¹¹ "*White Slavery in the Barbary States*." By Charles Sumner. Boston: Jewett and Co.

¹² "*The Works of William H. Seward*." 3 vols. New York: Redfield.

A handsome volume, entitled, "A Memorial of Daniel Webster, from the City of Boston,"¹³ contains a record of the various testimonials of respect offered by the citizens of Boston to the memory of their great statesman, with a description of his last autumn at Marshfield, written in a spirit of affectionate veneration by Professor Felton, and an account of his last illness, death, and funeral. The chief source of interest in this volume to an English reader is the comparison which it suggests between the American mode of showing honour to departed greatness and our own—a comparison not altogether to our advantage.

Biography and Travels. A biography of considerable interest has appeared in America which, inasmuch as it involves the account of a long residence among the Nestorian Christians, of whom Englishmen have heard from Dr. Layard, may be regarded as a book of travels. It is the memoir of Dr. Grant,¹⁴ whose name has become known throughout Europe, in connection with the American missions among the remarkable body of the Nestorians, near Mosul. Christians, Mahomedans, and Kurds, spoke of him as "the good doctor." Mr. Layard and M. Botta have both borne hearty testimony to the value of his combined labours as a physician and a missionary. When we say that the record of his life and labours beyond the Tigris, on the banks of which river he now lies in his grave, is written by a surviving associate, we give the best possible guarantee for its earnestness and its fidelity. Written by a missionary in the strain of open piety natural to his calling, it is a book that has a deeply interesting tale to tell of labours that lay far out of the beaten path—a book in every respect individual and genuine, narrating the life of a man whose memory deserves to be perpetuated.

Another physician, Dr. Thomas,¹⁵ having performed "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land," has made a book about them, and we at once determined him to be a man of genius on perceiving that he had contrived to tell all that he had to say in a hundred and seventy-four pages, duodecimo. We forget how many thousand pages Mr. Buckingham once deluged with his printer's ink on the same subject. Dr. Thomas evidently was no book-maker, he would tell what was worth telling, and not tease the world with anything that it had heard before. Un-

¹³ "A Memorial of Daniel Webster from the City of Boston." Boston: Little and Brown. 1853.

¹⁴ "Dr. Grant and the Mountain Nestorians." By the Rev. Thomas Laurie, surviving Associate in that Mission. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

¹⁵ "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land." By — Thomas, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

happily we were disappointed. The author simply publishes his letters home, describing what he saw with a very ordinary pair of eyes, and one of the first facts which satisfied his mind was ocular proof that whales *do* spout water from their blow-holes, and that the "scientific fact" was not a fiction, as he had been told it was. The doctor's account of his journey is so brief and bald, his brevity is such a soul of dulness, that we confess to have sometimes let our attention drop as our eyes journeyed through his pages. Thus we set out from Cairo with his party, upon donkeys, and, having lost attention for a few minutes, were surprised, when we recovered consciousness, to find ourselves riding upon horses through Jerusalem.

Brevity of a more agreeable kind characterizes the quaint and simple records left by the Jesuit missionaries who were practically the first explorers of the Mississippi. The narratives of these men, Father Marquette, Father Hennessin, Father Membre, Father Douay, &c., have been translated and collected by Mr. J. G. Shea into a most valuable and interesting volume,¹⁶ containing a great deal of matter that is now first printed. The narratives are simply illustrated by short biographies of the respective writers, and the whole subject is introduced by a very carefully constructed history of the discovery of the Mississippi river. In this preliminary dissertation, Mr. Shea shows that he has made himself acquainted with the best authorities; his editing throughout is accurate and careful. The interest of the old missionary narratives which form the body of the work fully atones to the general reader for the great dryness of Mr. Shea's own manner of writing. Mr. Shea sets out with the assertion, that "on glancing at a map of America, we are at once struck by the mighty river Mississippi." The dread of a blow so tremendous might induce men never to hurt by a glance the delicacy of a map which has so ready a bully for defender, but Mr. Shea means only to begin well according to some well-worn form of opening a subject, regardless of the fact that his metaphor, even when taken in his own sense, is inappropriate. The first thing that a person glancing at the map of America might be expected to observe would certainly not be the Mississippi river, but the Isthmus of Panama, the Gulf of Mexico, the lakes, or Hudson's Bay. Mr. Shea, however, though as a writer he is a very Dry-as-dust, is accurate in his information, and thoroughly possessed with the real interest and importance of his subject.

¹⁶ "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley; with the original Narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membre, Hennessin, and Anastase Douay." By John Gilmary Shea. New York: Redfield.

His volume is extremely interesting, and we commend it heartily to the notice of readers on each side of the Atlantic.

Before quitting this subject, we should state that Mr. Adolphus Hart,¹⁷ who had already published a succinct history of the Mississippi valley, from its discovery to the year 1748, has, in a second volume, carried his story on to the year 1817, beyond which date events may be fairly considered as having taken place within the memory of the existing generation. The work is simply and well done, and the two volumes are likely to be useful.

A volume on "Home Life in Germany," by Mr. C. Loring Brace,¹⁸ is the last book connected with geography and travels that demands our present notice. Mr. Brace is well remembered for his experiences in Hungary, and for a little difficulty that took place between himself and the government of Austria. His account of the Germans as he found them in their homes is very straightforward and agreeable.

The English poet, Barry Cornwall, has republished *Essays and Poetry* in America, two volumes of his essays¹⁹ now first col-

lected from the periodicals of bygone years, and he has added to them some of his always excellent dramatic fragments. He has not travelled to America for want of audience in England. The quiet good humour and refinement of his tales, and the good taste of his criticism upon poetry and poets, make these memorials of the early part of Mr. Procter's literary career most welcome to his countrymen. We are not displeased at being required to send over the way for them to Boston, United States, since it is but fitting that a writer in the English language should feel equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic.

"The Romance of Student Life Abroad"²⁰—that is to Fiction. say, of Medical Student Life in Paris—by Mr. Kimball, has, we observe, promptly reached a third edition. Its success indicates the decided taste among American readers for romance generally. Mr. Kimball's book contains much good romantic matter, and though it is introduced too much under the old dreary form, of one man or other perpetually committing the sudden and unprovoked assault of telling a story to his neigh-

¹⁷ "History of the Valley of the Mississippi." By Adolphus M. Hart. Cincinnati: Moore, Anderson, and Co.

¹⁸ "Home Life in Germany." By Charles Loring Brace. New York: Scribner.

¹⁹ "Essays and Tales in Prose." By Barry Cornwall. 2 vols. Boston, U.S.: Ticknor, Reed, and Field.

²⁰ "Romance of Student Life Abroad." By Richard B. Kimball. Third edition. New York: Putnam and Co.

bour, and though the attempt at a light style has sometimes quite the effect of heaviness, the book is clever, full of as much life and action as will account fairly for its popularity.

The same taste for romance is ably satisfied by Mr. James Hall,²¹ a volume of whose "works," entitled "Legends of the West," has recently been issued. Mr. Hall's stories merited the revision and republication they have received. He practised as a lawyer thirty years ago among the settlements of a wilderness along the borders of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Wabash, filled his mind with the true spirit of western legend, and is a first-rate manager of stories that abound in tomahawk and rifle. "Harpie's Head," the longest of the stories here collected, is thoroughly American in spirit, full of strength and freshness. We do not mind how often the hero saves the heroine's life: once from a house on fire, of course; once from a rifle; once from a tribe of wild Indians who had just been putting on a coat of extra paint;—we take it all in good faith, and are not repelled even by the old horror with which Mr. Hall starts in the opening of his tale, thus:—"At the close of a pleasant day in the spring of the year 17—, a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly winding his way along a narrow road, &c. Our traveller's route," &c. Had we space, we might philosophise upon the fact that American writers, dealing with new forms of things vigorously and freshly, so often trick them out in the most faded bits of cast-off literary costume. They have no need to accept old clothes from Europe, but whether they make use of them or not, they show strong limbs under the most threadbare garment. Literature in America is stirring onward.

"Marie de Bernière,"²² and other tales, are the work of another lover of romance. "Marie de Bernière" is a story of New Orleans, all about an old house and secret passages, and a ghost mystery, solved by the trapping of an artful father confessor with the wax mask of a dead man's face. The story is well told. Mrs. Southworth, under the title of "Old Neighbourhoods and New Settlements,"²³ tells tales instinct with womanly moralities, instilling, among others, the duty of obedience in wives, after a fashion that would shock the Bloomerites and gratify St. Paul. She has also a physiological story against stays. "A Pastor's

²¹ "The Works of James Hall. Legends of the West." Author's revised edition. New York: Putnam and Co.

²² "Marie de Bernière: a Tale of the Crescent City, &c. &c. &c." By W. Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

²³ "Old Neighbourhoods and New Settlements; or, Christmas Evening Legends." By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: Hart.

Wife"²⁴ tells, with a force begotten by experience, the sad tale of a minister's life among the "Salem people" in the valley of the Connecticut. Sorrowful was the parson's life, dependent on the voluntary support of those Salem people, and others yet less considerate, who worked the willing horse without mercy, and delighted in revivals, whose women said censorious things at quilting parties, and who, men and women, would have ground him to dust in the first year, had it not been for the intervention of good Deacon Ely. Referring to a well known book, entitled "Sunny Side," this volume is called "Shady Side;" it affects no special merit as a piece of writing, but in that respect its faults are merits; it is racy with Americanisms, not put in artistically, but naturally flowing from the author's pen; she writes what she knows, and by a book so genuine as she has thus produced, it is impossible not to be interested.

Mrs. E. F. Ellet, author of a volume called the "Women of the Revolution," has published a pleasant book for a parlour shelf or drawing-room table, entitled, "Nouvelettes of the Musicians."²⁵ They are chiefly adaptations from the art novels of Lyser and Rellstab—some are original, all are amusing and informing. Very good engraved portraits of musicians are included in the volume, which forms altogether a collection of light reading that reminds us of the stories of the "Old Painters," by the authoress of the "Log Cabin."

We suppose we must add to this body of contemporary American fiction one more book as a sign of the times. A work entitled "Spiritual Vampirism"²⁶ sets out with the grave proposition that great men or women are those abounding in Od force, and that their influence—as that of Mahomet or Mrs. Stowe—is simply a manifestation in others of the Od force that has radiated from themselves. As there are some people who always have a flow of Od force at the service of a friend, so there are others always wanting it, and sponging for it upon their acquaintances. Some of these sponges imbibe so much that they ruin their neighbours. They grow spiritually at the expense of those about them, suck their Od in and throw aside their empty shells, or bodies, out of which the mind has been abstracted. Such people the author denominates Spiritual Vampires, and of

²⁴ "The Shady Side; or, Life in a Country Parsonage." By a Pastor's Wife. Boston: Jewett and Co.

²⁵ "Nouvelettes of the Musicians." By Mrs. E. F. Ellett. New York: Cornish, Lamport, and Co.

²⁶ "Spiritual Vampirism: the History of Ethereal Softdown, and her Friends of the 'New Light.'" By C. W. Webber. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

one such person, named Ethereal Softdown, he proceeds to tell a tale of horrors. The book is no cleverer than might be supposed. A clever man would scarcely have spent ink on such a subject. Nevertheless, there is no lack in it of coarse excitement to the wonder-seeker; and in these days of rapping angels and revolving hats, we have no doubt that it will find a public.

ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.*

IN presenting our report on the current literature of Germany, it may not be altogether irrelevant to take an occasional glance at the Catalogue of the Leipsig Book Fair, and see in what proportions the various products of the harvest have been yielded. In the first place, the exceedingly well-arranged catalogue itself should not be passed without a word of commendation, for as it is, we believe, an established maxim in æsthetics, that in all works of art the treatment rather than the subject matter, the “how” rather than the “what,” is the chief thing to be considered, if we look at the catalogue from an artistical point of view, and ask not so much what the intellectual viands are, as how they are served up, we shall find much cause for satisfaction.

But, alas! if we look a little closer into the dishes set forth in this tempting order, we shall discover that in many cases they are mere wood and paint.

A considerable proportion of what should be books, wearing the outward forms and semblance of such, are but lifeless bodies of books, with little or no soul in them—for which we can only hope a speedy and decent interment at the trunkmaker’s.

With respect to the proportions in which they are distributed through the various departments, we find, out of the hundred closely printed pages filled by the titles of the productions of one quarter, twenty-two occupied by that peculiarly German science of school instruction, for which they only of all modern nations have a distinct name, videlicet *pædagogik*, or pedagogy, if we may be permitted to coin so mellifluous a word. About an equal quantity of theology, and works supposed to be serviceable to education, a moderate proportion (about seven pages) of history and its kindred sciences, nine of so-called *Belles Lettres*,

* The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

(nearly three-fourths translations,) and the remainder devoted to politics, law, and physical science, periodicals, and miscellaneous works, not susceptible of any exact classification. Of metaphysics and mental philosophy, sometimes supposed to be the staple production of the German press, we find only one page. Sydney Smith said that established churches died of dignity, and perhaps the moribund condition of modern German philosophy may be attributed to a similar cause. Having proposed for its object what is beyond the reach of human faculties, the knowledge of the absolute and unconditional, the explanation of the universal system of things, the great powers employed with such astonishing perseverance, seem likely to lead absolutely to no result, and to end in the bottomless inane. The shallowest psychological method based upon the observation and classification of the facts of consciousness, would have yielded better fruit.

Turning from the catalogue to the works personally present to us, we take up a volume of substantial appearance, which we find to be a dissertation on the "Epochs of Church Theology. History Writing," and on the writers who have occupied themselves with it, from Eusebius, Evagrius, Philostorgius, &c., down to Neander; and, turning over the table of contents, we see chapters headed—"The Old Catholic mode of viewing History;" "The Old Protestant mode of viewing History;" "The Pragmatic mode of viewing History;" "The Striving after an Objective mode," &c. Overcoming some natural shudderings, we then draw a deep breath, and plunge conscientiously in. The word plunge, however, implies a metaphor by no means applicable. It is through no moist element, but through heaps of dry rubbish, that we have to force our way, and soon a sensation, like that of being choked with chaff, compels us to desist. Our next venture is not much more promising. "A History of the Christian Church," which is but a republication of a rather ponderous article from the "New Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences." This is, indeed, one step less remote from human sympathies, but not much calculated to afford relief. We pass on, therefore, to Professor Gladisch's "Religion and Philosophy,"³ where we find what will detain us a little longer.

Proceeding on the principle, that the conceptions of God and of the universe formed by the great families of nations from their

¹ "Die Epochen der Kirchlichen Geschichtschreibung." Von Dr. F. Ch. Baur. Tübingen. 1852.

² "Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche." Von Dr. E. Zeller. Stuttgart: Frank. 1852.

³ "Die Religion und die Philosophie in Ihrer Weltgeschichtlichen Entwicklung und Stellung zu einander." Von August Gladisch. Breslau. 1852.

peculiar points of view, are not to be unconditionally rejected, since the nations are to be regarded as the bodies of one planetary system, moving at various distances round the eternal and everlasting sun of truth, but none so distant that no ray can reach them; he attempts to trace their religious, moral, and even political life, from their original ontological theories. In the spiritual development of the Chinese, the fundamental conception was, that as the infinite variety of numbers proceed from unity, the infinite variety of things have proceeded from one being, and as unity contains within itself the contrariety of the even and the uneven, so the one absolute being includes the contrariety of the heavenly and the earthly.

In this theory, as well as in their language and degree of moral culture, he regards the Chinese as having attained only the lowest or childish grade of human progress.

Opposed in some measure to this Chinese solution of the great problem was that of the ancient Bactrians, Medes, and Persians, who conceived the Supreme Being as pure light and vitality, and as absolute goodness and truth; but since in the visible universe, light and darkness, good and evil, incessantly contend with each other, the creation of the world was explained by the partial metamorphosis of the good principle into its opposite, and consequent separation and strife with itself.

Varying as well from the Chinese theory of development, as from the Persian one of metamorphosis, the Hindoos conceived the one absolute existence as a pure abstract unchangeable being or thought, and represented him under the form of the sphere, as best symbolizing perfect unity and indifference; and since from this they could not deduce the creation of a material world, they denied the existence of matter, and declared the sensuous world to be a mere delusion. The contradiction of this doctrine to the evidence of the senses, produced even among the Hindoos the atomic theory. The ancient Egyptians contrived to reconcile the two. Their conception of the original being, Osiris, was, like that of the Indians, symbolised by the sphere, but they taught that at the creation, Discord, or Typhon, had separated him into four elements, from which Love, or Isis, by harmonious reunion, and manifold mingling together, continually produced new being, and thus all creation, death and birth, merely consisted in the separation and reunion of the four elements contained in the unity of the original being.

In opposition to all these views, the ancient Israelites maintained an original dualism—an entire separation and antagonism between God and the world; teaching that the latter, also, had existed from the beginning as a dark, formless chaos, in which Jehovah, the infinite pure spirit, had at the creation separated

the various elements, and called from them the world, and all that it contains.

In all these oriental systems, of which that of the Israelites may be regarded as the crown, the cosmical problem forms the centre of thought, and its solution determines the religious and moral development.

In this lies the fundamental difference between oriental and classical antiquity—that of the Greeks and Romans. Among neither of the latter do we find Bibles, or sacred writings, like those of the Eastern nations, containing a view of the origin and nature of things, from which the peculiar form of their religious and moral life might be deduced. We hear no more of the cosmical problem, but the centre of all interest, and of the entire spiritual development, is henceforth man himself. From this new direction of the mind classical antiquity became the birthplace of free, perfectly-developed humanity. The original direction of Hellenic thought we find most clearly expressed in the celebrated exhortation of the Delphic oracle, “Know thyself.” The religious conceptions of the Romans did not differ essentially from those of the Greeks, any more than the system of morals and of social order that arose out of them. Here, also, humanity itself formed the centre of spiritual interest; the chief difference lay in the fact, that, among the Greeks, more room was left for the play of the imagination, while in Rome the religious ideas were kept under the control of sober and practical understanding. Freedom was the common foundation of both; but while the Greek merged his individual freedom in that of the state, the Roman, to an equal devotion to the commonwealth, united a stronger regard to personality. In this recognition of the worth of the individual lies the whole importance of Romanism in history, for, by means of it, the point to which the Roman had attained formed the indispensable step to Christianity. So long, however, as the Christian doctrine was wanting, its predominating self-consciousness tended to evil as well as to good. It produced, indeed, the sacred regard for the family, and for the rights of property, and the manly, lofty self-reliance, so characteristic of the Roman; but, at the same time, the pride and selfishness, which so constantly repel our sympathy. Ultimately, also, it tended to harden the mind against religious reverence, to produce unbelief, and its ordinary companion, superstition, and at last resulted in the most perfect atheism, in which nothing remained but the absolute ego.

In the system of the Israelites, man had only an apparent, not a real personality; for it was the spirit of Jehovah that animated the human form, and, when that left it, the image fell to dust, and the man was destroyed. It was precisely the opposite view to

that of the Roman. There we find the absolute God without any independent value in man, where the absolute man with denial (at last) of all that was divine. In Christianity, these discordances are resolved into perfect harmony; the fundamental idea is the filial relation of man to God, and the Roman principle of personality—the absolute worth of the individual—is even more distinctly called forth, embracing not merely every free citizen of the state, but every human being, without exception.

The second part of Dr. Gladisch's work treats of the history of ancient philosophy, and its relation to the religious conceptions—of the doctrines of Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Parmenides, Empedocles, Anaxagoras—and the completion of the Hellenic philosophy by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. After Plato, no new cosmical theory appeared, but only, under the Stoics, Epicureans and Sceptics, repetitions of what had arisen before in the East. The concluding chapter indicates the law of development in the philosophy of the Christian world—from Descartes, to the most recent disciples of the school of Hegel.

We have lying before us, in various forms, accounts of the judicial proceedings and opinions given on the case of Professor Gervinus; the one called "The Trial of Gervinus,"⁴ containing the speeches of the counsel on both sides, as well as a brief, calm, and manly address from the accused, which will not excite less sympathy because it makes no appeal to it. It simply points out the absurdity of a sentence virtually directed against the facts of history, and Providence itself (for the work contains little or nothing of the mere opinions of the writer); a sentence which, where it does not miss its aim, strikes harder than it intends, since it amounts to nothing less than one of banishment from his country, or, what would be still more severe, the renunciation of literary plans irretrievably interwoven with the whole course of his life, and of the noble service of historical truth to which it is devoted.

"Persons and Things since the Restoration and the Monarchy of July,"⁵ is a continuation of the series of "Recollections of Paris," by a lady (a Madame Hertz, we believe), whose acquaintance with that capital and its *salons* dates from five-and-thirty years back. The present volume commences with a striking picture of one of those most lugubrious spectacles which used to be got up at the Court theatre of the Tuileries, a short time

⁴ "Der Process Gervinus, &c." Mitgetheilt von Wilhelm Beseler. 1853.

"Rechtsgutachten über die wider den Professor G. J. Gervinus erhobene anklage." Brunswick: Schwetsche und Sohn. 1853.

⁵ "Personen und Zustände aus der Restauration und dem Juli-königthum, von der Verfasserin der Erinnerungen aus Paris." Berlin: Wilhelm Kerb. 1853.

before the death of Louis the Eighteenth, when it was considered expedient to announce in the papers that the king had attended a theatrical performance, although he had, in reality, fallen into a state of almost perfect lethargy, and was so constantly overpowered by sleep, that his condition could not always be concealed by any possible contrivance of his attendants. "A formless mass," says our authoress, "scarcely resembling a living organized being, might be seen, pressed into the corner of a carriage, and drawn along rapidly by six horses, but fast asleep amid all the tumult of a Paris street." At these plays, no one but those belonging to the Court, and strangers formally presented by an ambassador, was allowed to occupy a place on the side *estrades*, and all who did enjoy that honour, must previously have attended the mass of the *Holy Ghost*, and retain the full Court costume that they had worn on that occasion. The men appeared in richly-embroidered coats and costly lace ruffles. The Royal Family occupied a place parted off in the centre of the estrade, and persons not belonging to the Court, and who were of inferior rank, were placed in a box covered by lattice-work, through which their plebeian, unplumed heads could not be seen; but they enjoyed, as a compensation, the advantage of a greater freedom of movement than was permitted to the occupants of more distinguished places. The deportment of the Court was cold and stiff to excess. No one ventured on the slightest expression of applause or blame, an "assembly of dressed-up dolls," says the authoress, "might really have afforded a better representation of life. No one so much as whispered to his neighbour; all sat with their eyes immovably fixed upon the stage, and the king slept the whole evening through."

Not the least acceptable chapter is the one containing an account, by M. Bertin de Vaux, of a visit paid by him to Madame de Staël in her exile at Coppet, in which the conversation is reported with almost Boswellian accuracy. He found her reading "Tacitus" with her eldest son (who had just been crowned at the High School of Geneva), and occasionally romping with the younger, whom she had afterwards the misfortune to lose in a duel in Germany.

Afterwards, as they walked together on the banks of the lake, the conversation turned on the subject to which people's thoughts are naturally drawn when the prospects of the present world darken around them. M. de Vaux had been speaking of his imprisonment under the Directory,—and of the manner in which it had been alleviated and shortened by the good offices of Madame de Staël. He had told her of the various methods of study, &c., by which he had endeavoured to beguile the tedium of his captivity, adding, "I had just then attained to the triumph

of my Optimist views;" when she suddenly turned upon him with—

"Pray, Mr. Optimist, do you believe in the migration of our souls to any one of those worlds which are there shining above our heads?"

"Into *one* of these worlds?" was the reply; "that would be far too little. Into several of them, I hope. We Optimists are unwearied travellers. We mean to rise from sphere to sphere—from progress to progress—from insight to insight, until we attain to rest, or rather, new endowment through eternity."

This produced a rather alarming request for a brief exposition of his system, and led, on the part of the lady, to an eloquent expression of her own hopes and fears on this ever-interesting topic, which we should have been glad to find room for, were it possible for us to give extracts, as well as for the judicious remarks of the authoress on the evil omen afforded for the prospects of the French nation by the almost incredible luxuries of Paris, and the all but universal corruption to which they lead.

In the "*Moors in Spain*,"⁶ as in his former work, Mr. A. L. von Rochau surprises us by the unlikeness of his style of writing to that of his countrymen in general; but the comparison is not always in his favour. He has the merit of conciseness, indeed, and in seeking for the cause of any phenomenon, he does not, as they are wont to do, dig many fathoms too deep to find the root he is in search of. But we miss the lofty, philosophic tranquillity, the imperturbable impartiality, for which German historians are so deservedly distinguished. He seems to throw himself head long into his subject, and writes of the events of a thousand years ago with the heat and impetuosity of a party pamphleteer. There is no doubt that the cause of the Arabs in Spain, in their struggles with the Christians, was often the better of the two;—that in knowledge and mental culture, in liberality and true humanity, they were in general greatly the superiors of their opponents, but it is easy to see that Mr. von Rochau (witness his treatment of the *Cid*) is not equally disposed to do justice to the Catholic side in the quarrel, or to appreciate the earnest sincerity of faith that accompanied, and sometimes originated, their fiery intolerance. We should have wished, also, that the subject should have been pursued far enough to trace the injurious consequences to Spain herself, of the injustice and cruelty exercised in the expulsion of the Moors, towards the most industrious and valuable portion of her population.

A small and unpretending volume, called the "*Little Book of*

⁶ "*Die Moriscos in Spanien*." Von A. L. Rochau. Leipzig: Avenarius und Mendelsohn. 1853.

Emperors,"⁷ will probably be acceptable to all who have visited, or are about to visit, the city of Frankfort, and to many others. It is a series of concise biographical sketches of the subjects of the fine historical portraits adorning the hall of the old Römer of the German emperors, from Charlemagne to Francis II., with a general introduction, descriptive of the ceremonies of Election and Coronation. The value of this little work would, however, be much increased by the addition of some information of the sources, coins, monuments, or whatever they may be, from which the portraits in the Römer were taken. Attached to each biography is a rather poorly executed engraving of the portrait of the Emperor in question.

Travels. Dr. Dieterici, the author of "Travelling Pictures from

the East,"⁸ is one of that satisfactory class of travellers who are always prepared to feel in every spot the emotions it is calculated to call forth in all well-regulated minds, and who are not so improvident as to delay furnishing themselves with the proper reflections till the moment when they are wanted, but have them all ready packed in with their luggage, to be drawn forth as occasion may require. He may do so without danger, for they are not at all of an inflammable or explosive nature, but rather of that soothing and soporific quality—and pious, withal—in the strain of a summer afternoon's discourse in a country church. But we doubt whether, out of that privileged locality, they might be found profitable to edification. The days are gone when the mere names of Cairo, the Nile, and the Pyramids, could arouse the imagination of the reader. So far, indeed, is this from being the case, that a writer, who in treating such worn topics can avoid being regarded as a bore, may be considered to have given a decided proof of literary ability, more than has fallen, we fear, to the lot of Herr Wilhelm Gentz, who, in his "Letters from Egypt and Nubia,"⁹ also favours us with his experiences of Eastern travel. As we generally pass over in a book what it has in common with most other books on the same subject, and direct our attention to what is new and peculiar, we have endeavoured to find some such feature in these letters. If in anything the writer is distinguished from the herd of Frank Nomades, who now every year *do* the Nile and the Pyramids, it is in the exemplary attention he pays to his personal comforts. In his visit to the Great Pyramid, for instance, he does not trouble us with

⁷ "Das Kaiser-buchlein : die Kaiserbilder in Frankfurter Römer darstellend." Von J. Seybt. Leipzig: Wigand. 1852.

⁸ "Reisebilder aus dem Morgenlande." Von Dr. F. Dieterici. Berlin: Wiegand und Grieben. 1853.

⁹ "Briefe aus Ägypten und Nubien." Von Wilhelm Gentz. Berlin: Karl Barthol. 1853.

any historical reflections or archæological details, but records, that having reached the centre, he sat down and refreshed himself with bread and meat. He then ascended it on the outside, and again refreshed himself with bread and oranges. When half way up, he informs us, the Arabs who had toiled to drag him up, "*nolens volens*," applied for their fee, and "I promised to give it when we got to the top, *but did not*." In coming down, one of the Arabs tore his leg open, from top to bottom with a sharp stone, but, observes the traveller, "he was at bottom glad of it, as it gave him a something to complain of, and enabled him to ask more money." With this characteristic remark, we take a respectful leave of Mr. Wilhelm Gentz.

In the "Wanderings through the North-Eastern and Central Provinces of Spain,"¹⁰ we have an account, on the whole, very satisfactory, of the progress made in that country of late, under a comparatively judicious administration. It had been Dr. Wilkomm's intention to commence his Spanish journey by going by sea from Bordeaux to some part of the Cantabrian coast; but no vessel bound for a north Spanish port lay in the Garonne. At Bayonne, though it lies in the direct road between the capitals of France and Spain, there was only one diligence, which made the journey on alternate days; but in the Basque provinces the means of communication, as well as other circumstances indicative of the material and intellectual condition of the people, were in a greatly superior state.

The feudal system has never existed in Biscay; and the Basque peasant is a free proprietor, subject to no other power than the government of the province, and the king of Spain. There are no feudal castles, or romantic ruins, to adorn the landscape; and though you occasionally see a more stately-looking mansion, a *palacio*, it is merely a house belonging to a larger proprietor, and claims no privileges, still less jurisdiction, over its neighbours. The poor man, cultivating his little plot of ground in the sweat of his brow, is just as free and independent, and moreover, just as proud of his ancestors, as his noble neighbour.

The Basque farmer is, like most peasant-proprietors, very industrious. He may be seen toiling in his field, or his garden, from earliest dawn till the sun sinks behind the wooded mountains, and the evening bell calls him to prayer. At this sound he takes off his cap respectfully, murmurs softly his Ave Maria, and then returns again to his merry song and his work, in which he is frequently helped by his wife and his children. The

¹⁰ "Wanderungen durch die Nordöstlichen und Centralen Provinzen Spaniens." Von Dr. Moritz Wilkomm. Leipsig. 1852.

plough is not made use of in Basque husbandry, but in its stead, a sort of fork, three feet long, which is driven perpendicularly into the ground, and which the peasants assert to be far better adapted to their heavy, stony soil, though extremely laborious in the use. The ground is also diligently manured with chalk, sand, ashes, sea-weed, &c., and is extremely productive. The mountain slopes are cultivated to a great height, and corn-fields, vegetables, orchards, and vineyards, succeed one another according to the nature of the soil. Where cultivation is no longer possible, you see grass meadows, woods, or, at least, bushes; and only the highest ridges and summits remain quite bare. Notwithstanding this careful cultivation, however, the population is so numerous, and so great a quantity of corn is consumed, that much is imported from Alava and Old Castile. Not one half of the population is engaged in agriculture, the rest is maintained by trade, fishery, mining, and the transport of goods; and throughout Spain the Basques are found carrying on the hardest and most active trades—those of stonemasons, carpenters, smiths, &c., and they are among the best and boldest sailors.

Few traces of the late war are now to be seen in these provinces. Slender young trees, in luxurious abundance, have replaced the old forests which were then cut down, or burnt, and new, tasteful houses, built in the modern style, those which the war destroyed. Wherever the eye turns it sees the unmistakable signs of prosperity and cheerful industry; by the exertion of which, the wounds left by the war have been so rapidly healed. Whilst all over the rest of Spain the means of communication are so very deficient, Biscay and Guiposcoa are traversed in all directions by well-kept roads, and many new ones are being made. The towns and villages are constantly improving in appearance—new houses are building; bridges being made; public walks being laid out; near the rapid little streams, that rush through the beautiful vallies, rise handsome factories, “from whose tower-like chimnies flutters the smoky banner of civilization;” the mines are worked more and more in accordance with scientific rules; costly public works have been erected on the banks of the river, and on the sea-shore; and a plan is now in contemplation to tunnel beneath the Cantabrian mountains for a navigable canal, to connect the Ebro with the ocean. Throughout the Basque provinces nearly two hundred iron-works, of various kinds, are in operation; and the fine iron suspension-bridge at Bilbao was the work of a great establishment about two miles from the town. Among other differences which agreeably strike the attention of a traveller coming from the naked and inhospitable regions of central Spain, is the security of travelling. Although the mountains offer innumerable con-

venient hiding-places for gentlemen of that profession, highway robberies are seldom heard of.

From what has been said, it will be readily supposed that the Basque people are among the most instructed of the Spaniards. Whilst in most other districts, schools for the people have only just been established, the Basques have long been in the enjoyment of this advantage. In every village there are schools, the teachers of which are paid by the commune; and the parents are by law compelled to send their children, which is not the case in any other part of Spain.

The most striking contrast to the pleasing and prosperous condition of the Basque provinces Dr. Wilkomm found in some of the central regions, especially Aragon. The country is barren and thinly peopled, the fields neglected, vines and olives left to take care of themselves, houses and villages filthy, the people lazy and slovenly, seeming to prefer the life of the smuggler or the beggar to any more regular industry. The country abounds in streams, and in metals, alum, salt, and other mineral productions; and in spite of the bad cultivation and careless management, enormous quantities of oil, hemp, &c., and wool are produced. But there are no factories, and the trade of the province is confined to the exportation of the raw materials, and the importation of all the manufactured goods it consumes. The intellectual condition of the Aragonese is on an equally low grade. There are scarcely any village schools, and few even in the large towns. In Saragossa there is a university (of the second order), but it is little visited; and the commercial school, where mathematics, drawing, and physical science is cultivated, is supported by the *Sociedad economica de amigos del pais*, an association for the encouragement of industry, trade and agriculture. Scarcely any Aragonese of the lower class can read and write; and what little instruction they receive is merely that afforded by the priests in the doctrines and forms of the Catholic church. As a natural consequence, they are so bigoted that it is advisable for a stranger not belonging to that communion to keep his heresy a secret.

Dr. Wilkomm strenuously denies the general charge of slothfulness, which it is common to prefer against the lower class of Spaniards in general. He asserts, on the contrary, that they are often willing to make what, even in our more hard-working part of the world, would be considered as strenuous exertion to obtain employment. On one occasion, for instance, whilst stopping at a little venta in Valencia to water his horses, a poor man came up to the trough placed outside in the road, in order to afford the same refreshment to a half-starved-looking donkey, which carried, apparently, the entire possessions of the owner—

his wife and his children. The party consisted of six, and seemed to have travelled a great distance. The man had been doing harvest-work, and had a scythe over his shoulder; the woman, who carried an infant in her arms, was scarcely able to walk from fatigue, but neither of them offered to beg. Only a little girl of about five years old, whose naked feet were bleeding from the sharp stones of the road, approached modestly to where Dr. Wilkomm's servant was preparing breakfast, and asked for a bit of bread.

The traveller humanely sent for some loaves and cans of wine for the relief of the wayfarers, and then entered into conversation with the Valencian. They were from Alicante; and in June, after the finishing of the wheat harvest, they had wandered in search of work to Aragon, and thence to Molina. They were now endeavouring to make their way homeward, in order, if possible, to get employment in the vintage. This family, therefore, had not shrunk from undertaking a journey of two hundred miles, in the hottest season, in search of work. This was by no means the only instance of the kind the author met in the course of his journey. In Aragon and New Castile he often met troops of twenty and thirty Valencians who had been doing harvest-work in various parts of Spain. Valencia, it seems, notwithstanding its glorious climate, and the industry of its inhabitants, is not able to find food for them. The land is not divided, as in Biscay, among small peasant proprietors, but is in the hands of a few great nobles. The Dukes of Segorbe and Liria, the Marquises of Denia and Lurbay, and other of the principal grandees of Spain, appear to manage their estates much in the fashion of certain Irish landlords of former days, troubling themselves very little about the means by which the revenues are raised which are to furnish the luxuries of Paris and Madrid. The burdens on the peasantry, in taxes to the crown, and the commune, and the demands of the landlord are such as nothing but the extraordinary productiveness of the soil, and the diligent use made of it could enable them to support.

Dr. Wilkomm passed by the way of Cuença to Madrid, which he found much changed since his former visit in 1844, and he thence made excursions in various directions, to the rich silver mines of Hiendelaencina, and by Toledo and Placenta to Salamanca.

Perhaps, in strict justice, we must own that, considering the freshness of much of the ground traversed, and the advantages the author possessed in his previous studies of the Peninsula, we have, notwithstanding the information they contain, been rather disappointed in these volumes; but their want of animation may be perhaps attributable to the melancholy circumstances

alluded to in the preface, especially the unexpected death of the lady to whom the author was betrothed.

In the department of imaginative literature we have Fiction. little worthy of notice.

The "Peasant War"¹¹ of Hendrik Conscience, is an "historical picture," not of the great insurrection of the German peasantry in the sixteenth century, generally known by that name, but the struggle of some of the rural population of Belgium (in 1798) to resist the insolent domination of the French Republic in its day of pride; a struggle which, not having been successful, has been forgotten, or misunderstood; and the men who might—had fortune favoured them—have been enthroned in the gratitude and affection of their countrymen—who poured out their blood freely in the cause of national independence, when the cities mostly crouched at the feet of the invader, have gone down to posterity under the title of the brigands, bestowed on them by their enemies. As far as a most intimate acquaintance with the subject, and fervent patriotic zeal afford qualifications for the treatment of such a theme, the author is eminently qualified, but he is deficient in the dramatic power requisite to give life and reality to the romance. We are aware that he holds among his countrymen the highest rank as a writer of historical novels; but he can have obtained such a reputation only in the absence of some real master in the art. Let him place his personages in ever such harrowing situations, and "pile up the agony" mountains high, we remain cool and unconcerned, for the figures are not of human flesh and blood.

The individual interest is obtained by the story of a French village, in which an idle and dissolute young man—the black sheep of the community—who has been forced to fly to escape the punishment of his offences, returns as an officer of the French Republican army (a man having authority), commissioned to offer the inhabitants the choice of adopting the new Paris fashions of *Liberté, Fraternité—ou la Mort*, and to deliver them from the yoke of superstition by driving them out of their church, and forcibly shutting it up. Simon, by *sansculotte* baptism, Simon Brutus, is endowed with an abundant quantity of villany to furnish the motive power required to drive the hero and heroine through the necessary amount of distress, but is happily converted, at last, with an ease and rapidity almost worthy of the old stage direction, in which the villain, at the end of the act, "leans against the side-screen, and grows virtuous!"

The chief aim of the book seems, like most of the author's

¹¹ "Der Bauern Krieg: Historisches Gemählde aus dem achtzehnten Jahrhundert, aus dem Flämischen." Von Hendrik Conscience. Brussel und Leipsig. 1853.

previous productions, to foster the spirit of Flemish nationality, a cause in which he has laboured zealously and perseveringly from the commencement of his literary career. But we would rather see the flame of patriotism kept alive among the Belgians by other means than that of cherishing hatred of their French neighbours.

"Sketches from La Vendée and Bretagne"¹² is a collection of well written tales, illustrative of the character, customs, and superstitions of the people of those provinces. Little reliance, of course, can be placed on what we call national character, in treating of a population whose ethnographical constituents are so heterogeneous as those of France; and that of the countries here spoken of appears to have far more affinity with the races of Celtic origin in other parts of Europe, than with those commonly regarded as their countrymen. It is, however, losing its peculiar characteristics. Notwithstanding what Mr. Huber calls the "ploughing, and harrowing, and rolling" of successive revolutions, these districts are still richer in traditional lore than other European countries, some parts of Germany and Ireland, perhaps, excepted; but the strong faith and simple obedience, the disinterested loyalty which, though sometimes scarcely more than a blind instinct, was still the salt that preserved the mass of old French society from corruption, of these, even among the rural population, scarcely a trace is now left. The sacred fire is extinguished now under the rubbish of private egotism, and it will be long before an altar is erected to a purer worship. The tales here related, of which some are stated to be founded on the "Dernier Paysans," and the "Scènes de la Chouannerie of Emile Souvestre," will, at least, help to keep alive its memory. Mr. Huber is the author of the "Sketches in Spain," which, if we mistake not, have been translated, and favourably received.

We hear rumours of a new epic poet in Prussia, lauded by some as "the genius of the age—the creator of a new school of historical poetry." He is the author of a poem called "Leuthen," which has gone rapidly through two editions. Also, it appears, that "itinerant rhapsodists are travelling about the Prussian provinces, endeavouring to awaken a taste for his productions among the people, and especially among the school youth." Precisely what this may mean we cannot, at present, undertake to determine. We give the hearsay as it has reached us, but may, perhaps, be able to offer a solution in our next number—as well as the notice of a work, apparently of considerable interest, "The Life of Professor Paulus of Heidelberg," by Baron von Reuchlin Meldegg, which has reached us too late for the extended notice to which it is entitled, but to which we shall return.

¹² "Skizzen aus der Vendec und Bretagne." Berlin: Herz. 1853.

ART. XIII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.*

WE have not a very numerous list of books to chronicle this quarter. There is one of very unusual value, although it will interest only a small section of our readers, for the sake of whom we briefly indicate the fact of its existence:—It is nothing less than the “*Traité de Chimie Anatomique et Physiologique Normale et Pathologique; ou des principes immédiats normaux et morbides.*” By Drs. Charles Robin and J. Verdeil: a most elaborate work on what is improperly called Organic Chemistry, forming the necessary introduction to the philosophic study of Anatomy. It consists of three very large volumes, accompanied by an atlas of forty-five admirably executed plates. We have only read a portion of this work, enough, however, to convince us that it is composed in the true scientific spirit, and with elaborate minuteness of research. The authors are disciples of Auguste Comte, and carry his general doctrines into detailed application.

There are also two geological works of the highest importance. One is especially interesting to our in-door geologists, being an account of the fossils found in the nummulitic formation of India.¹ It is prepared by Viscount D'Archiac, the most eminent authority on this subject, in conjunction with a young and promising naturalist, M. Jules Haime. The other is the first volume of M. de Barrande's “*Système Silurien de la Bohême,*”² the labour of years, admirable and truthful throughout. It is not often that geology gains such substantial additions to her literature as these volumes present. In the latter work is the full account of M. de Barrande's discoveries respecting the metamorphosis of trilobites.

The next work of importance is one by the veteran Augustin Thierry. “*Essai sur l'Histoire de la formation et des progrès du Tiers Etat.*”—It is a fine subject, worthy of the great and peculiar powers of Thierry: admitting of his patient zeal in research, his immense and minute erudition; and, at the same time, of his peculiar sagacity in detecting the real historic significance of facts. His object has been to gather up into one con-

* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Mr. Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade.

¹ “*Description des Animaux Fossiles du Groupe Nummulitique de l'Inde.*” Par Le Vicomte d'Archiac et Jules Haime. Paris. 1853.

² “*Système Silurien du Centre de la Bohême.*” Par Joachim Barrande, Ancien Sous-Precepteur de Monsieur le Comte de Chambord. 1ere Partie. Prague et Paris. 1852.

tinuous narrative, the facts which mark the gradual development of the Third Estate through the course of centuries; its obscure origin, and the part it played in political life, slow at first, but gradually culminating until it assumed a rank nearly equal to that of the others. One very common error on this point he dissipates: the error, namely, of supposing that the third estate comprised only what is now called the *Bourgeoisie*, a superior class among those who were excluded from the two Estates of Nobility and Clergy. He vindicates the right of the Third Estate to its identification with the whole people, except the two classes Nobility and Clergy; and hence, it is a history of the French People that he is writing, in tracing during the period from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, a history of the Third Estate. He begins by recounting the extinction of slavery, the fusion of races, and the birth of what is called *Bourgeoisie* in the middle ages. He then introduces us to the Parliaments of the thirteenth century, and the States General in the fourteenth. This conducts him to the reign of Charles V., namely, to the point from which French social history commences a course of regular development. From that to the reign of Louis Quatorze, we are made to witness the rise and growing importance of the people in political affairs. A book like this "*Essai sur le Tiers Etat*," at the same time so learned, so conscientious, and so agreeable to read, is not often to be met with, especially in French history.

The literature of exiles has been less abundant this quarter. Indeed it almost seems as if exiles felt the ineffectual nature of publications which cannot get a hearing in France. M. Schoelcher has produced a serious and impassioned volume, "*Le Gouvernement du deux Décembre*," forming a continuation and complement to his previous work on the crimes of the government of December. It is full of strange and painful facts, and must one day be referred to as a curious historical testimony. Meanwhile, the interest for such things in England has passed away, and we cannot hope for a very large audience for such a work, except among the exiles.

An agreeable volume of travels by Alexandre Holmski, "*La Californie et les Routes Interocéaniques*," deserves to be read in spite of the quantities of books already published on California. The author is an old traveller, and of the best sort; one who not only keeps his eyes open, and his mind open, but who also carries with him a fund of serious conviction in favour of liberty and toleration, which these strange modes of life, passing as they do beyond the orbit of ordinary conventions, forcibly illustrate. A more unprejudiced traveller we would not wish to travel with, nor one more capable of rendering the road pleasant, both by

his gaiety and his seriousness. It is but a single volume he has given us, and that volume our translators would do well to look at.

Many will be attracted by the title of Jules Janin's new book, "*Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique*," as we ourselves were attracted; we may save them considerable disappointment by informing them that the work is no history of dramatic literature at all, but simply a selection from his *feuilletons* in the *Débats* during the last twenty years, connected together—if connexion that can be called which connexion is none, the mere rambling rodomontade of his discursive pen—by remarks partly biographical, partly explanatory. Janin writes so well at times, that, had he confined himself to a simple selection of the best *feuilletons*, and the best passages in his *feuilletons*, he would have produced a work which all the world would have read. But at present his two volumes (and there are two more to come!) are the most undigested, rambling, tantalizing, unreadable volumes, in spite of readable passages, that we could lay our fingers on. They are no history of dramatic literature, they do not profess to be one—the name on the title-page is a mere impertinence, if it be not a snare; for nowhere throughout the work does Janin ever pretend to be writing the history of the drama. There are, indeed, articles on Molière, Marivaux, Mademoiselle Mars, Duboureaux, the clown, &c., but no greater claim to history has the book than these!

Alexandre Dumas continues his "*Mémoires*," which become more amusing as he approaches nearer our own day. Volumes XIV. and XV. treat of 1830; the revolution in Art and the revolution in Politics! His details on the latter are amusing from their pretension. To read him, you would believe that he was the soul of the whole movement; like Coriolanus at Corioli, "alone he did it!" The details respecting Art are more piquant and more credible. *Après* of the first night of "*Hernani*," he tells a story illustrative of partisanship. He says:—

"The one party attacked without having heard, and the other defended without having understood. In that passage where Hernani learns from Ruygomez that Gomez has confided his daughter to Charles V., and Hernani exclaims, '*Vieillard stupide, il l'aime!*' M. Parseval de Grandmaison, who was somewhat deaf, thought he said, '*Vié as de pique, il l'aime!*' (*old ace of spades, he loves her!*) and, in his naïve indignation, he could not prevent exclaiming, 'Oh, that's too bad! that's too strong!' 'What is too strong, sir? What is too bad?' asked Lassailly, who was at his left, and who heard what he said, but did not hear what Hernani had said. 'Sir,' replied the Academician, 'I say that it is too bad to call a dignified old man such as Ruygomez an old ace of spades.' 'What do you mean by too bad?'

'Oh, you may say what you will, but the expression is indecent on the part of a young man such as Hernani.' 'Sir,' replied Lassailly, 'he had a right to say it—cards were invented at that period,—cards were invented in the reign of Charles VI., Monsieur l'Académicien ! If you don't know that, I teach it you now.' He then shouted, 'Bravo for the old ace of spades ! Bravo Victor Hugo !'

Dumas also lets us into the secret of an amusing extravagance. In the "Mysteries of Paris," every one remembers Pipelet, the porter, and the practical jokes played on him. It appears, however, from Dumas, that there was a real Pipelet, and that Eugène Sue was the originator of the practical joking. Dumas relates the story thus:—When he produced his "Henri III.," he also assisted two of his friends in the production of a parody of his piece, and in that parody there was a scene where the hero, in a tender farewell from his servant, sentimentally asks him for a "lock of his hair." This demand was sung to a melody then popular. Two or three days afterwards, Dumas was dining with Eugène Sue and some others, and after dinner, when the champagne corks were flying, and extravagances of all kinds were being uttered, they began to sing the refrain,—

"Portier je veux,
De tes cheveux."

Suddenly, Sue and Desmares resolved to re-dramatize that song—to translate it from the stage into life—and accordingly, they hurried to a house in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, the porter of which was named Pipelet, and solemnly asked him "if Pipelet was not his name?" On receiving an affirmative reply, they asked him, in the name of a Polish princess who had fallen in love with him, for a lock of his hair ; and they were so pressing in their entreaties, and so serious in their manner, that at last, to rid himself of them, the unfortunate Pipelet consented. From that moment of weakness dated his ruin ! That very evening, three other demands were addressed to him, on the part of a Russian princess, a German baroness, and an Italian marchioness ; and every time a demand was made, an invisible chorus sang at the door—

"Portier je veux,
De tes cheveux."

On the morrow, the joke continued ; all Sue's and Dumas' "fast" friends were sent to demand locks of hair from the unfortunate Pipelet, who never opened the door but in an agony of expectation ! From that day, the unfortunate Pipelet was a doomed man. Night and day, day and night, locks of his hair were in incessant request !—and Dumas declares that they drove him into a lunatic asylum with their incessant persecution. But

we will hope that is only the romancist's manner of telling the story, and that Pipelet was left in repose when the joke became worn out.

Besides his "Mémoires," the indefatigable Dumas has favoured the world with an instalment of four volumes of his romance on the Wandering Jew, intituled, "Isaac Laquedem." This novel has two peculiarities—the first, that it is *unreadable*, which is surely strange for Dumas!—the second, that it *naïvely* tells the story of Jesus Christ's life in the Dumas manner—dialogue and description included—with a perfectly serious intention, but in a style of such colossal buffoonery, that the sense of blasphemy and irreverence, which would otherwise shock the reader, becomes merged in Homeric laughter at its absurdity. We cannot resist giving one slight specimen, but we must ask permission to give it in the original, doubting whether any translation would be credited.

"Or, à peine la jeune vierge était-elle rentrée dans la maison paternelle, que voici, racontait-on, ce qui lui était arrivé.

"Un soir qu'elle s'était agenouillée devant son prie-Dieu, qu'elle était restée priant à travers le crépuscule jusqu'à ce que fussent venues les ombres de la nuit, et que, tout en priant, ses yeux s'étaient doucement fermés, tandis que sa tête reposait sur ses deux mains jointes, elle sentit tout à coup comme un parfum qui l'enveloppait, et une si grande lumière s'était répandue dans sa chambre, qu'à travers ses paupières closes, elle avait vu cette lumière.

"Aussitôt elle releva la tête, regarda autour d'elle, et aperçut un ange du Seigneur qui, le front ceint d'une auréole de flamme, tenant un lys à la main, flottait sur un nuage encore tout doré des reflets du ciel.

"C'était ce messager divin qui illuminait et parfumait la cellule de la Vierge.

"Une autre que Marie eût eu peur; mais elle avait déjà tant de fois vu des anges dans ses rêves, qu'au lieu de s'effrayer, elle sourit, et, de la pensée, sinon des lèvres, demanda :

"Bel ange du Seigneur, que voulez-vous de moi ?

"Et, lui, souriant de son côté, et répondant à sa pensée qu'il avait lue, lui dit :

"Je vous salue, Marie, vierge très-chère au Seigneur, vierge pleine de grâce ! Je suis Gabriel, le messager du Très-Haut, et je viens vous annoncer que le Seigneur est avec vous, et que vous êtes bénie entre toutes les femmes, et par-dessus toutes les femmes !

"La jeune fille voulut répondre; mais la parole lui manqua. Cette communication directe de sa faiblesse avec la force du Seigneur lui causait un certain effroi.

"Alors, comprenant sa pensée :

"O vierge ! reprit l'ange, ne craignez rien, car, dans cette salutation, je ne cache aucune chose qui soit contraire à votre chasteté; ayant choisi le Seigneur pour seul et unique époux, vous trouverez grâce

devant lui, et vous concevrez et enfanterez un fils. Ce fils sera grand, ô vierge ! car il dominera depuis la mer jusqu'à la mer, et depuis l'embouchure des fleuves jusqu'aux extrémités du monde ; il sera appelé le fils du Très-Haut, quoique né sur la terre, car il aura d'avance son trône élevé dans le ciel, et le Seigneur Dieu lui donnera le siège de David son père. Il régnera à jamais dans la maison de Jacob, et son règne n'aura pas de fin ; et il sera le roi des rois, le seigneur des seigneurs, le siècle des siècles !

"Alors, la jeune fille rougit sans répondre, car, ce qu'elle pensait, elle n'osait le dire à l'ange, et voici ce qu'elle pensait :

"Comment, vierge que je suis, pourrai-je donc devenir mère ?"

L'ange sourit encore, et, continuant de répondre à sa pensée :

"Ne comptez pas, ô Marie bienheureuse ! que vous concevrez à la manière humaine, dit-il ; non, vous concevrez vierge, vous enfanterez vierge, vous nourrirez vierge, car le Saint-Esprit descendra en vous, et le Très-Haut vous couvrira de son ombre ; c'est pourquoi l'enfant qui naîtra de vous sera seul saint, parce que seul il aura été conçu et sera né sans péché, ce qui permettra de l'appeler fils de Dieu.

"Et, alors, la jeune fille, levant les yeux et étendant les bras vers le ciel, prononça ces seules paroles, par lesquelles elle faisait don d'elle-même au saint mystère :

"Voici la servante du Seigneur, car je ne suis pas digne du nom de maîtresse ; qu'il soit donc fait, ô Seigneur ! selon votre volonté.

"Et l'ange ayant disparu, et la lumière s'étant évanouie, la Vierge était tombée comme endormie dans une extase céleste, et s'était relevée mère."

Could any but a Frenchman—could any but a Dumas amongst Frenchmen, have written the foregoing? When we tell the reader that Dumas follows the narrative of the evangelists throughout in the same style, we leave him to determine the nature of "Isaac Laquedem !"

Will anything ever teach the French an approach to accuracy in writing about England, or in writing English names? M. Méry, for example, has just published a volume of stories, called "Les Nuits Anglaises, contes Nocturnes," all of them devoted to some aspect of English life, wherein we find such persons as "Mr. Igoghlein, Mr. Greamish, Richard Shawb, and Sir Lively ;" and we read much of the "hafnaff" drunk at the "Wite horse ;" and we are also informed that "M. Kemble *fils*" is the editor of the "Quarterly," with many other things equally accurate and entertaining.

Another writer on England, M. Edmond Texier, who was over here during the Exhibition, and wrote such funny things of us, has collected his scattered articles into a volume, under the title "Critiques et Récits Littéraires." A pleasant volume enough, about Jules Janin, Lamartine, Saint Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Mignet, and others. Slight affairs all

these essays; mere fugitive articles in newspapers, which will not be less fugitive for being here collected in a volume. Two of the anecdotes about Balzac we will transfer to our pages.

"At the time when Balzac was living in the rue de Chaillot, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, three young men, two of whom are now famous in the literary world, went to see him one evening. Balzac sometimes had *caprices* like a *femme de trente ans*. That day he had had his room furnished with white satin. An immense chandelier in the Pompadour style, hung from the ceiling. The great writer made his visitors admire this coquettish, and somewhat extravagant boudoir, begging them not to sit down too much on the arm-chairs and sofas. 'But,' said one of the three friends, 'it is difficult for us to judge of the splendour of your *salon*, if you show it us by the light of a single wax candle; let us light the chandelier, and see the effect of your satin then!' 'Be it so,' replied Balzac, and the forty wax-lights were lighted. At this moment some one knocked at the door. 'It is M. X——, publisher, who wishes to speak to Monsieur,' said the servant. 'A publisher!' exclaimed Balzac, 'and forty wax-lights burning. Show him in. And you,' said he, turning to the three young men, 'lie down on the sofas, stretch yourselves out in the chairs, and do not be afraid of scratching my satin with the leather of your boots.'

"The door opened, and the publisher stood still, dazzled by the light. Balzac, calm and indifferent, asked him what he wanted. The publisher came to solicit the favour of publishing a work of the celebrated novelist. Balzac replied that he was very busy and very tired; but that In short, he requested the publisher to return next day to conclude the affair, and the latter retired.

"'I owe Providence a pound of candles, at least,' said Balzac, as soon as X—— was gone. 'You understand that this man will think I light forty wax-lights every evening, and you cannot, for decency's sake, pay a man who burns forty wax-lights a night, as you would a writer who works by the light of a single lamp. Now put out the chandelier, the trick is played.'"

This might have been introduced into Balzac's comedy of "Mercadet." *Après* to that comedy, here is a second extract:—

"Balzac's posthumous work, 'Mercadet,' has been published; not the 'Mercadet' arranged, corrected, and mitigated by some one experienced in the necessities of the stage, but the real 'Mercadet' as it came out hot from the mould of inspiration. Those persons who may have found the performance of that new incarnation of Vautrin, pointless, are informed that they will find all desirable condiments in the authentic publication. Ginger, cayenne-pepper, cantharides, nothing has been neglected which can revive and stimulate worn-out constitutions. I wonder at the fate of Balzac, who sought all his life for dramatic success, without attaining it, and who, after his death, obtained

two triumphs instead of one, in that one of his comedies which he least esteemed, in point of idea, style, or dramatic ability.

"This work, which dates from 1839, is due to the co-operation of Balzac and Charles Lassailly, a worthy fellow who has been dead these ten years. Lassailly told me at the time of all the trouble it cost him to enter into Balzac's dramatic idea. At the end of a month's work, he returned from the Jardies. His comedy was presented to the committee of the Théâtre Français, and received, subject to corrections. Balzac threw it back into his portfolio, and took a fresh *collaborateur* to plan out another piece. This new coadjutor was Edouard Ourliac, who has likewise been dead some years."

To complete the foregoing account, we may add—as M. Texier does not seem to know it—that the comedy was finally prepared for the stage in its present form, by Dennery, the well-known theatrical writer, who added the *dénouement*, and eliminated from the scenes much of the cynicism which clogged them, and the superfluous wit and dialogue which overlaid them. We have heard one of the committee of the Théâtre Français, who was present, describe Balzac's reading of "Mercadet" as something unparalleled. It was just after the Revolution of 1848, and not long before Balzac's death. He brought this comedy, three of the five acts then only finished, to read to the committee; and to read those three acts occupied four mortal hours—hours of laughter, of astonishment, of amusement, and of interest, such as rarely falls to the lot of an audience. Balzac stood up as he read, and not only laughed prodigiously at his own jokes, but stopped to comment on them, to point out their profundity, to point out their relation to the character, and, in fact, to speak an elaborate criticism in the shape of a running commentary. In spite, however, of the wit, sarcasm, and knowledge of life, the piece was absolutely unactable; indeed, Balzac's talent was essentially undramatic, and, we believe, as long as he lived, it would have been impossible to act "Mercadet," because impossible to get him to make the requisite alterations.

THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

~~~~~  
OCTOBER 1, 1853.  
~~~~~

ART. I.—RELIGION IN ITALY.

1. *Delle cinque piaghe della Santa Chiesa.* Per Rosmini Serbati. Bastia: 1849.
2. *Roma e il Mondo.* Per Tommasco Nicolò. Capolago: 1851.
3. *La Filosofia delle Scuole Italiane.* Per Ausonio Franchi. Capolago: 1852.

ALL who watch with earnestness the destinies of nations, and the part performed by each in the work of universal civilization, must look with no common sorrow at the present state of Italy. They must take a deep interest in her sufferings under the double tyranny of sword and crossier, and in the magnanimous efforts she has made to throw off the yoke of centuries. Many of us are personally acquainted with some of her most devoted sons, and in all countries where enough of freedom endures to shelter the exile, they are to be found still clinging to an indomitable faith and hope, still breathing the spirit of Italian thought. Generous minds, who measure the truth and righteousness of a cause by the justice and loftiness of its aim, and by the self-denial and constancy shown in its pursuit, rather than by its success, must admire the spirit which animates the patriots of Italy, who, for the last sixty years, have conspired, fought, and died for their country in a continual war against the still

reviving hydra of the Empire and the Church. Proselytes are ever arising for the fight, undismayed by past failures or by the victims that have preceded them. An inextinguishable aspiration carries them on in the struggle against the tyranny, hypocrisy, and evil which shut from them every path of free development, and draws them on, one after another, into the field of proscription, imprisonment, and death. Frequently they enter it with the foreknowledge of the doom awaiting them. The brothers Bandiera, and hundreds of others, are examples of this. It matters not. Hatred of their oppressors, and the sacred feeling of nationality, are more powerful than the instinct of self-preservation. Willing victims, they seek life in death—the life of their country, in the funeral tradition of their suffering. They fall with their country's name on their lips, and with souls full of love, which do not despair in death.

Generally speaking, the higher classes of English society, the classes devoted to business, and even many men of thought amongst us—accustomed to the guarantees of civil and religious liberty—are scarcely able at the present day, thanks to the struggles and sacrifices of our forefathers, to comprehend the weight of spiritual and material despotism with which we were ourselves once threatened, and with which Italy has been for three centuries and a half oppressed. They are inclined to regard the insurrectional movements constantly succeeding each other in the Peninsula as the intemperate reaction of utopists and demagogues, rather than as a manifestation of the profound workings of the conscience of mankind. Many, even among those who love and admire the patriots of Italy, yet, in regarding their mission, look principally to that in it which is accidental and temporary—to some commonplaces of independence and liberty, which are in fact but the means to a far more important end—and scarcely attempt to penetrate at all the true depths of the subject, considered in its relation to the religious and social aspirations of a whole people, and to the duties of that people towards collective humanity. It is unnecessary to say that the Protestant bigotry which measures the religious capacity and the virtue and genius of a people by its more or less passive conformity to the dead letter of the Bible, can of course see nothing good or sacred in the revolutionary tendencies of the Italians, and must regard their struggles towards their own emancipation but as the groping of the blind amid the shadows of death.

For ourselves, while undertaking to examine, as far as may be consistent with the limits of an article, the powers and the tendencies of the moral life of Italy, and the germs it encloses of ideal and practical development in a future, perhaps not far remote—

we desire to avoid alike the interested prejudices of those who measure each act of the oppressed by a cold calculation and hostile reasoning based on their own mercantile returns, and the narrow programme of those who, to the progressive life of the people in the present day, would substitute other rules, discipline, and customs, not less worn out and effete than those against which their conscience has arisen: Equally adverse to the inhuman egoism which recognises no other attraction among nations than that which binds them together for purposes of material interests—a tyrannical relationship which would condemn one portion of mankind to be the passive instruments of the well-being of the rest—and to the empty formalism of religious sects, we shall not ask the Italians whether their revolutionary attempts are to be immediately beneficial or injurious to English commerce, nor what probabilities their political emancipation presents of their adopting the thirty-nine articles of the Anglican Creed, or of their recognising the inscrutable authority of each and all the matters contained in the canonical books. Our inquiries are rather directed to draw from the past and present tendencies of the sons of Giordano Bruno, of Galileo, and of Vico, what promises of truth, of goodness, and of beauty their heart and mind have yet to fulfil for the advantage of humanity, in the progressive evolution of the harmonious laws which determine the life of nations, when Italy shall once more regain among them the free exercise of her civil functions. In so doing, we shall try, as far as possible, to identify ourselves with the dispositions, sentiments, and traditions of the Italians, endeavouring to indicate, impartially, the probable course of their future.

Although the question of the material struggle against the bayonets of her oppressors—the merely external and political question—appears almost exclusively to occupy the whole Peninsula, and to be the immediate aim of all its efforts, it is not the question to which we now propose to give our attention. It is the intimate moral spirit of the Italian people that we prefer to study, convinced that the hidden word of Providence, the solution of the long Iliad of sufferings imposed upon them, will be found in their complete emancipation from the errors and prejudices which gave rise to it, and have continued up to the present day. Before they can break the chains which bind the limbs, they must burst asunder those which enthrall the mind, and raise it in its freedom to the manifestation of the true and good, both in internal and external life; disentangling it from the fictions and the terrors in which ignorance and hypocrisy have involved it, unfolding it to the truths of nature and the light of science, and emanci-

pating it from the tyrannical, fantastic, vindictive God of Sects, to restore it to God, the Father and Benefactor of Humanity.

In proportion to the progress made by a nation in the path of moral liberty, and in the true comprehension of the divine law, its material liberty and independence acquires an ever increasing probability of permanence; while the sudden conquest of the latter, without a profound and certain growth of the former, can lead only to new degradation and new defeats, from the want of the faith and virtue necessary to sustain it. And, indeed, the mere liberty and independence of a people would be of little import in the economy and progress of the civilized world, had not that people some high and fruitful mission to fulfil.

In order to obtain a correct insight into the real tendencies and opinions of the Italian people, with respect to the dominant religion of the Peninsula, we must penetrate beneath the surface; for, upon a superficial examination of the political movements of the last years, when the Italians appeared to hold their destinies in their own hands, and yet instead of destroying their ancient idols, bent the knee before them, imploring their redemption of the papacy,—one might feel disposed to doubt whether they were not condemned for a long time yet, to lie bound in the shackles of theocracy. Yet nothing can be farther from the truth. Italy has thrown off the leading strings of papacy, and come forth from her thralldom. Ever while she lately professed herself catholic, she, in fact, but made the pope a symbol of political aims and ideas with which the church and court of Rome had nothing in common. The writer of the third work at the head of our article thus speaks of the death of catholicism in Italy:—

“What the sentiments are that Italy cherishes for the doctrines and practices of the catholic religion, the history of the last four years especially has made so evident, as to admit of no further doubt or illusion. If we look to the clergy, their language is become a continued lament, a doleful elegy on the wickedness of the times, on the perversity of ideas, on the invasion of incredulity, on the misfortunes and wounds of the church. From the Encyclica of the Pope to the sermon of the curate, from the pastoral of the bishop to the preaching of the missionaries, from the conferences of the sacristy to articles in the newspapers, the voice of the clergy is raised, only to deplore the misfortunes of Italy, because the catholic faith is diminishing and iniquity is become universal; and they have reason—daily and solemn facts justify their lamentations. Wherever the free expression of thought or conscience has existed, or yet exists, there open war is breathed against the Pope, the bishops, the rites, the mysteries; in short, against catholicism; there, in books and pamphlets, in meetings and societies, in market-places and theatres, are loudly proclaimed the principles of a rational faith, which are the complete negation of the orthodox faith.

And where the voice of public opinion is suppressed, where the press is silent, men speak in their acts: and these, with an eloquence only more energetic in its muteness, testify that the Italian people is no longer catholic save in name, and that if many, as individuals, still remain faithful to the Pope, it can no longer be said that the nation, as a body, is subject to him."*

The writer of this is himself a living proof of the religious revolution now operating in the Italian mind. He was formerly a priest. The name of *Ausonio Franchi* is symbolic. It represents Italian thought enfranchized from papal theology. His real name is *Bonavino*. He was born at Genoa, and is well known among his fellow-citizens, for the modesty, piety, and purity of his life. Having, in the course of his studies and from practical observation, conceived doubts of the truth and sanctity of the religion of which he was a minister, after long inward struggles he emancipated himself from it, and abandoned his clerical robes. The book from which we have quoted, is the first fruit of his renunciation of catholicism. It is a close and logical confutation of the continual *begging of the question*, upon which the pseudo-philosophy of the schools was based, and an exact and severe criticism of the fundamental principles and dogmas of catholic theology, judged from a subjective point of view. It may be regarded as formulating and representing the criticism of the Italy of the present day, on the absurdity of the Papacy, and is the truest expression which later years have produced of the revolt of the national conscience against arbitrary and orthodox authority.

Considering, on the one hand, the position of the Papacy in the present century, and, on the other, the development of reason and conscience among the Italian people, we shall have no difficulty in admitting the truth, and understanding the causes, of the religious revolution said to have taken place in Italy; and shall be able to estimate, at its true value, the phenomenon of the papal colours intermingled with the national banner in '47 and '48.

It is well known that from the time of the Congress of Vienna, when the unintelligent and imprudent arbiters of the fate of Europe, amid lying oaths and promises in the name of Jesus Christ and the Holy Alliance, bought and sold the dearest interests and rights of nations, and sowed the first seeds of the moral and political anarchy which infests the continent,—the popular protest against their iniquitous arbitration developed itself in Italy as elsewhere, in exact proportion to the inevitable resist-

* Ausonio Franchi: *Introduzione*, p. xxxviii.

ance which the ill-established Powers were compelled to oppose to the demands of reason and of justice, in support of their own absurdity. In the clumsy machinery of the Holy Alliance, the temporal power of the Pope was restored with the other Sovereignities, as an useful expedient to compensate the *Servant of Servants* for the abdication of his former spiritual dominion over governments and peoples, extracted from him by the secular authorities; and as a convenient method of employing religion to the advantage of despotic rulers. The pope willingly accepted the exchange, as his predecessors had done three centuries before; for the Court of Rome well comprehended the utility of yielding up an authority which the progress of time had already rendered merely nominal, in return for a real and certain advantage, enabling it still to feed its own luxury, at the expense, and through the degradation, of its subjects. The Papacy, worn-out as a principle of faith, and exposed on civil and political grounds to the criticism of science and the protest of humanity, as the very worst of rulers, had, in the new position assigned to it by the masters of Europe, no other point of support but the interest *they* had in preserving a shadow of divine authority, to sanction, in the eyes of the ignorant and superstitious multitudes, the exactions of brute force, and in maintaining undisturbed that priestly organization, the abuses and corruption of which constituted a perpetual antagonism to the free tendencies of the people, and which was for that very reason devoted to the despotism by which it was degraded and paid. There was not on the part of the princes, or of their representatives, anything of real religious feeling or sincere conviction in this engrafting of monarchy upon catholicism, and its traditions of divine right. Notwithstanding the devout pretences of the Restoration, and the apparent obsequiousness of their Catholic, Apostolic, and Christian Majesties, to the Holy Sec, the edifice of the ancient powers was reconstructed upon foundations radically sceptical; and while the victories of human reason continually narrowed the basis of fears and prejudices upon which the moral power of the Pope had been founded, a Machiavelian spirit grinned behind the mask of Jesuitism assumed by the Courts, at the aspect of the real servitude of the Church. The Chair of St. Peter was reduced to the condition of a mere political instrument of the temporal power. The principle of authority, which in the old struggles between the Holy Sec and the Empire, gained life from the aspirations, the faith and the sanction of the people, and thence became a symbol of the moral law, and was elevated above the power of feudality, sank in the present century into the passive and obedient representative of political absolutism, and was henceforth identified with all its abuses. Such was the

necessary effect of the moral death of the Pontificate: the result in part of the progress of human reason, and in part of the profane and low interests in which the Papacy has become more and more involved during the complications and the development of the great European States.

Until the eve of the French Revolution in the last century, the Popes had retained, if not the actual energy, at least the memory of their great ambitions. They struggled boldly with Louis XIV., Joseph II., Leopold of Tuscany, and the Bourbons of Spain and Naples, to maintain the infallibility of the Chair of St. Peter, the supremacy of the Church of Rome, the immunity of the clergy already attacked by Jansenism, and by the attempted interference of the civil governments. Towards the close of that century, Cardinal Erskine, the *thrice holy Auditor* of Pius VI., when formulating the intentions of the papal Court respecting the famous Bull, *In cæna Domini*, declared that "*it was nevertheless implicitly in vigour, in all its extension, and was likewise observed, in all cases where there is no impediment to the exertion of the Pope's authority.*"* Although the force of things might from time to time oblige the Pontiffs to give way, and to sacrifice some portion of their dominions, or of their authority, yet the tradition of their power and their assumed title to it were still invoked, defended, and maintained intact. But from the time of the Restoration, the Court of Rome changed its tendencies, renouncing alike its pretensions to the primacy of Theocracy, and all resistance to the secular power. It no longer aspired to regain any of its grand prerogatives; it accepted as a *fait accompli* the invasion and absolute preponderance of the secular princes in the very constitution of the Church; and, save in its own States, it abandoned for ever, in favour of the monarchs its protectors, the immunities, the personal and proprietary privileges of the clergy, the election of bishops, and the initiative of the moral government and discipline of the catholic world. That power, which half a century before arrogated to itself the right to sit in judgment on the kings of the earth, to dispose of thrones at its good pleasure, and to absolve subjects from their allegiance, now proffered only words of servile submission to the oppressor, and of menace to every just protest from the oppressed, even when such protest was identified with the interest and dignity of the church itself. Its policy has for thirty-eight years remained unchanged, and is resumed in the Encyclica addressed to the Polish bishops by Gregory XVI., and in that addressed by the same Pope to all the patriarchs, primates, archbishops and

* Note of the Cardinal Erskine to Sir John Cox Hippisley, August, 1793. See De Potter, "*Histoire du Christianisme*," tom. v. p. 291.

bishops of the catholic Church. In the first, the Pontiff not only denies the right of nations to maintain their own nationality inviolate from foreign conquest, but even that of resisting the violence exercised by despotism on conscience and religious faith. The pope sacrifices the tutelage of the catholic religion to the political alliance of the Czar, and legitimates the authority of every potentate, even of the barbarian and heretic, as derived from God.* In the second, he repulses the aspiration towards religious regeneration and spiritual liberty, uttered in France by an humble priest, who sought in his writings to renew the breath of life in expiring Catholicism, and confirms the subordination of the Papacy to the Empire.

Catholicism, thus removed alike from the ideal tendencies of the peoples, and from its own scheme of superiority and jurisdiction over the Powers of the earth, remains but an empty form; or rather that which Machiavelli, three centuries ago, saw and declared it to be—a worldly tyranny, an atheistical imposture, without the luxurious vices and great ambitions of the age of Julius II. and of Leo X. Papacy is now, in fact, no more, nor seeks to become more, than a small principality, containing a sufficient number of prebendaries and taxes to maintain a Court of seventy cardinals, and a few thousand prelates and parasitical functionaries; wherein, under the holy protection of catholic bayonets, a small number of shepherds, instead of protecting, fatten at their pleasure upon a flock of three million sheep. In such a state of things, and with aims so exclusively material and utilitarian, the Pope becomes the mere vassal of his Masters, or the subaltern-partner in their fortunes. Hence the cowardly language and abject history of the Papacy in our own days; hence the mutual buying and selling of worldly favours between

* In the Encyclica to the Polish bishops, (July, 1832,) the following passage occurs:—"Le devoir vous oblige à veiller avec le plus grand soin à ce que des hommes malintentionnés, des propagateurs de fausses doctrines ne répandent pas parmi vos troupeaux le germe de théories corruptrices et mensongères. Ces hommes prétendant leur zèle pour le bien public abusent de la crédulité de gens de bonne foi, qui, dans leur aveuglement leur servent d'instrument pour troubler la paix du royaume, et y renverser l'ordre établi. Il convient que pour l'avantage et l'honneur des disciples de Jesus Christ, la perfidie et la méchanceté de pareils prophètes de mensonge soient mises dans leur jour. Il convient de réfuter leurs principes trompeurs par la parole immuable de l'Ecriture, et par les monumens authentiques de la tradition de l'Eglise. Ces sources pures auxquelles le clergé catholique doit puiser les principes de ses actions et l'enseignement qu'il doit aux fidèles, font voir clairement que la soumission au pouvoir institué par Dieu, est un principe immuable, et que l'on ne peut s'y soustraire qu'autant que ce pouvoir violerait les lois divines et de l'Eglise." See La Mennais, "Affaires de Rome." Now this power, according to the Pope, instituted by God, was that of the head of the heterodox church, and how it respected the divine laws, let the massacres of catholic Poland bear witness.

the Priest-King and the secular princes of Europe; hence the narrow and anti-social education of the clergy, particularly in Italy, where they feel the more immediate consequences of the servitude and heathenism of their head. In fact, the instruction given in the ecclesiastical seminaries and academies, the whole discipline of the priesthood in Italy, and, worst of all, in the States of the Pope, is a blind and pertinacious negation of the entire civil and political science of the age, a denial of all the moral and material wants of the people, and of their aspirations towards an order of things more in conformity with social justice and with the dignity of the soul. It suffices to cast a glance at the acts of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, and that of Public Instruction,* from the reign of Pius VII., to see to what a point a single egoistical sect can carry its traditional ignorance and fanaticism, in the midst of the advance of thought, and the whole action of civilization. From these acts, from the catalogues of sciences prohibited, of writings excommunicated from the programmes imposed upon the lyceums, schools, and universities, it is manifest that the Court of Rome, amid the profound speculations of human reason in the present century, believes that all the morality and all the science necessary to the world is comprised in the catechism and in the dogma of the Pope's infallibility—of that Pope whose voice is now raised but to swell the chorus of European despots. And it is for these reasons, and in that sense alone, that they feign reverence for this posthumous boast of the infallibility of the Holy See—an infallibility certainly very convenient to them; for the Pontiff, while he arrogates to himself the right of decision, without appeal, in all controversies, relating to dogma or discipline, to the interpretation of the Scriptures, to the authority of the Councils and of the Fathers, to every doctrine or truth, religious, moral, or civil, yet has bound himself to use this infallibility only in their favour. In furtherance of this phase of the papal policy all discussion has been more strictly prohibited than ever; all books and studies, which might promote the perilous search for truth; all translations of the Bible or New Testament; all historical and critical investigations. Among the clergy themselves, the works of the first great Fathers of Christianity are disused; the summaries, written by the ingenious compilers who succeeded them, are little recommended; and all ecclesiastical science is reduced to the second-hand manuals, abridged by the later scholastic writers: thought, meanwhile, lying in heavy and silent captivity under the incubus of undisputed dogma and the papal veto. Not without a stern necessity was this redoubled antagonism put

* "Sacra Congregazione degli Studj."

forth against books and doctrines wherein the sanction of all moral developments is to be found—a sanction both adverse and dangerous to the usurpations of that anti-christian egoism which, under the auspices of Pope and Emperor, still pervades a great part of the social and political institutions of the continent. Where now would these Masters of the human race be—where the privileges they dispense, had the people been able to confront their conduct and pretensions with the open Gospel, and with the liberal tendencies of Christianity, in the times which preceded the Council of Nice?

Yet the negation thus audaciously put forth was too absurd in itself, too irreconcilable with the progress of the age, too flagrantly interested and worldly in its motives, not to become evident in its imposture to every class throughout the Peninsula, and to produce the natural consequence of withdrawing them, by this time, from all adhesion to the catholic faith, or reverence of its representatives, notwithstanding the fable of the Canon Law interposed between the redeeming Word of Christ and the consciences of the faithful. The test of common sense applied to the paradox of the existing fact would have been all-sufficient; and as the Italians are generally endowed with good sense and acuteness, the question was no sooner put than answered. An anti-priestly reaction, and a complete schism from Catholicism took possession of men's minds; and there only remained reasons of expediency and political considerations, under the weight of the monarchical organization of catholicism throughout Europe, which was pressing upon Rome and Italy, to impede its effective and practical manifestation.

In speaking of an anti-catholic reaction in the Italian mind, we do not mean that indifference to the problems of interior life, that negation of all moral and intellectual law in human things, that material scepticism which destroys the relation of rights and duties, to recognise only the bare *fact*—the *fact*, irrespective of good or of evil. The scepticism which, from the manly satire of Machiavelli, has degenerated to the sensual utilitarian school of the last century; whence it has transfused itself, by the corruptions of Napoleonic despotism, through the higher classes in Italy and France; and has prepared the way, among the latter, to that degradation and political abdication of which they have furnished a melancholy spectacle during recent years—such scepticism is less anti-catholic than is supposed. Jesuitism willingly covers it with its mantle, and turns it to account, as many examples in contemporary history can vouch; for it destroys every manly instinct and every generous aspiration of the soul; and Loyola and the Pope have need of souls effemi-

nate or extinct. The reaction we speak of is the moral awakening and revolt which the vices of the clergy have given rise to in the believing portion of the Italian nation,—we mean the lower classes, both in the cities and in the country. The spontaneous emancipation of the Italians from the blind credulity and mysterious formalism in which they have been painfully sunk as in an evil dream, has advanced in an ever-increasing ratio; and may be said to have now diffused itself through the whole Peninsula, if we except some remote provinces of the kingdom of Naples, or some miserable corner of its Capital, where a natural tendency to superstition, and the abject ignorance in which the Bourbon government studiously keeps its unfortunate subjects, still concur more than elsewhere to promote the cabalistic traditions and fetishism with which their monks, their priests, and even their men of law, have infected every civil and religious practice. Further on we will give proofs of what we now assert as it regards the present day. As to the past, when the moral movement, although commenced, was yet very far from its present importance, we may judge of the power it had acquired in 1831, by the ease and rapidity with which the anti-papal insurrection was propagated even in the States of the church itself; the union of all classes of citizens, and even of many priests and friars in the protest against the Pope's government, and the hope and favour with which the rest of the Italian population regarded that first attempt to enter upon the fundamental question of country, nationality, and public life, in Italy.

Those who witnessed the events of that period still recall with wonder the thrill of unanimous applause which ran through every city and every province at the inauguration of the national colours, without a single man arising to defend the Holy See; and the concourse of the people from the country, headed by their parish priests, and carrying their tri-coloured flags, to celebrate in their respective townships the festival of liberty. Short-lived as were the movements hallowed by these national and religious demonstrations, thus substituted for the processions of monkish idolatry in the very bosom of Catholicity, by a people long believed to be sunk in moral death, they were a happy augury of the future of Italy. This tendency in the Italian people to throw off the yoke of the old theocracy, and to seek a new outlet for its religious instinct,—this progressive protest of the lower as well as of the higher classes against the Papacy,—may also be partially explained if we consider the profound intellectual and social revolution operated in the commencement of the century by the civil code and the republic, the abolition of mortmain and other privileges of the clergy

and of the noblesse. Through the revolution a great part of that inert and brutalized populace, who had lived like animals on the threshold of the churches and convents, feeding on the crumbs vouchsafed them by priestly opulence, had become active and laborious, earning the bread of industry and independence; and those who once bent in abject servility before the frowns of their haughty nobles were transformed into free proprietors and citizens. The impulse given to the division of property by the abolition of privileges of entail, and the consequent improvement of agriculture, ameliorated the moral and material condition of the labourer, and placed him in more frequent and intimate relation with the *bourgeoisie*, now risen to a more flourishing state by the acquisition of enfranchised property. The ancient township, with its liberal traditions and its judicial conception of civil equality, was re-established in place of ecclesiastical and seigncurial feudalism; and with the township were revived the *Arnaldist* traditions, denouncing the impure union of the spiritual with the temporal power, and attacking simony, the wealth of the clergy, and the absolutism of the Pope, which the Council of Trent arbitrarily sanctioned, and the Inquisition imposed. Municipal citizenship, thus constituted in our day on the basis of common right, had this advantage over the communal freedom of the middle ages, that it arose simultaneously with the great moral fact of the age—the collective sentiment of nationality. The democratic idea, which in the ancient Italian townships did not extend beyond the boundaries of the city, where it was considered as a privilege limited by the imperial or pontifical prerogative, has developed itself in the minds of the modern Italians in all its inherent force and comprehensiveness, founded upon the principle of the imprescriptible right of self-government, individual as well as national. While in the Italy of the middle ages the Empire and the Church were considered as the only source of right, and every franchise was accepted as a concession from above; in the Italy of our own day the true conception of right, gradually disentangled from the historical fiction, has taken root, and grows, in the consciousness of the individual dignity and the collective duties of man. The empire and the Papacy are now regarded by the nation but as facts destitute of moral sanction, and imposed by force alone; and the cruelties practised under despotic rule on the suffering and bloodstained Peninsula co-operated powerfully with the secret work of political societies, in freeing thought from its former errors. An intelligent and sensitive people, whose spirit three centuries of Austro-Spanish oppression and Jesuitism combined had failed to crush, and among whom also the revolutionary ideas of the times had penetrated, was unlikely again to

deceive itself as to the legitimate source of right, or to accept as the instruments of God the mercenary troops and military commissions of His Holiness, and of the imperial and royal sovereigns by whom it was oppressed. The protest of revived citizenship was therefore irrevocable and universal. The Pope and the Emperor were outlawed by the conscience of the nation, and the tradition of free thought from Arnaldo of Brescia, Cola di Rienzi, Savonarola, Giordano Bruno, down to the martyrs of Young Italy, added the weight of experience and the authority of the past to the awakened judgment of the present.

Literature and historical science, interrogating more narrowly the national records, monuments, and institutions, have traced a double series of facts, in their nature opposed and irreconcilably struggling with each other. On the one hand we see, amid the ruins of pagan Rome, the spiritual absolutism of the Pope, and the temporal absolutism of the Emperor, wresting the sword of right from the hands of a then barbarous as well as corrupted people,—contending, at first, against each other, for exclusive dominion, later, combining to suppress the reviving freedom of thought, and, finally, bound together in links that cannot now be broken without destruction to both. We see the fruits of the fatal union in the rise of Jesuitism and the Inquisition, in the abolition of every ancient franchise, in moral and political slavery. We see men of science handed over to torture, men of conscience to the *auto-da-fé*; vice and hypocrisy prostrating men's souls; the impotence of reason proclaimed as a dogma; Aristotle and the Pope, with the executioner for their minister, set up in opposition to truth and evidence; and the lingering death of catholic nations perpetrated by the slow poison of imposture. On the other hand, we see the manly nature of the Italians rising afresh, during the short intervals granted it by the contests of these two Powers in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to all the strong and fruitful activity of free life, and developing, by industry and commerce, not the mere egoism of personal interests, but the moral grandeur of a civilization destined to diffuse its influence throughout the world;—of a civilization which, in less than two centuries, explored the sources of ancient knowledge, and laid the foundations of modern science; preparing, by the voyages of Marco Polo in the east, the discoveries of Columbus in the west; inaugurating with Dante the political and social mission of poetry; initiating, with Arnaldo of Brescia, the protest of morality and freedom of conscience; with Della-Porta, Cardano and Telesio, bringing the light of observation and experience to aid the progress of reason; and, finally, when the overpowering force of the Pope and the

Emperor combined had destroyed the last remnant of political liberty, avenging the material victory of its oppressors, by sending forth the giant minds of Galileo and Vico, to bear down, in the two great streams of physical and metaphysical discovery, the dykes of papal infallibility;—the one by demonstrating the motion of the earth, and the other by unfolding the providential laws of the history of nations. It was an affirmative catholicism, deriving its inspiration from the rational laws of the universe, taking the place of the negative catholicism of the *Decretals*; and it was bequeathed as a heritage by these great fathers of modern science to the Italians of the present century, that they might realize its logical consequences and practical application.

Nor did the good seed fall on barren soil., While the national judgment was yet pondering the incompatibility of the theocratic with the civil tradition, and convincing itself that natural science and philosophy owed their origin and progress to municipal freedom,—while the struggle against Papacy was bursting forth in patriotic manifestations, from the high poetry of Giambattista Niccolini and Giacomo Leopardi, to the song of the humblest workman, from the proclamations of Young Italy to the curses of bereaved mothers on condemning priests,—there arose a school, which acquired importance from the yet uncertain state of men's minds, and which, professing to restore Italian nationality, sought for it among elements which were, and had ever been, in their very nature, opposed to it. We allude to the series of sophisms which, from the bigoted mysticism of Silvio Pellico to the passive resignation of Manzoni, were summed up in Gioberti's Utopia of a Pope-regenerator of Italy. It was, however, but the logical conclusion of a doctrine, which denied every initiative of human will and conscience in the evolution of the laws of the moral world, that it should be yielded up to an arbitrary *supernaturalism*, the necessary consequence of which is the oracle of the papal vicariat.

When the ideas of Gioberti on the theocratic pre-eminence of the Pope over Italy, and hence of Italy over the catholic world, were first exposed to the judgment of the public, the more cultivated portion of the liberal party,—but little attached to formal religion, and in no way catholic,—disdained it as a flattering imposture, insinuated by the exiled abbot into the Peninsula, to sweeten her cup of servitude, and enamour her of her chains. And an outcry was raised against the disguised jesuit. Nevertheless, there were elements enough ready to aid the Giobertian scheme; some, under sincere illusions of neo-catholicism, others from fear of radicalism, and despair of anything better. A nation does not, with impunity, harbour a corrupting principle, a principle of moral and political slavery,

for three centuries, in its bosom. One of the most deplorable consequences of the complicated oppression by which Pope, Jesuits, and foreign rulers so long overwhelmed the country, has been to make the Italians scarcely able to believe in, or to see a way to the practical realization of their rights, notwithstanding the strength of their theoretical convictions. When a people has long been taught that the human mind, abandoned to its own instincts, falls of necessity into error and sin; that free will and moral judgment are worthless, unless humbly subjected to the spiritual direction of the confessor; that salvation depends on grace, and a formalism of religious observances, of which—beginning with the language used—the flock can comprehend nothing; and, when to the weight of this blind and mysterious authority are added the spiritual terrors of the Holy Office, and the more manifest power of foreign conquest, it would appear indeed a miracle if that nation should one day rekindle a spark of the sacred fire in its bosom, and send forth a cry of liberty to give the lie to this mass of priestly negations. Even when capable of asserting in theory its own life, the habits of *inertia* engendered by this long and fatal tutelage cause it to hesitate at the moment of action. It is precisely this hesitation, this disproportion between thought and action, which prevailed before 1848, and still prevails, though in a less degree, in all the plans and proceedings of the Italians towards their political emancipation. It is a feature of their actual character, visible in their private as well as in their public relations, and which fully explains what we are about to describe. Although it was generally felt that Italy could never arise in the true strength of national life, but upon the ruins of the papal and imperial domination, yet the majority were wanting in the collective faith and resolution required to break once for all with the organization of these powers, by accepting no midway compromise, but attacking it at every point. At the moment of trial, their arms, as it were, fell from their hands, as if paralyzed by some inevitable fatality.

“Che giova nelle fata dar di cozzo?”*

was the last word of the old Italian liberalism under the weight of the double tyranny, and it became the watchword of the neo-catholic and moderate school against the popular party, which was adverse alike to the church, the empire, and its dependent princes in the peninsula. Hopeless of overcoming these manifold difficulties in open combat, the leaders now came forward with their half measures, setting forth that, in the traditions of

* Dante, “Divina Commedia,” Canto IX., “dell’ Inferno.”

the Papacy itself, there were elements which could be used as a means of withdrawing it from the absolutist league, and bringing it back to the cause of liberty. This was the idea of the liberal Papacy and neo-guelphism of Vincenzo Gioberti, Rosmini, Father Ventura, &c., and became the illusion of the majority of the Italians at the time of the appearance of Pius IX. on the political stage. It was a conception based upon a twofold sophism and a twofold fable, derived from the perversion of theology and history. Theologically, Gioberti invented a fanciful catholicism entirely or greatly at variance with the traditions of the Roman Church: deduced, in part, from some of the least orthodox and more tolerant doctrines of the ancient Fathers, in part from the philosophical tradition of human thought, and in part from his own ontological formula; and forming a whole that was not only full of contradictions in itself, but equally in contradiction with the symbol under which he sought to represent it. The papal authority forbids any application of human reason to the dogmas and mysteries of the faith, even when made with the intention of supporting it by rational proofs,* and Gioberti with his new formula, sounded the depths of theology; the papal symbol rejected, as sacrilege, every interference of the laity in the discipline of the Church, and Gioberti presumed to reconcile liberty with authority, and civilization with the Pontificate. The papal symbol denies the natural right of nations in the name of the divine right of monarchs, and Gioberti aimed at a right of control in the educated classes over *arbitrations of governments*. Finally, the papal symbol substitutes the material unity of the ecclesiastical hierarchy to the moral and spontaneous unity of mankind, and Gioberti aimed at the restoration of nationalities on their natural bases, and the recognition of a country for the Italians. Historically, neo-guelphism attributed to the Papacy a national mission that it had never had. Even in the days when municipal liberty sheltered itself from the attacks of Henry IV. and Frederick I. under the ægis of the Church, and the Keys of St. Peter appeared to be the sign of Italian freedom, the idea of politically constituting a

* The abbot Mastrofini, many years previous to the would-be philosophical catholicism of Gioberti, Rosmini, &c., had allowed himself to attempt a mathematical explanation of the mystery of the Trinity, in his work, "*Metaphysica de Deo trino et uno*." The worthy priest, a professor of the exact sciences in Rome, believed in all good faith that he had succeeded in proving the reality of the Divine Trinity, and had been encouraged in that belief by many prelates and theologians; but it was not long before the court of Rome, foreseeing the danger of such scholastic researches, prohibited the first volume, already published, of the work of Mastrofini, and forbade the printing of the remainder. The philosophical abbot incurred only persecution and disgrace from the implacable authority of the Church.

country, an independent Italian nation, was never the true aim of either Gregory VII., Alexander III., or Julius II.,—names rendered popular in the Peninsula by the neo-catholic writers. These Popes not only never proposed to themselves any such aim, but did even not understand it, and if they had, would not have desired it. The two first thought only of regaining the investiture of ecclesiastical benefices from the invasion of imperial feudalism, of purifying the Church from the corruption of the seigneurs, and of obtaining for the Papacy a judicial liberty and preponderance, as a means of rendering its spiritual power not a national, but a cosmopolitan, element; and being themselves satisfied with the imperial concessions, all they stipulated to obtain at the congresses of Venice and of Constance, in behalf of the heroic cities that had fought for them, was limited to some miserable half franchises, subject to the dominion of the Empire. The last, after having called into Italy one tribe of foreigners after another, and by their means oppressed the most illustrious of the Italian republics, and the strongest bulwark of nationality—Venice, uttered the cry of "*Out with the barbarians!*" only because they had become obnoxious to himself in his temporal ambition; and, during the whole of his stormy pontificate, had no other aim than to reconquer the temporal dominions of the Church, stifling, in war and executions, the liberty, the learning, and the well-being of the municipalities. The moral and material decay of the Romagna, which was reduced in the following century from a flourishing state of civilization to become a refuge for brigands and banditti, began in the reign of this very pope,* whom contemporary Guelphs hold up to the eyes of the deluded population as the type of a liberator. But it was inevitable, as it was essential, that the sophism should be transferred from the region of abstract theory to the living drama of history, in order that experience might convince the nation of its sinister consequences, and that the teachings of her great men, once the patrimony of a few chosen intellects, and afterwards unheeded even by the wisest, might become the very life-blood of the whole nation.

When Pius the IX., partly from a desire for popularity, and partly to calm the discontent occasioned by the misgovernment of his predecessor, granted the amnesty, and promised a few reforms, rendered, in fact, indispensable to the interests of the holy see itself, the Giobertian fable assumed the appearance of a reality; and the imagination of the Italians, intoxicated thereby, turned a very simple event into a legend of national redemption.

* Ranke, "History of the Popes," Part I., Book the Fourth. Galeotti, "On the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes," Book the First, p. 94.

tion. The *debût* of Pius IX. produced the effect on men's minds that is usual on the sudden appearance of anything unexpected and unknown; it appeared a miracle, and the popular fancy, naturally inclined to the marvellous, built the most gigantic fictions upon it. And, indeed, the novelty of a merciful and liberal Pope did appear as something too extraordinary to be explained, otherwise than by the supposition of a miracle. Italy believed in the miracle; and once possessed with that faith, there was nothing, however alien to the habits of the Court of Rome, that she did not anticipate from Pius IX. All the ideas which the course of time had matured in the mind of the nation—liberty of thought, representative government, national unity and independence, religious reform, the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power—she began to hope for, not from the worn-out office of the pontificate, but from the *providential man*, and all this was expressed in the significant cry of the Roman people, "*Viva Pio IX. solo!*"* The weak and bewildered Pontiff, who, until that day, had conceived no other mission than that of jesuitizing, *in partibus infidelium*, some poor tribe of ignorant nomades, was much perplexed now to defend himself from the new mission which he found had been, unconsciously to himself, attributed to him by the people. It was of no avail. The people persisted in their work of un-catholicizing the Pope while idolizing him; and they idolized him precisely because they imagined him to be a *humanitarian*, that is, an *un-catholic* Pope, or, at least, un-catholic in the Roman sense of the word. This was the natural result of the free manifestation of the national life; but that life was in direct contradiction with the laws of the Church, and with the interests of the papal Court. That Court fully perceived it from the beginning, and conspired with Austria† to lead back the flock of the faithful into the right path; and Pius the Ninth himself, in conformity with the orthodox doctrine, and notwithstanding the fascinations of popular applause, soon felt the necessity of protesting against the ideas and aspirations of the country. This he did many times, both privately and publicly, but the people were intoxicated, and did not understand him. Hence the Encyclica of the 4th October, 1847,‡ in which he angrily reproved those who turned towards him as the regenerator of Italy, and his

* Farini, "Storia dello Stato Romano."

† The Italian papers published in the summer of 1848, during the heat of the Lombard war; a letter in cipher from cardinal Soglia, then secretary of state, to Monsignor Viale Prelà, apostolic nuncio at Vienna, in which the Court of Rome professed itself against the war, friendly to Austria, and contrary to the decisions of the Assembly.

‡ Allocution held in the secret consistory of cardinals, 4th October, 1847.

repeated refusals of the request of a Constitution* passed unheeded. It was pretended that it was not the soul of Pius IX. that spoke, but the influence of his Court which dictated those protests; and the people continued to shout, "*Viva l'Italia e Pio IX. solo!*"

But, on the 29th of April, 1848, when the war of independence threatened to deliver the Peninsula from foreign conquest, the new and more explicit words of the Head of Catholicity left no longer any doubt of the difference between that which the Pope himself willed, and that which the nation expected from him. The Italians owe it chiefly to the Pope himself, in his Allocution of the 29th April, that they have had their eyes opened to the reality, and have been taught to call things by their right names, and to act accordingly.

It being now clearly recognised, not only by the observations of philosophers, but by the living and immediate experience of a whole people, that Papacy and nationality, catholicism and liberty, were incompatible with each other, the people themselves, with admirable discernment and good sense, deduced from this truth its natural and logical consequences. They substituted the name of God and their own name for the pontifical symbol; the Italian flag for the faithless Keys of St. Peter; faith in a religion of their own rights and duties for faith in the lying miracles of the priesthood. They fought alone and unaided in Rome and Venice, and in a hundred other cities, against the collective forces of European reaction, and raised up in the face of the victories of its oppressors a new tradition of life for the future Italy—the republican symbol in Rome. Thus they sowed the first seeds of religious and social freedom, in the seat of that very authority which had been the basis of universal despotism.

Jesuitized sceptics, and sceptical Jesuits, have in vain destroyed the outward form of this new moral fact, which arose in the bosom of the people. Despite their arts, the Pope, who, after refusing to make war on his *Croat brethren*, turned the arms of four Powers against his *own children*, and re-entered the Apostolic See between the cannon and the scaffold, has done more to ruin

* Memorable were the words spoken by Pius IX. to the people on the 10th of February, 1848. An immense multitude of citizens had gathered together, in the Piazza of the Quirinal, to thank him for the celebrated proclamation in which he had blessed Italy. He took the opportunity to speak his mind as to the repeated requests of the people for a representative government, and from the balcony of the palace of Monte Cavallo he shouted forth to the Romans, that there were certain demands contrary to the institutions of the Holy Church, to which he *could not, ought not, and would not* consent. The concession of the Statute of the Constitution was afterwards forced upon him by the French Revolution, and by the progress of events in Italy.

his own religion, and to inspire a more rational and humanitarian faith in the Italian nation, than had been achieved by all her prophets of liberty.

Italy, since 1848, is no longer *dans les liens de la Théologie*, as Victor Cousin said, with reason, of the Italy of fifteen or twenty years ago. The political neo-catholicism of Gioberti was condemned without appeal by the history of the Roman Revolution; and its author has himself, in these latter years, recanted his own palinody in a work, "On the Civil Regeneration of Italy,"* wherein, though he falls into new contradictions, which we shall not stop to consider, he at least makes this reparation to his country, that he declares himself entirely undeceived, and convinced of his error, in attributing a progressive and national vitality to the Papacy. The other writers, who formerly treated this theme in the same spirit, are impotently silent; and the worthier among the priesthood, who had looked to a legal reform to be spontaneously effected in the bosom of the Church, have now withdrawn, discouraged at the opprobrium of its Head and the vices of its members. The same may be said of the abbot Rosmini, a priest and philosopher of great reputation in Italy for learning and virtue, who, in a work we have quoted at the commencement of this article, aims at recommending the spiritual purification and better discipline of the Church, by changing the mode of electing bishops, by allowing the laity to intervene in their election, and giving the people more general knowledge and influence in religious affairs. He also recommends that the explanation of the ritual should be facilitated by the use of the vulgar tongue, and that the education of the clergy should be brought more into harmony with the living spirit and civilization of the age. Since 1848, he has not uttered a word, and, even then, he foretold the incompetence of the Infallible See to reanimate its own adherents, and foresaw the inevitable intervention of extraordinary remedies. "*The tremendous decree of Divine Providence*," exclaimed he, speaking of the immensity of the evils by which the Church is infected, "*is no longer hidden in darkness, no longer only to be foreseen; it has begun, and is heard in many parts of Europe and the world. The peoples, yea, the peoples, are the rod of chastisement employed by Providence.*"† Thus, by the confession of her own ministers, the Church has no longer any vital power of regeneration within itself. It is not from the recesses of her own infallibility, but from without, from the sanction and living conscience of the people, that health is to come; and the catholic Church, like

* "Del Rinnovamento Civile d'Italia." Per Vincenzo Gioberti. Parigi, 1851.

† Delle cinque piaghe della Chiesa. Cap. IV. p. 177.

every other sect, is but a transitory form of the progressive and inevitable evolution of the universal mind, of the inward religion of humanity.

Such are the necessary consequences of the appeal made by the neo-catholic philosophers to the reason and conscience of mankind, in the attempt at religious reform; an attempt which they still coupled with professions of orthodoxy and acceptance of the pope's infallibility, as expressed in their writings. The Court of Rome, ever more logical in the estimate of its own interests than are such partisans and counsellors, has placed the books of Gioberti, Rosmini, and the rest, in the Index; and following the course of all sects that seek to remain exclusive and stationary, preferred the support of material force, to the liberal suggestions of the above-named writers.

Under this experience,—which, in fact, is but a confirmation of the axiom, that the principle of absolute authority cannot associate with that of liberty without working thereby its own destruction, and that the Pope cannot admit a political and moral control, without ceasing to be Pope,—we must consider Tommasco's last work, "*Rome and the World*," also wholly inconclusive, though dictated by the ex-triumvir of Venice with the best intentions. Tommasco is a layman, a man of letters, a patriot, a Christian in his creed, a man of progress in his aspirations. He, too, pretends to reconcile all these fine things with papal orthodoxy, which he professes to respect, attributing, with the sophistry common to the neo-catholics, all the good that mankind has known, whether from the pure doctrines of Christianity or from its civilizing power, to the Popes. In this same book, which very inadequately corresponds to its title, the author undertakes to point out the defects of the catholic Church: like Rosmini, he attributes them to the influences of its worldly interests, to the subjection of its bishops to the secular power, to the want of learning among the clergy, and so on; and refers all these evils ultimately to the state of dependence in which, under the pretence of making the sovereign independent, the *Pontiff* is placed, by the possession of a temporal estate. Wherefore, Tommasco suggests, as a remedy, that the Pope should relinquish all political dominion, in order to return to a more efficacious exercise of spiritual power, and, together with the bishops, resume the religious education and the moral guidance of mankind. But without adverting to the impossibility of such a remedy being willingly adopted by the Roman See and catholic clergy, or admitted by the secular princes, it falls to the ground before the one great fact—that the men of this generation have taught the Pope and the bishops what is the true mission that religion is now required to fulfil,

and no longer need their guidance in a way in which they have learnt to walk by themselves. Nor are there any indications which might lead us to suppose that if the Pope were deprived of his temporal power, and of the protection of armies, he would arise as the spiritual arbiter of the moral world. But enough of Tommaseo's book, which, like the others of its class, has already had the twofold misfortune of being condemned by the sacred congregation of the Index, and unfavourably received by public opinion.

In Italy public opinion has far outstripped the limits of papal orthodoxy, even in the purely moral and metaphysical points of the catholic system. The Papacy is not only rejected as an obstacle, in its political organization, to the rising of nationality; but it would be no longer recognised as a necessary guide of consciences, even were it cleansed from its actual turpitude. The desire of Rosmini and Tommaseo for a reform in the discipline of the Church, which would leave untouched the individual primacy of the Pope, and the dogmas of the Church's theological tradition, is not the desire of the nation—viz., of the thinking and active part of the nation. Those who come under this head do not ask for mere reform, but for absolute freedom of conscience: are not neo-catholics, but—if we may so express ourselves—humanitarians. They know full well, that nothing solid or lasting can be brought about in the way of national emancipation by a mere modification of the external arrangements of the Church, while the principle on which the whole fabric is based is left untouched. They see and reject the absurdity of attempting to maintain the respect for papal theology, yet at the same time to destroy its legitimate consequences, its practical application. If the Pope is to be accepted as the necessary interpreter and guardian of the Revelation and the Law of God, in him ought also to be recognised the only authority to dispose of both spiritual and temporal goods—of Heaven and Earth; and all interference of men in Church and State is a work of mischief, of sin, of the devil. But if we admit the human mind to be the spring of social development, if we admit that mankind may progressively extend their knowledge of eternal truth, and hence may expand and revive the religious formula in which it has been hitherto circumscribed, then the papal ministry and the whole theological edifice that upholds it, cease to have any value. On this subject, the people in Rome and in Turin, when they were able freely to manifest their real opinions, showed themselves more consequent than certain philosophers. In Rome, when Pius IX. sent from Gaeta the Bull of Excommunication against those who were about to take part in the elections of deputies for the Constituent

Assembly, in the autumn of 1849, the people tore the act of the Pope's spiritual authority, and cried out, *Viva gli scomunicati*—300,000 electors in a population of little more than 2,500,000 inhabitants, replied with their independent suffrage to the menace and malediction of the Pope. This can hardly be called the act of catholics. For the last four years, in the Roman States, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, men of all classes have continued to face the persecutions of the governments, and the thunders of the Vatican, and to protest, as they may, against the dominant Church. The more virtuous among the ecclesiastics conspire in the name of their country, and of humanity, against the despotism of the existing governments, although they know that, from the time of Clement XIII., a Bull, which is renewed by each successive pontiff, excommunicates and condemns to death—body and soul—all those who belong to secret societies. Grioli, a parish priest, Massoli, a canonico, Grazioli, the curate of Revere, all of whom were hung at Mantua, within the last two years, were exemplary in their sacerdotal duties. They died, blessing the people and their future country, with an immortal faith glowing in their souls, which assuredly was not faith in a Pope who had desecrated them while sanctioning the act of their foreign executioners.

During the contest between the Sardinian Government and the Pope, on occasion of the abolition of certain privileges of the ecclesiastical forum, while priests and friars were joining in a chorus of anathemas, the municipal Councils, interpreting the desires of the people, encouraged the ministers and the Chambers, by petitions and demonstrations; and no sooner was the law passed, than statues were raised to the Minister Siccardi, its author. And last year (1852), the great majority of the municipalities and the associations of the working classes sent petitions, signed by thousands, to the parliament, for the state-appropriation of ecclesiastical property (*incameramento dei beni ecclesiastici*). The Piedmontese Government has not had courage to respond to the public petition; but the petition was solemn, and the desire universal. Neither is this catholicism! And let it be observed, that Piedmont has, till within the last five years, been domineered over, educated, and nurtured by Jesuits. This is what we have to say of the cities, and it applies to every class. In the country, and among the peasantry, if the antagonism to the priests is not so rife, and the moral wants not so much felt, as among the inhabitants of the towns, the fault lies in the ignorance and neglect to which the country people, as a race apart, have been more or less abandoned. A proof, however, that all fanaticism for the Pope is extinct among them also, may be found in this fact: that in 1849, when the Pope and his Court fled

to Gaeta, and from thence set every agency at work to excite a brigandage against the Republic, none of the provinces of the Roman states answered to the appeal, with the exception of a few obscure villages of the province of Ascoli, situated on the Neapolitan frontier, and even there they could not collect above five or six hundred vagabonds, gained over chiefly by money sent from Naples. And in Naples itself—the city of the miracle of St. Januarius—when Pius IX. was there, and the king proceeded to the crusade against the Roman people, no one cried, *Viva il Papa!*

From general facts, therefore, as well as from all these particulars, we feel ourselves authorized to affirm, that Italy is no longer catholic in her belief—that, if there are still many who continue so in name, it is chiefly from an external necessity, and from habit and ignorance in the case of the poorer and uneducated classes, especially the women,—“*persons (we quote from Ausonio Franchi) who know hardly as much about religion as they have learnt to say by rote from the catechism and the priest.*” But admitting that the ancient belief is renounced in Italy, that the religious foundations of the old social structure are destroyed, what have we to look to for the future? What faculties, what traditions, what *dynamic* and constructive forces, will be left, wherewith to evoke, from the ruins of the past, the harmony of a new civilised world? This is the question to which we will dedicate our few last pages, not pretending to enter fully into all its bearings—to do so would require a volume—but to touch on the most important points, and hint at certain inferences relative to a subject which we recommend to the study of thinking men, as one that is important not only to the future state of the Italian Peninsula, but also to the interests of the whole Christian world.

The ministers of the Established Church, the members of the Evangelical Society, and of the various protestant sects—men highly respectable, but inapt to comprehend that the human mind might follow a path differing from that traced for it by the authority of their several Creeds—do not conceive that in Italy, and in other Catholic countries, if once the papal yoke were thrown off, anything better could be accomplished than to substitute in its place some one or other of their reformed Churches. We will briefly state our opinion as to the possibility of such a substitution as regards Italy.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the struggle against the papal encroachments raged through the Peninsula. The barons and the municipalities defended, sword in hand, their privileges and their enfranchisements against the armies of the Church. Both appealed from the arbitrary will of the Pope to

the authority of the Council. Francesco Sforza, in the possession of lands over which the Court of Rome claimed titles of supreme dominion, wrote at the head of all his acts and letters, "*Ex Girifalco* nostro Firmiano, invito Petro et Paolo,*" and corroborated his own sovereignty by the decisions of the Council of Basle against the Pontiff. Rebellions and conspiracies continued rife in all the cities of the ecclesiastical States, and in Rome itself. † The Guelphic town of Bologna rebelled four times in a few years against the papal Legates. Marzia Ordelaffi heroically resisted the soldiers of the Pope, in the fortress of Cesena. The name of the generous, but unfortunate Stefano Porcari, who was put to death by the minions of Nicholas V., for having attempted to restore liberty in Rome, has become illustrious. Soon after, on the death of Julius II., Pompeo Colonna, bishop of Rieti, when calling upon the Roman people to seize their rights, compares the government of the Popes to that of the Mamelukes, and calls the servitude of the Romans "*more shameful than that of the peoples of Egypt and Soria.*" ‡ In Florence, in Venice, and in many other towns, nobles and plebeians responded with indifference and contempt to the repeated Interdicts and Excommunications of the Pope, and allowed priests and monks to depart in procession from out the walls of their cities without any sign of emotion. § Savonarola after his death became the patron saint of the lower classes throughout the greater part of the Italian provinces; and with the more educated, Plato had dethroned Isidorus. ¶ In those times Italy, as the nation of Europe the most advanced in civilization, was also the first to protest against the catholic theology. And yet the Reformation took very little hold of it. Historians have sought to explain this non-success of the Reformation in Italy, by attributing it to combinations of policy, to the league of the Pope,

* The place of his residence.

† Guicciardini, "*Storia d'Italia,*" vol. v. lib. 9.

‡ Julius II., in order to take back from the Venetians some lands in Romagna, which had spontaneously gone over to them, planned the league of Cambrai—excited against them all the catholic Powers—then excommunicated them in the most horrible terms, declaring them to have lost every right, public and private, to property, to sovereignty, &c., to be guilty of high treason, infidels, heathens, gangrenous limbs of the Church: and all this for a question of territory; or worse still, to maintain an usurpation of the Church over the rights of peoples. The Venetian senate severely prohibited the introduction of the pontifical Bull into the States of the Republic. They appealed to God, and to the future general Council. The excommunication of the people and of the government of Venice, which was the immediate consequence, did not terrify either the one or the other. Many priests and monks left the city in dismay. Their departure was only a cause of public mirth.

§ Isidorus Mercator, the celebrated compiler of the Decretals.

with the Emperor, the formidable power of Charles V., &c. Undoubtedly, these causes have added no slight weight in repressing the attempts at a religious revolution in the Peninsula: but they were able to do so chiefly because that same revolution, as proposed by the German reformers, had not found in the Italian mind a soil adapted to its peculiar growth. And this will appear natural, if we compare the intellectual and moral state of the latter with that of the nations who followed the doctrines of protestantism. Doubtless, the Pope—as typified by the mighty ambition of the monk Hildebrand—had become a broken Idol for Italy. The very vices of the papal Court, the increase of municipal civilization, the literary and popular satires against the clergy so generally diffused during two centuries, served to dispel the halo that had surrounded the Divinity of the Vatican. The Guelph party, as a religious party, was little more than an archæological record. Nevertheless—although the critical spirit of an advanced culture had attacked the sacerdotal office in its morality and practices, and Catholicism, as a politico-ecclesiastical institution, was undermined on all sides—the thoughts and feelings of the Italians were yet inspired and directed in all their manifestations by a kind of theoretical catholicism, of universal reasoning, that made them averse to the minute divisions, to the dry and isolated forms of the protestant worship. In Germany, and in other northern countries, the mind—more concentrated in itself, and not yet partaking of the same social knowledge and activity which had placed the Italian mind in more direct communication with all the various phases of the moral world, from the remotest ages down to the present times, and with all the regions of the material world—naturally adhered with more implicit faith, and with greater austerity, to the Christian traditions, and consequently considered religion as of an exclusively inward importance, a merely individual and hidden relation between God and man. In Italy, on the contrary, the religious feeling had developed itself in more palpable social forms, beautifying with its inspirations the arts, institutions, and public functions, and rendering itself the mainspring of all civil action within or without the country; thus producing a synthesis which, from Rome as its centre, spread its rays throughout the world. It is precisely this conception of the *converging of all things to unity*—*universitas, universalitas*—which constituted the fundamental character of the feeling and civilization of Italy in the Middle Ages; which inspired their religion, their philosophy, their politics, their poetry, their art, their very commercial system. From the “*Divina Commedia*” and the “*Monarchia*” of the great Poet, down to the sublime and universal harmony embodied

in the works of Raphael and Michelangiolo, the Italians worshipped the same Ideal. And during the interval that elapsed between the former and the latter, the introduction of the studies and traditions of the Greco-Latin philosophy, literature and art, only helped to strengthen this catholic conviction, raising it to the proportions of a truly humanitarian catholicism, in which every element, every idea, every form of the true, of the beautiful, of the good, wrought out by the genius of mankind, through the whole course of history, whether derived from a heathen or a Christian epoch, seemed to find its proper place, and to conciliate theology with philosophy. In this sense, Plato and Jesus Christ completed one another: Christian art rose to perfection under the influence of Grecian beauty; and from the groves of the Medici and Rucellai, and the halls of the Vatican, arose the conception of a synthesis that would embrace the whole world. This it was that led Columbus on, when boldly steering across the ocean, towards an unknown goal: he yearned to catholicise the Continent which he had divined. The whole of Italy, preoccupied by this civilizing mission, forgot in it her own interests; and while thus enriching Europe and the world with the works of her genius, she laid herself open to the sword with which other nations, after reaping all her fruits, pierced her to the heart.

To break the spell of that synthesis, to shrink from that universal mission into the narrow limits of protestantism, from the glorious and immortal loveliness of her arts, of her literature, of her monuments, to the dreary asceticism of the reformed worship, was for her both an intellectual and moral impossibility. Therefore, the Reformation was not popular in Italy, from the moment it manifested, in all their gloominess, its practical consequences, and its unattractive forms. The religious type towards which Italy aspired in throwing off the yoke of popery was, like her conception of the beautiful, a type of harmony, of unity, of concord between the heavenly city and the earthly city—between God and the progressive development of nature and humanity,—a type which far surpassed the form and doctrines of the reformed Churches. In fact, with the exception of a few humble and timid spirits, all the great minds which in that century devoted their attention to the religious question in Italy, followed neither Luther nor Calvin, but, first in the conferences of Vicenza,* then in their various places of exile, laid the foundations of a system of universal investigation, which, having been assumed by Faustus Socinus, was instilled, by the sect which he founded, into modern philosophy. And it is in

* Sec De Potter, "*Histoire du Christianisme*," &c., vol. viii. ch. ii. iii. p. 27.

the grand and universal character of this system—in the reasoning which follows out, without any preconceived ideas, the spontaneous manifestations of the laws of nature and humanity, to harmonize with them evermore, through the medium of science and liberty, the institutions and collective tendencies of nations—that we think the chief element of the Italian genius exists. This reasoning avoids the dogmatic pretensions of theological abstruseness, repels the dry negations of sceptical philosophy, and seeks the exact and progressive proportion between the reality of things and the conceptions of mind. Let us examine the works of those great men who in Italy followed out the various branches of natural and metaphysical sciences: let us consider the progress of their minds, hardly yet free from their scholastic leading-strings—from the *à priori* method of a corrupted Aristotelism, which influenced all philosophical studies. We shall see them following two paths, which, starting from two opposite points, tended to the same end, namely, to draw together and conciliate the two elements of knowledge: the real and the ideal—ontology and logic, in order to deduce a practical and active result. We see Bernardino Telesio, Tartaglia, Cardano, Della Porta, and later, the great Galileo, striving to apply, with simplicity and exactness, the functions of the mind to natural facts, divesting their judgments of all prejudice, and, with a rational method, opening the road to the discoveries of modern philosophers, to the clearer perception of the identity between the laws of the intellect and those of the outward world. Hence, the human mind purified of its errors, becomes the reflex, the mirror, the very form of the universe. Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Vico, and others, applied the same method to their contemplation of the spiritual world, and were led to the conclusion of a real identity between the infinite and the finite, between unity and multiplicity, between the universal intelligence which informs the whole, and the particular intelligence which progressively discovers and conforms to its laws. Their metaphysics, therefore, led the way to the truths of positive science, to the philosophy of history, to the appliances and developments of civilization, and tend to put an end to the apparent antagonism between Heaven and Earth, between theology and science, between religion and practical life. This tendency of the Italian mind was manifested not alone in the solitary working of privileged intellects; it was the very animating spirit of all the national works. A careful consideration of this civil-religious synthesis of the poetry, the art, and the politics of Italy in the brighter days of its freedom, before moral corruption had laid open the way to foreign oppression, will be sufficient to prove this. The comments on Dante's poem publicly

given after his death in the Cathedral of Florence; the political meetings of citizens, held in Churches, the fine arts popularly worshipped as a symbol of immortality, the harmonizing of the Classical with the Christian element in the monumental architecture of that epoch, were so many manifestations of the same tendency in the specific character of the Latin-Italic race. Christian spiritualism was tempered by the influence of the Pythagorean and Hellenic traditions. It was held that through the exercise of patriotic virtues, through the progress of civic life, worked out in the sacred laws of the Republic, man could rise to God. This was, what modern Italians invoke, a truly *Civil Religion*.

The philosophical Idea of Italy has remained in a germinal state in the works of her writers, and in the traditions of her free municipalities. The political dismemberment of the Peninsula, the catholic reaction, and the foreign invasion, have suppressed every attempt to cultivate and give it moral and practical efficacy. But we are convinced that the profound susceptibilities and energies which Providence awards to the genius of a nation, may be smothered awhile, but not totally extinguished by external causes; and that they must, in due season, regain their power of action, and pursue their course, fulfilling the mission which, in the irresistible movement of nations, will fall to them. It is not, it cannot be, without interest to the future destinies of mankind, that Nature should have endowed the Italian mind with peculiar faculties and qualities, prompting them, three centuries ago, to sow the first seeds of a work which, notwithstanding the general progress of civilization, has never yet been properly developed by other nations. Those seeds still exist in the depths of the Italian mind as a latent power that asks for action. The Italians feel it instinctively; hence the ardour with which they pursue this noble work; hence the deep, though yet undefined, faith, for which they lay down their lives. Even those very men who believe they are merely agitating a political question, have, unconsciously, a higher aspiration in their hearts. Their endeavours all tend to a new and grander reconstruction of the religious and civil elements of society.

There are three nations in Europe that have achieved great things, since all national life ceased to operate in Italy: England, Germany, and France. For ourselves, as political liberty and religious reform gradually established a sound foundation for our activity and our individual independence, we devoted all our powers with so much energy and perseverance to the furtherance of industry, commerce, natural science, and mechanic art, that no other nation in the world can now dispute our superiority on these grounds. Assisted by our geographical position, surrounded by the sea, and incited by a generous

instinct of carrying civilization with our conquests, we are founding nations for the spread of liberty and human culture in countries which not long ago were traversed only by the savage. Our race and our language have penetrated into the remotest regions, everywhere changing the face of the earth by fruitful improvements. But if, from all this outward work of material life, we turn to the examination of our interior life, and consider what is the measure of spiritual development amongst us, we cannot but be forcibly struck with the discrepancy between these two spheres of our existence. We are much less given to the inward investigations of philosophy—to all that is abstract and universal—than to empirical observations and practical conclusions; and as for what concerns the quiet of our consciences, we are satisfied to rest in the narrow limits of our Creeds. In fact, whilst, as regards our moral life, an inane formality checks every sympathetic expansion of thought, and makes us loth to enter with mind and heart into the general developments of mankind in its onward course, so, as regards our political relations, the utilitarian spirit of the moment exercises a baneful influence, which forbids our raising to its highest aim our civil propaganda.

In Germany, the disproportion between the two above-mentioned elements is felt through a contrary effect. There the absorption of thought in inward speculations, the almost exclusive devotion of intelligence to abstract reasoning, has led in a certain degree to the neglect of social interests. There the philosophical spirit excludes the habit of bringing its metaphysical theories to a practical result, and renders the mind unfit for action. Whilst criticism has overleaped every barrier of conventional form and authority, political existence and social relations are still under the absolute dominion of historical right and the tradition of the Holy Roman Empire. In France, the facile and communicative spirit of her people has translated every idea into popular language; but this, from a superficial conception which could not offer a solid basis on which to found a new order of things. In philosophy and in politics they had passed from one revolution to another, until faith was blighted, the moral world without rule or purpose, and the material world a prey to the cupidity of individuals and to the corruption of power. Now the great work of the future, the principal want of rising generations, is a re-organization, on a more harmonious scale, of the various elements of progress at present scattered among the nations. It is necessary that the positive tendencies of England, the abstract speculation of Germany, the democratic spirit of France, should together grow into a philosophical principle more vast, more comprehensive, more capable

of promoting in due proportions the natural development of the human powers. We look forward to the time when there shall exist a true harmony between the inward and outward life of man.

Italy, in the middle ages, foresaw the want of this unity, and thought to realize it in the Papacy. Papacy is effete, and Italy must enter with the rest of the nations on the progress towards a true and living unity. The Rome of the Popes must become the Rome of a free and advancing people. Such is the future which the philosophical laws of its history have in store for it.

We shall conclude this paper with an exhortation which the work above cited, of Ausonio Franchi, has suggested to us, and which we address to the more enlightened minds of the Peninsula. We would impress upon them that, however useful the criticism of the dominant theology may be in eradicating the last prejudices, this is neither the only nor the most important work that the Age requires. The tendencies of the people to reject the papal Church are too decided to require long arguments to convince them of its absurdity. The thing above all others desirable is to study the more positive and constructive part of the subject,—the ideas, the faith, and the institutions, which, on the dissolution of the old edifice, must organize and cement the new. We desire to see the educated intellect of the Italians, and of all others who, throughout Europe, dedicate themselves to the same religious, philosophical, and social problems, co-operate earnestly in this research. A series of investigations, which, from the traditions of the past, and the new data yielded by the progressive activity of nations, should trace out the special aptitudes of each, and their collective interests and duties, would constitute invaluable materials wherewith to carry out the desired synthesis. And we earnestly recommend the Italians, for their part, carefully to examine, from that point of view, the deposit of their intellectual wealth, and to interrogate the glorious inspirations of their ancestors.

ART. II.—THE PROGRESS OF FICTION AS AN ART.

1. *Scriptores Erotici Græci*—*Heliodorus of Tricca*.
2. *Romances of Chivalry*—*Amadis of Gaul*.
3. *The Novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett*.
4. *Works of Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Austin, and Miss Burney. The Waverley Novels*.
5. *Basil: a Tale of Modern Life*. By W. Wilkie Collins. 1852.
6. *Daisy Burns*. By Julia Kavanagh. Bentley.
7. *Hypatia; or, New Faces with an Old Face*. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Republished from "Fraser's Magazine." 1853.

"**D**E tout temps," says an old French writer, "il y a eu des hommes qui ont esté diligens d'escrire et mettre en lumière des choses vaines. Ce qui plus les y a conviez est, que ils scavoient que leur labeurs seroient agréables à ceux de leurs siècles, dont la pluspart a toujours aimé la vanité comme le poisson fait l'eau." The "choses vaines" which so affronted the stern La Noue, and provoked this contemptuous opinion, were no other than the popular romances which, in his day, counted their scores of readers as eager as the thousands who now gasp for Mr. James's "last," or the new number of "Black House." Our indignant author grows eloquent in his abuse, and pathetic in his lamentations over the frivolous tastes of mankind. But when did reformer ever win aught but ignominy? Hear the melancholy sequel;—"Si quelqu'un les eust voulu blasmer, on luy eust craché au visage!"

The persecuting propensities of mankind have been enlisted in so many a strange cause, that possibly even this might have been turned to good account in skilful hands; but the preacher of a crusade against stories and story-tellers is decidedly unfortunate in his choice of a "cry;" and should he find out his mistake by means of the unpleasant rebuff above mentioned, we can only say that he deserves it for his pains. The love of fiction is so strong and universal a passion, that it may be called a natural instinct of the human mind. We find it among all nations, and in all ages; it is almost the only intellectual tie between barbarous and civilized man. Minstrel's song and sage's apologue were the first media through which the many learnt the higher thoughts of the few. We find the "Iliad" the foundation of Greek literature; and the "Fables of Bidpai" are

the earliest known offspring of the Indian mind. Fable and tale catch and rivet the attention of the untaught man, whose half awakened intellect refuses to grasp ideas conveyed in a form less tangible and dramatic. When Jotham sought to rouse the men of Shechem, he lifted up his voice, and spake—not a tedious harangue, or a lengthy history of his wrongs—but a pithy allegorical story: nor would the eloquence of Demosthenes have answered his purpose half so well as that short parable of the prudent trees and the fair-spoken bramble. In the infancy of literature it is the bard or minstrel who first rouses the popular mind to a perception of the unseen world of thought. Fable and story-book are ever the favourite nursery teachers as well of nations as of children; and although both the one and the other may outgrow the simple tales which were the delight of their youth, the taste, the craving for fiction in some form, remains unabated when childish things have been long since put aside. None are too wise, none too foolish, to enjoy keenly the art which clothes imaginary beings with the garb of every-day humanity; no one is so insensible as to be wholly unmoved and uninterested by the joys and sorrows, the hopes and struggles of characters for whom his human sympathies have been awakened, and the highest mind gratefully turns from the prose of actual life to the brighter world of fancy. Bruce used to beguile the weary hours of exile by reading some stirring romance to his followers; and when Chaucer could not sleep, he had recourse to the same remedy “to rede and drive the night away” (he does not tell us what those who follow his example will be apt to suspect, that he found it an excellent sleeping draught). Everybody knows the verdict Dr. Johnson pronounced on the “*Vicar of Wakefield* ;” and De Foe and Swift, both voluminous writers, are, and will be, remembered chiefly as the authors of the most perennially popular stories in the language. Who has not read “*Gulliver’s Travels*” and “*Robinson Crusoe*”? But how many have ever opened, even if they should chance to have heard of, “*The political History of the Devil*,” or the “*Drapier’s Letters*”?

It has been the tendency of modern writers of fiction to restrict themselves more and more to the actual and the possible; and our taste would be offended were they greatly to overstep these limitations, for a scientific, and somewhat sceptical age, has no longer the power of believing in the marvels which delighted our ruder ancestors. The carefully wrought story, which details events in orderly chronological sequence; which unfolds character according to those laws which experience teaches us to look for as well in the moral as the material world; and which describes outward circumstances in their inexorable certainty,

yielding to no magician's wand, or enchanter's spell, is essentially the production of a complex and advanced stage of society; nor do we meet with it until science and letters have reached a high place, and are established firmly enough to influence the popular mind, and to mingle with the popular tone of thought. We feel the chasm which separates one age from another as completely in the style of fiction which has prevailed, as in the phase of religious belief, or of scientific knowledge, which has peculiarly distinguished each period; and contemporary romance literature is valuable not only for the light it incidentally casts upon those thousand minor points of habit and manners, the details of which are so precious when we attempt to fill up the hard stiff outline which history sketches, but also for the many glimpses it affords of the direction of the popular taste, the received standard of morals, and the degree of mental refinement that existed. Without such knowledge we see the past only as a cold phantom instead of a living reality, and history loses its chief interest and use.

But he who searches into ancient and mediæval romance in the expectation of finding himself brought face to face with the actual thoughts and characters of the past, as he views the present in "*Vanity Fair*," will be disappointed. A story of the third century, or a novel of the fourteenth, sounds at first so promising; the very mention of them calls up delightful expectations. Now we think, at least, we shall learn something more of individual life than we can glean from the scanty records and dry facts of chronicler and compiler; here we shall see portrayed the domestic economy, the daily routine, the very dress and appearance of the folks of old; we shall hear the fireside talk, and sympathise with the fireside affections and homely interests of private people like ourselves, instead of only knowing how the kings warred, and the queens bore children, and the nobles squabbled; which information, however valuable, helps us as little to restore a picture of the past as the "*Court Circular*," or "*Annual Register*," would enable some future inquirer to understand how the English lived and spoke in the nineteenth century. But unhappily, the old romance-writers troubled their heads very little about these things; they did not look at life æsthetically; they had no idea of depicting feelings and experiences in the strict analytical fashion, so much in vogue at the present time; and indeed, had they proposed such an object to themselves, they could hardly have produced a picture which we should recognise as life-like. Word-painting is an art, a great and difficult art, and one which does not exist in an unlettered age. The flimsiest modern novel that ever young lady devoured, or critic sneered at, is infinitely superior in

artistic arrangement and skilful continuity of plot to even the most readable of ancient fictions. Their dulness and monotony, their clumsy machinery and improbable incidents, render them little interesting to persons who believe neither in witches nor fairies, who would prosecute a necromancer for obtaining money on false pretences, and show a giant at a fair. We regard them, therefore, much in the same light as we contemplate barbarous pictures: both are devoid of perspective; in the one we have impossible characters, in the other dislocated wrists. The picture indicates a shady grove by a vast conglomerate of round apples perched on sticks; the story describes fearful shipwrecks, horrible slaughters, and miraculous adventures, as the usual and natural accidents of human life. But we may, nevertheless, learn much from both—from the one, fashions of head-gear; from the other, fashions of thought; while the simple fact that the picture was once admired as a work of art, and the story held in honour as a literary performance, is in itself abundantly instructive.

Prose romance seems to have been an unknown element in Roman literature, and, with the one immortal exception of the *Cyropædia*, we do not meet with it among the Greeks until the day of their glory was set. Their lively imagination found ample food in the fables of the old mythology, and there was little in the habits and manners of either Greek or Roman which could furnish materials for works of this class. Private life, as we understand it, there was none,—and love, the grand theme of all northern poetry and romance, was too little hallowed by sentiment, too untempered by respect, to rise above its oriental phase of mere sensualism. The "*Milesiaca*," of Aristides of Miletus, are the first recorded examples of actual prose stories, and upon the translation which was made of these tales into Latin during Sylla's life-time, Ovid wrote,—

"Vertit Aristidem Sisenna, nec obfuit illi
Historiæ turpes inseruisse jocos."

A notice which might tend to console us for their loss, if the anecdote respecting them mentioned by Plutarch did not sufficiently tell their licentious character. A certain young gentleman, Rustius by name, has been snatched from oblivion by the fact of a copy of Aristides's *Tales* having been found in his baggage (he was a Roman officer), after the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians. The conquering general, Surcna, took the book, and laid it before the senate of Seleucia, with some severe comments on the depravity of a people who, even in war, could not abstain from works so infamous. The imitators of Aristides of later days did not sin less against purity and decency, if we may

judge by the earliest "Milesian" Tale extant—"Lucius, or the Ass,"—which Apuleius reproduced in his "Metamorphoses." Sir George Head, in venturing to give these an English dress, has necessarily omitted much, and might have omitted more, to render them tolerable to modern readers.

It is strange how long the human mind will resist change; how willingly it consents to jog along in some track marked out by the authority of custom; and how tenaciously it will cling to some form or fashion, the use and even the meaning of which has long since passed away. We are told that once when profligacy had reached an extraordinary height, a certain Thibetian king commanded that no woman should leave her house without first hideously disfiguring her face by a coat of black varnish; and to this day all the ladies of Lassa hold it not only decorous and proper, but a clear religious duty, to blacken their faces ere they encounter the public gaze. How many follow the example of the pious ladies of Lassa! There is no chapter in the history of human thought and human action in which this obstinate obedience to the letter (which, after all, is only a disguise for mental indolence) does not appear, and certainly it is not wanting in literature. There, to one originator, we have ten thousand copyists—one sincere thinker is echoed by a host of parrots. It would seem a natural expectation, that a book written in the fourth century after Christ, should in some way carry the impress of its age upon it, considering what times those were—Christianity at last the state-religion—the old corrupt civilization dying out, and no man knowing the destinies of the new—the great resistless tide of northern barbarism sweeping on and destroying as it went—considering, we say, all these things, would it not seem impossible that a man with a brain to think, and a pen to write, should be able to sit down and compose a book, as if the world was going on smoothly and pleasantly, and, in fact, had nothing particular the matter with it? But so it was. In that tremendous age there flourished a school of novel writers, who continued perseveringly to imitate a purely conventional and artificial type, as if there were no more important things to be thought of, and as if the stereotyped forms of heathenism were to last and interest for ever. Stranger still, a Christian, and a Christian bishop, was the chief author, if not the actual inventor of this school. About the end of the fourth century after Christ, Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly, wrote his "Ethiopica," or history of Theagenes and Chariclea, and after him came, as is supposed, the "Ephesiaca," or loves of Abrocomes and Anthia, by Xenophon of Ephesus; "The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe," by Achilles Tatius; and some others, of which, "The Loves of Daphnis and Chloe," a pastoral

of the Paul and Virginia stamp, is the best known. The *Ethiopica* is infinitely the best of these performances, and was even copied by the first French novelists of the seventeenth century. Racine admired it so much, that when a student at Port Royal, he was found by his director eagerly reading it, whereupon the director straightway put the book in the fire. The pupil, however, was not to be so baffled, and procured another copy, which shared the same fate as the first; having possessed himself of a third, he learnt it by heart—believe who may!—and then carried it to the director, telling him that he was welcome to serve it as he had done the others. Without pretending to share the poet's enthusiasm, or to think it altogether deserved, we admit that Heliodorus is greatly superior to his imitators, and that, in comparison with Xenophon of Ephesus (whom, however, some have not thought it a profanation to rank beside his great namesake), he is almost graphic. The opening scene is very striking and well worked up, but presently the thread of the tale becomes so hopelessly twisted and entangled, that it is wonderful that Racine did not lose his senses before the end of the first volume. The hero and heroine, Theagenes and Chariclea, meet where Greek heroes and heroines only could, at a public festival, and fall desperately in love at once. They contrive to elope, and embark on board a ship, the captain of which, as a matter of course, becomes instantly enamoured of the luckless maid: she escapes him, however, only to fall into the hands of a band of robbers, together with the faithful Theagenes. In due course, Trakinos, the chief, conceives an ardent passion for her, and entreats her to marry him, the faithful Theagenes being considered and treated *en frère* throughout. Then comes a shipwreck, and next an arrival in Egypt, when Trakinos urgently presses his suit: Chariclea perfidiously desires him to prepare a mock nuptial feast, persuades Peloros, the second in command (who, it is almost superfluous to mention, is also frantically in love with her), to take the opportunity of attacking his chief, which he does, and kills him, and is then himself slain by Theagenes. These little difficulties thus satisfactorily removed, more robbers supervene, under Thyamis, the valiant and injured son of the chief priest of Memphis, driven to his present mode of life by an usurping younger brother who had unlawfully deprived him of his inherited dignities. He is, of course, captivated inevitably by the beauty of Chariclea, who again displays great address, and—but we will not weary our readers by giving them the whole of this marvellous tale. Various other personages appear on the stage, and the plot is seriously complicated by the conduct of a highly obnoxious and indecorous character, ἡ κακίστη Θισβη, and a very wicked woman, wife of

the satrap Oroondates, who falls in love with the exemplary Theagenes, and endeavours to poison his innocent Chariclea. Some intricate details are furnished by a garrulous old gentleman, who talks uninterruptedly through nearly half a volume,—finally, the fortunes of war having made them prisoners, Chariclea and her lover come before Hydaspes king of Ethiopia, and Persina his wife, and are on the point of being sacrificed—the one to the sun, and the other to the moon, when it is discovered that Chariclea is the king's own daughter, and the story concludes to the satisfaction of all parties.

Schoell, the author of the *Histoire de la Littérature Grecque*," observes upon this novel, and the same may be said of the whole race of Greek romances,—“Des pirates, des combats, des enlèvemens, des captivités, des reconnoissances, voilà tous les ressorts des Ethiopiques. Cet ouvrage ne fait point connoître l'état de la société; il n'offre que des mœurs fictives, et ne représente ni un siècle ni un peuple.” A singular chance first introduced this work to the West. A soldier of Anspach, serving in Hungary, under the Margrave Casimir of Brandenburg, while assisting at the pillage of Matthias Corvinus's famous library at Buda, was attracted by the rich ornaments of a manuscript which he accordingly carried off, and sold to Vincent Obsopœus, who published it at Basle in 1534, and thus gave the Ethiopics to modern Europe. The episcopal example of Heliodorus seems to have made romance writing a favourite clerical amusement. Achilles Tatius was also a bishop; Turpin, the reputed author of the “Life of Charlemagne and Roland”—the first romance of chivalry,—was bishop of Rheims; in later times, Iluct, bishop of Avranches, wrote a novel and translated Longus; an archdeacon of Sens composed “*Les Aventures de Lycidas et de Clorinthe*,” in the sixteenth century; and, in the seventeenth, almost the only two specimens of English fiction are both by prelates; Rabelais was a Franciscan friar; Sterne was a country clergyman; and we owe *Telemaque* to an archbishop.

But stories like these old Greek romances could not long interest. Cold relics of a dead faith and a dying age, there was nothing in them to which the living sympathies of living men could respond, and wanting this germ of vitality they have mouldered away in libraries unknown and unread, and are valuable mainly as being curious memorials of the deeply engrained paganism of thought and idea, in the so-called Christian contemporaries of Chrysostom and Ambrose. In the long night of barbarism which followed, the dim lamp of literature was well nigh extinguished, and when at last the rude Teutonic races began to find out that they too had ideas, and must express them, these ideas were very unlike those of the polished Heli-

odorus, and uttered in a tongue which would have shocked his elegant Greek taste. Europe, intellectually, had gone back to infancy again, and, childlike, preferred listening to nursery rhymes to learning its letters and writing copies. Men could not read, but they could listen: and for this reason almost all the romances of the middle ages were metrical, and were either sung by minstrel and troubadour, or recited from memory.

"In ancient song and story, marvels high are told,
Of knights of high emprise, and adventures manifold;
Of joy and merry feasting; of lamenting, woe, and fear;
Of champion's bloody battles, many marvels *shall ye hear*."

Thus opens the famous "Nibelungen Lied," and the not less celebrated "Helden Buch" concludes with the notice: "Henry of Ofterdingen has sung this adventure so masterly, that princes loved him for it, and gave him silver and gold, pennies, and rich garments."

War and adventure, giants and dwarfs, fabulous exploits of heroes, who quaff goblets of human blood, slay their enemies by tens of thousands, and devoutly go to mass, are the ever popular themes of these stirring old barbaric poems. The preface to the "Helden Buch" gives such a curiously circumstantial account of the uses of dwarfs, otherwise known as gnomes or kobolds, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

"It should be known for what reason God created the great giants and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, he produced the dwarfs, because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold and pearls were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs right wise and crafty, that they could distinguish good and bad, and to what uses all things should be applied; he gave them nobility, so that they, as well as the heroes, were kings and lords; and he gave them great riches. And the reason why God created the giants was, that they should slay the wild beasts and worms, (dragons, serpents), and thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But after some time it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much harm to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle rank between the dwarfs and giants. And, it should be known, that the heroes were worthy and faithful for many years; they paid all observance and honour to the ladies, protected widows and orphans, did no harm to women except when their life was in danger, were always ready to assist them, and often showed their manhood before them, both in sport and in earnest. It should also be known, that the heroes were always emperors, kings, dukes, earls; and served under lords, as knights and squires; and that they were all noblemen, and no one was a peasant. From these are descended all lords and noblemen."

Here are all the ideas of a new age of feudalism and chivalry,

and they are *the* staple ideas of all mediæval romance. Besides the minstrels who sang these national lays, there were others whom Chaucer mentions in his "Third Boke of Fame," as *jestours*,

"that tellen tales,
Both of wepyng and of game,—"

who appear to have been "*gestours*," relaters of *gests* (Latin, *gesta*) or adventures in *prose*, and it is to them that we must trace the early prose romances of chivalry. We find foreign elements in the fictions of these times. Many of the exploits attributed to Charlemagne are taken from a fabulous history of Alexander the Great, which Simeon Seth, a physician of Constantinople in the eleventh century, amused himself by translating from the Persian, and which was the source of many romances; and the "*Dolopathos*, or Romance of the Seven Sages," written by a monk, was imitated from a very ancient Persian tale, entitled, "*The Fables of Syntipa*." In the "*Gesta Romanorum*," and the "*Golden Legend*" of Jacobus de Voragine, we have some curious examples of monkish imagination and ignorance; such as histories of heroes who set forth on toilsome pilgrimages on the very day of their marriage; of "a Danish king who goes to war against the three kings whom the star in the east guided to Jerusalem;" of Titus, who calls in the magical arts of "*Master Virgil*;" and of "*King Claudius*," who bestows his daughter on the wise philosopher Socrates. Saintship and miracles, and lifelong penances, are the ideal excellencies in these stories; but among them are also preserved many traditions and tales of far greater antiquity, and which were borrowed from, and adopted by, Boccaccio, and the early Italian novelists.

But the genuine old romance of chivalry has still a charm; there is something in its pictures of knightly honour, high and true, of ladies bright, and deeds of daring, which even yet speaks to our imagination, and which has still a large share in the popular conception of heroism and nobility; and we can well conceive what must have been the passionate admiration for these compositions when the reader traced in them a gorgeous and ideal likeness (*very* ideal it was) of the life around him. Take, for instance, the opening chapter of *Amadis of Gaul*:

"Not many years after the passion of our Redeemer, there was a Christian king in the lesser Britain, by name Garinter, who, being in the law of truth, was of much devotion and good ways. This king had two daughters by a noble lady, his wife. The eldest was married to Languines, king of Scotland: she was called the lady of the garland, because her husband, taking great pleasure to behold her beautiful

tresses, would have them covered only with a chaplet of flowers. Elisena, the other daughter, was far more beautiful, and, although she had been demanded in marriage by many great princes, yet she would wed with none, but, for her solitary and holy life, was commonly called the lost devotee. . . . King Garinter, who was somewhat stricken in years, took delight in hunting. It happened one day, that having gone from his town of Alima to the chase, and being separated from his people, as he went along the forest saying his prayers, he saw to the left a brave battle of one knight against two."

The one knight slays his opponents, and proves to be Perion, king of Gaul. Garinter invites him to come home with him, and he slays a lion in his way for a little diversion. As was to be expected, the guest and Elisena fall in love, and (such is the usual course in all these romances) by-and-by Elisena becomes the mother of Amadis, the hero of the tale. She is obliged to conceal his birth, for death would be her punishment.—"This, so cruel and abominable custom, endured till the coming of the good king Arthur, who was the best king that ever there reigned, and he revoked it at the time when he slew Floyon in battle before the gates of Paris!" The character of Amadis represents the model of a perfect knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, glorious in beauty and unrivalled in strength; generous, loyal, and brave; the defender of the weak, the avenger of the oppressed; the type of chivalrous gallantry; in short, the embodiment of all the virtues most revered in a semi-barbarous age, and the original of that somewhat anomalous aggregate of qualities which constitutes still the abstract notion of a *high born gentleman*. It was the natural beau ideal of the fourteenth century, when to fight was more honourable than to think, when the profession of arms was the wonted calling of the great and the high born, and when a certain degree of contempt attached to the pursuit of more peaceful arts and accomplishments. During that momentous illness which transformed Ignatius Loyola from the courtier and the warrior into the religious enthusiast, "Amadis of Gaul" was one of his favourite books; and, it will be remembered, the curate especially excepted it, as well as "Tirante the White," and "Palmeirin of England," when he purged Don Quixote's library. Many were the imitations of this famous romance; and, by way of improving it, Montalvo added sixteen more books containing the whole history of Esplandian, the son of Amadis, written in a style very inferior to the original, thereby, as Mr. Hallam observes, "deserving at least the praise or blame of making the entire work unreadable by the most patient or the most idle of mankind." The extreme unreality, and still more, the inordinate length of these romances, provoked an antidote. Very heroic they might be, but excessively dull they

unquestionably were; and a school of a totally different character sprung up, which exchanged the noble *dramatis personæ* of gallant knights and lovely dames for a far less exalted *corps dramatique*, and founded its claims to popularity on the exhibition of the rogueries practised by designing innkeepers, and the grotesque vicissitudes of half-starved servant boys. The short lively stories of Boccaccio and Sacchetti, and the Spanish *Novela picaresca*, leaving the well worn themes of chivalry, are founded usually on real or probable incidents, delineated with the comic side outwards, and exposing unscrupulously the vices and foibles of mankind. Faithless wives, dissolute and knavish priests, pages who "get on" by lying and stealing, unsuspecting masters duped by transparent tricks, are the most prominent characters in these tales, sketched often with much humour, but oftener still with much greater coarseness. Broad practical jokes, and the vulgar triumphs and disappointments of clever rogues and vain fools, are, after all, but mean subjects for art; and even the inimitable pen of Le Sage does not elevate the comic novel much above the level of a burlesque—it is still the Farce of Romance. It is sometimes urged, that works of this character are truer to nature, and exhibit human life in more faithful colours, than those which paint scenes of a higher and sublimer kind; and this no doubt is true, but only partially so. It is true that a Gil Blas may be more easily met with than a Bayard, that a Pecksniff is a commoner character than a Sidney, and that Becky Sharps are more plentiful than Lady Jane Greys. But a work professedly comic *restricts* itself in great measure to the low moral standard and sordid schemes of heroes like Gil Blas, rarely touching upon higher ground; and herein lies its untruth. If it be false to describe the average run of mankind as demigods, it is equally so to set them down as systematic rascals, and of the two extremes a caricatured portrait is less pleasing than an ideal one. The intrigues and witticisms of a buffoon, however well related, awaken but a poor kind of interest; and the writer whose pictures of life provoke only a broad grin, has taken too low and too narrow a view of human nature to deserve a high place among the masters of fiction. The Spanish and Italian novels of this class are deeply impregnated with that mocking and licentious spirit which is the natural tone of thought in an age too enlightened for superstition, but neither earnest nor pure enough for morality, and the mind turns away at once saddened and revolted by the impression of intense earthliness and sensuality these stories leave upon it. In comparison with them, the old fashioned tales of chivalry are refined and ennobling, but the taste for these last was already declining when Cervantes gave it its deathblow, and the follies

of the immortal knight of La Mancha compelled the world to recognise the absurdity of perpetuating ideas long since outgrown and obsolete. The old unreal and artificial style, however, lingered tenaciously, and especially in France. D'Urfé in pastoral, and Gemberville in the heroic style, (which simply means calling characters cast in the approved chivalrous mould by historical names,) had a fashionable popularity in the time of Louis XIII., though to modern readers they are unspeakably tame and tedious: Calprenède poured forth his voluminous "Cassandra" in ten octavo volumes; and the celebrated Madlle. de Scuderi—the correspondent of Queen Christina, and the honoured of the Grand Monarque—delighted her contemporaries by her equally long romances of Cyrus and Clélie. It is to France, nevertheless, that we owe the first attempt to shake off the fetters of precedent and fashion in novel writing, and to exhibit the living manners of living people in place of the tedious felicities of Arcadias, à la Louis Quatorze. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, before Fielding or Richardson were born, Madame La Fayette published a novel, in which she has described the characters and manners of her own time, and for which she deserves to be remembered. This work, entitled "La Princesse de Cleves," was very popular in its day; Fontenelle professed to have read it through four several times; it was patronised by theologians, and quoted in sermons. The story turns upon the unhappy, but not guilty, attachment of a married lady and her lover; but, in justice to Madame La Fayette, we must add, that she has avoided the style of treatment by which the modern echoes of that unfailling plot contrive to amaze inexperienced, and startle modest readers; and "La Princesse de Cleves" is singularly free from the coarseness which characterizes our own earlier novels, and the sentimental viciousness of a numerous tribe of French ones and their imitators.

The page of English romance was almost a blank until the last century, and, for this, two reasons may be given: the first, that Britain was, for a long time, considerably behind France and Spain in civilization and luxury; the second, that it was immersed in the more serious work of repeated civil wars. Prose fiction is not the expression of very earnest feeling: a man may dash off a military song like Tyrtæus of old, or young Körner in later days, whilst awaiting the shock of the combat, and the excitement of the moment will give it a higher perfection than art could bestow; for poetry is the language of passion, and the reader is carried away by his human sympathy with the feeling of the writer, rather than by his description of it. But a prose fiction requires leisure and thought; it is not the outpouring of

a heart too full to be silent, but a work of time and art; and when war is at our doors, and its ravages are seen by our hearths and in our homes, a man is not exactly in the mood to sit in his study and compose a history of fictitious dangers and woes; he has too many real ones to think of to leave his mind calm enough for the work. Sir Philip Sidney's "*Arcadia*," however, which appeared in the reign of Elizabeth, showed that when the sword was laid down, the same hand had no inaptitude for the pen, and the last of the chevaliers *sans peur et sans reproche* was the last to echo the old themes that belonged to a time already past. A fiercer struggle than that of the Roses was already in preparation, and when the strong hand which had held the reins of the state resigned them to the weaker grasp of James, men's minds were too deeply occupied with the stern realities of life to think of light literature. The feeling which was becoming general in the nation may be gathered from Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson's description of the new reign:—"The honour, wealth, and glory of the nation wherein Queen Elizabeth left it, were soon prodigally wasted by this thriftless heir; the nobility of the land utterly debased by selling honours to public sale, and conferring them on persons that had neither blood nor merits fit to wear, nor estates to bear up their titles, but were fain to invent projects to pill (plunder) the people and pick their purses for the maintenance of vice and lewdness. The apostasy from holiness stirred up sorrow, indignation, and fear in all that retained any love of God in the land, whether ministers or people; the ministers warned the people of the approaching judgments of God, but at court they were hated, disgraced, and reviled, and, in scorn, had the name of Puritan fixed upon them." The storm which was thus seen gathering in the distance, soon overshadowed the land; and the great rebellion once more called on men to abandon the pen for the sword. It was not till peace was restored that the leisure of a former soldier in the parliamentary army gave a place in this department of literature even to Puritanism; and "*The Pilgrim's Progress*,"—the most universally popular fiction ever written—expressed the feeling of the age just past. A great change came over the country with the restoration of the licentious Charles II., and it had its exponent in the questionable productions of Aphra Behn, and the plays of Congreve and others, which the nicer taste, if not the greater purity of modern times has banished, in great measure, from our theatres, and wholly from the drawing-room.

Another stormy period made a fresh pause in the history of fiction, and it was not till the arbitrary projects of the second James had been defeated, and the liberties of England established on a firm foundation, that our sober countrymen found time

to think of amusing themselves with—we must not say the *lighter* productions of literary art, for the ponderous size of Richardson's novels forbids the term—but with the fictitious interest attached to unreal personages. From this period the revolution in the style of English fiction was complete. The heroes and heroines of Richardson's novels seem as far removed from our own habits and modes of thinking as if they had lived in the days of King Alfred, but they are men and women notwithstanding; the feelings and passions common to human nature in all ages, are worked out in all their nicer shades with the hand of a master, and however stiff and stately they may appear, we still feel, that beneath shirt-frills and square coats, hoops and ruffles, the heart beat with the same emotions, the brain teemed with the same busy thoughts as our own. Fiction had now established itself as an art, and the novelist put in a claim to the chair of the moralist and the philosopher. The greater refinement of manners in modern days may render Richardson's pictures of life revolting to our more fastidious tastes, and we may doubt his judgment in unveiling scenes of vice which the pure need never witness in real life: but never are these scenes made to pander to the evil passions of human nature; and they inspire as much disgust in the perusal as would be felt by the innocent in witnessing the reality. We can hardly say the same of his successors in the art. Fielding and Smollett, however clever in their delineations, and sometimes caricatures of life, offend by, we had almost said, the studied coarseness of even their best scenes and descriptions; and if, as we have assumed, the most popular works of fiction may be taken as a measure of the taste and morals of the age which admired them, we must place those of our ancestors very low. Fielding professedly writes from nature; nor could he have won his great popularity as a living writer had his characters been too much exaggerated to appear truthful in the eyes of his own generation; but even when all allowance is made for the degree of caricature almost inseparable from comic writing, what an impression his novels leave of low sentiment, coarse habits, and the prevalence of gross vice everywhere, and in all classes! What a scene, for instance, is that in which Parson Adams and Fanny are brought before the Justice, who, "in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners, and telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, ordered them into his presence!" The drunken guests who assail the girl with indecent jokes; the wag of the party, who insists upon "capping" verses with Adams; the discovery of the manuscript of *Æschylus* in the possession of the latter, which the justice and his clerk consider to be some seditious document in cypher, while one of the

company ventures to suggest that "it looked very much like Greek," but not having seen any for so long, he hesitates to decide the question; and the final reference of this knotty point to the rector of the parish, who settles it by pronouncing the manuscript to be an ancient copy of one of the fathers, commencing with the catechism in Greek, "*Pollaki toi*—what's your name?" form altogether a scene such as it is to be hoped could never be witnessed in these days. Yet that it was not very much beyond the truth may be gathered from a nearly contemporary witness, who, not having the interest of a story to keep up, had no temptation to over colouring. Mr. Addison, in a paper on precedence, terms rural squires "the illiterate body of the nation," and excuses their position, below the three learned professions, because "they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left." Although in doing so we are guilty of anticipating the subject somewhat, we cannot resist the temptation of bringing past and present into contrast by comparing Mr. Thackeray's "*Esmond*" with the veritable novels of those unspiritual days. In spite of its almost faultless style, and general accuracy of costume and colour, we feel at once that it is the work of a mind reared in a different atmosphere, and grown in a richer soil. No great author of our time, least of all Mr. Thackeray, *could* write like either Fielding or Smollett; and the work would not be tolerated were it attempted. There is one point especially, which is a marked and peculiar characteristic of Mr. Thackeray's writing, and which betrays, most of all, the thinker of the nineteenth century disguised in the velvet coat and wig of Queen Anne's reign. In his searching and unfaltering exposure of those moral and social hollownesses which observers less faithful most readily gloss over, Mr. Thackeray has not spared the fireside, and has laid bare the unspoken and unpitied woes which lurk there, with stern and terrible justice. No female pen, even in these days, has more resolutely denied the old-fashioned and pleasant belief in the happiness of marriage and the fair lot of woman therein; and a century ago, certainly such philosophy as Mr. Thackeray's on such a subject would hardly have occurred to a plain gentleman like Mr. Henry Esmond. Let any one contrast the character of Fielding's *Amelia*—the model wife, who loves her husband rather better than she did before on discovering his infidelity—with the following reflections, and he will see at once how great is the change which has come over the spirit of this age.

"There's not a writer of my time of any note, with the exception of poor Dick Steele, that does not speak of a woman as of a slave, and scorn and use her as such. Mr. Pope, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Addison, Mr. Gay, every one of 'em sings in this key; each according to his

nature and politeness; and louder and fouler than all in abuse, is Dr. Swift, who spoke of them as he treated them, worst of all. . . . If it be painful to a woman to find herself mated for life to a boor, and ordered to love and honour a dullard: it is worse still for the man himself, perhaps, whenever in his dim comprehension the idea dawns that his slave and drudge yonder is, in truth, his superior; that the woman who does his bidding and submits to his humours, should be his lord; that she can think a thousand things beyond the power of his muddled brains, and that in yonder head, on the pillow opposite him, lie a thousand feelings, mysteries of thought, latent scorns and rebellions, whereof he only dimly perceives the existence as they look out furtively from her eyes: treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them; sweet fancies and images of beauty that would grow and unfold themselves into flowers; bright wit that would shine like diamonds could it be brought into the sun: and the tyrant in possession crushes the outbreak of all these, drives them back like slaves into the dungeon and darkness, and chafes without that his prisoner is rebellious, and his sworn subject undutiful and refractory. So the lamp was out in Castlewood Hall, and the lord and lady saw each other as they were: with her illness and altered beauty, my lord's fire for his wife disappeared; with his selfishness and faithlessness her foolish fiction of love and reverence was rent away. Love?—who is to love what is base and unlovely? Respect?—who is to respect what is gross and sensual? Not all the marriage oaths sworn before all the parsons, cardinals, ministers, muftis and rabbins in the world can bind to that monstrous allegiance.”—*Esmond*, vol. i., p. 248.

This Review has already borne ample testimony to the rare merits of Mr. Thackeray's works; a further recurrence to them here, therefore, would be out of place, but it was impossible to speak of the novels of the eighteenth century without being reminded of a book whose best merits are perhaps those which render it most *unlike* the literature of the period it is designed to illustrate.

As the last century approached its close, the change of manners once more marked itself strongly in the fictions of the time. Lady authors became more numerous—the Minerva press looms heavily in the distance, and the new school makes up for its inferiority in power and nature, by irreproachable modesty and propriety of tone. It was reserved to the present century to prove that both qualities could exist together. Clara Reeve's "Old English Baron," and the multitude of romances of its age and stamp, strike us as more vapid than their kindred compositions of the present; but it is rather the old-fashioned style and diction of the former which sound stiff and strange to our ears, than much intrinsic excellence in the latter, that produce this impression. For ourselves, we much question whether the popularity of many favourite novels to be had now "at all the

libraries" will outlive Mrs. Inchbald's: and we do not see that the authoresses whose pages are full of excruciating heart agonies, and minute descriptions of the state of the weather, have claims to more lasting fame than Mrs. Radcliffe has won by her tremendous apparatus of thunder-storms and trap-doors. It was the fashion then to construct a story out of strange and unnatural *circumstances*,—it is the fashion now to elaborate it out of morbid *feelings* and over-wrought *sensibilities*, and, like all fashions which contradict nature, both must pass away, for both have grown out of a taste which must be transitory. To secure an enduring name, something more than this is needed, and the high reputation which Miss Austin's novels gained, and still retain, is a proof of the ready appreciation which is always felt when an author dares to be natural. Without brilliancy of any kind—without imagination, depth of thought, or wide experience, Miss Austin, by simply describing what she knew and had seen, and making accurate portraits of very tiresome and uninteresting people, is recognised as a true artist, and will continue to be admired, when many authors more ambitious, and believing themselves filled with a much higher inspiration, will be neglected and forgotten. There is an instinct in every unwarped mind which prefers truth to extravagance, and a photographic picture, if it be only of a kitten or a hay-stack, is a pleasanter subject in the eyes of most persons (were they brave enough to admit it), than many a glaring piece of mythology, which those who profess to worship High Art find themselves called upon to pronounce divine. People will persist in admiring what they can appreciate and understand, and Wilkie will keep his place among national favourites when poor Haydon's Dentatus is turned to the wall. But Miss Austin's accurate scenes from dull life, and Miss Burney's long histories of amiable and persecuted heroines, though belonging to the modern and reformed school of novels, must still be classed in the lower division. As pictures of manners, they are interesting and amusing, but they want the broader foundation, the firm granite substratum, which the great masters who have followed them have taught us to expect. They show us too much of the littlenesses and trivialities of life, and limit themselves so scrupulously to the sayings and doings of dull, ignorant, and disagreeable people, that their very truthfulness makes us yawn. They fall short of fulfilling the objects, and satisfying the necessities of Fiction in its highest aspect—as the art whose office it is “to interest, to please, and sportively to elevate—to take man from the low passions and miserable troubles of life into a higher region, to beguile weary and selfish pain, to excite a generous sorrow at vicissitudes not his own, to raise the passions into sympathy with heroic troubles, and

to admit the soul into that serener atmosphere from which it rarely returns to ordinary existence without some memory or association which ought to enlarge the domain of thought, and exalt the motives of action.”*

It was a happy opening of a rich and unworked mine when Miss Edgeworth gave her humorously descriptive tales of Irish life to the world—most happy if, as Sir Walter Scott declares, they had the merit of first suggesting to him the idea of a series of stories illustrative of the character and manners of his own country, and we owe the *Waverley* novels to that idea. Of those world-known fictions, eulogy seems superfluous, and criticism almost impertinent. They have long since taken their honoured place in all English hearts and book-cases, and even the grand discovery made some few years back by a certain class of reformers that the tendency of some of them is so pernicious and dangerous, that they cannot safely be put in the hands of the young, has, we trust and believe, not effected much towards dislodging them. Never, perhaps, did any author win so quickly, and retain so permanently, universal popularity, as Walter Scott. He had the unusual fortune to be as thoroughly appreciated during his lifetime, as he has been since,—not even a Frenchman, emulous of adding an article to the creed which affirms the mediocrity of Shakespeare and the incompetency of Wellington, has ventured to doubt his genius or grudge his fame, and the happy talent with which the author of “*Aimé Vert*” has imitated his tone of thought and colouring in that clever story, purporting to be a French translation of an unpublished work by him, tells of a familiar acquaintance with the original on the part of the author, and the public he wrote for. Mr. James has unhappily proved that historical novels are not of necessity either engrossing or brilliant, but until “*Waverley*” set the example, no one had tried to write them, and the transition from the harmless twaddle and weak nonsense of the old-fashioned romances to the pages of “*Ivanhoe*” and “*Old Mortality*” was something very like enchantment. To restore the image of times long past, and to give it its natural tone—to be, as it were, the interpreter between far distant ages—is perhaps the highest, as it is unquestionably the most difficult, achievement of Fiction, and here, with but one exception, Scott is still unrivalled. Sir E. B. Lytton moves in an orbit so widely distinct, that he can hardly be called a rival, or his works be brought into comparison, but the claims of “*The Last of the Barons*” to be ranked among the most perfect examples of the historical romance, demand that timely qualification.

* Sir E. B. Lytton, preface to “*Night and Morning*.”

The highest art is that which, to superficial observers, seems to be no art at all. An actor who cannot charm his audience into forgetting that he is merely sustaining a part, breaks the illusion, and mars the whole effect of the piece. He must enter so entirely into the spirit of his author's conception, as never for an instant to betray his own personality by look or gesture, and he must so completely identify himself with the character he represents as to avoid the slightest inappropriateness of tone, and every appearance of a constrained or unnatural manner. The considerate sailor who, seeing that a confidential interview was beginning on the stage, whispered to his companion, "These chaps seem to have something to say they don't want us to hear; hadn't we better go away?" unconsciously paid the highest possible compliment to the performers; and the same power of complete identification requisite to a great actor, is as essential to the writer of narrative-fiction, though there is this superadded difficulty in his case, that his characters must be able to speak and act of themselves, without any of those advantages of actual representation, *quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*. All the finer touches of nature and expression which the dramatist entrusts to the interpreting skill of his actors, the novel writer must himself bestow, and by the far less vivid medium of words. Judging, then, of the *Waverley* novels by this, which will be acknowledged as the true test—the degree in which they succeed in setting before our eyes the living image of the times and personages described—their wonderful perfection is at once apparent. As far removed from tameness on the one hand, as extravagance on the other, they have all the interest of truth without being prosaic, and all the charm of invention without seeming improbable. In the whole range of fiction it would be impossible to mention any author, the tone of whose works is so thoroughly healthy and pure as Sir Walter Scott's. Moral conclusions are never thrust upon us in them, any more than they are in the world, but our sympathies are always on the side of right and goodness; honesty is never sacrificed for dramatic effect, nor is vice ever made fascinating. There is not a word or an allusion which can leave the shadow of a stain on the most guileless and inexperienced mind, and the untold delight which has hence been permitted to hundreds and thousands of young enthusiastic readers, is perhaps the noblest and holiest tribute to genius. Happy the author whom the wise honour, and children love! As yet, the *Waverley* novels stand alone; surpassing their predecessors as much in beauty of narrative and masterly completeness of invention, as in purity and morality of tone, they are scarcely less dissimilar to the present school. We are too deeply immersed in schisms

and controversies, and the fierce life-and-death struggle of this "Latter-day" to produce an author with a genius equal to Walter Scott's, who would be content to devote it (even supposing, what is very problematical, that it would *pay*) to the production of volume after volume, with no other object but that of affording simple amusement, unsuited by satire and unflavoured by passion; intended only to produce that happy, rational, and placid kind of enjoyment which we feel in the works of the great Scotch novelist. The only author who (*longo intervallo*!) follows in the same path is Mr. James; and, unless it be in the quantity of letter-press, few will discover the resemblance between his novels and those of Scott, excepting perhaps the unhappy individuals who fill the offices of "reader" and bookbinder for Mr. Newby!

As we approach our own times, our task becomes more difficult. Every year pours forth a score or so of works which are invariably described "as the most popular of any that have appeared for many years;" and each, if it be inquired after at no very long interval, is wiped out from the recollection of booksellers and circulating libraries, and you are offered some new pretender to fame which will be as speedily forgotten. But these form no criterion of the public taste, and it will be for the inquirer of the next age to pick up on the shores of time the wrecks of the present, and point out from those fragments of our lighter literature that have had solidity enough to be preserved, the general tendency of the national mind at the present period. There is, indeed, hardly a theory, an opinion, or a crotchet, which has not been given to the world in the three-volume form. Every rank, grade, profession, and almost every trade, has been shown up or cried down, pleaded for or protested against, through the same convenient medium. Our supposed inquirer, if he took up "Tremaine," would find himself plunged into some common-place arguments against atheism; Mrs. Trollope would unveil for him the sufferings of factory-boys; he would encounter a kind of political manifesto and confession of faith in the brilliant pages of "Coningsby;" "Hawkstone"—if it has not gone to the butter-shop, and enlightened Irish barrow-women before that time—"Hawkstone," if surviving, will teach him how important it was once thought to furnish a model-protestant hero with a rosary; while the large class of "serious" novels and novellettes which edify the present generation with such remarkable examples of drawing-room theology, will probably, long ere that, have vanished with the phase of mind which produced them. A few will survive, and, foremost among the authors who, less as artists than as prophets, teachers, and politicians, have sent forth their views in the

guise of romance, will appear the author of "Hypatia." The ability which guides Mr. Kingsley's bold, adventurous pen, was sufficiently manifested in "Alton Locke," and the same ability, mingled with a yet more daring and a wilder originality, shone in the less attractive pages of "Yeast." Vigorous, almost insolent in style, and fearlessly exposing many a varnished hypocrisy and ghastly sore both in high life and in low, these works are also the expression of Mr. Kingsley's peculiar and somewhat incoherent views upon questions moral, social, and religious. In the work now before us, he has endeavoured to make history echo and confirm those opinions, and has put forth an historical character to illustrate them. But *this* "Hypatia" has failed to do; and it affords a strong presumption against some of the author's favourite theories, that, in trying to make them fit, and to work them out in connexion with a character whose real outline, at least, is preserved to us with tolerable distinctness, he has been obliged to deviate so widely from the common probabilities of human nature, that he has produced a distorted and unnatural figure, out of all harmony with the recorded facts.

The dignity of "ambassador from the court of Truth" has ever been the true vocation of Fiction; but it must show its title to that honourable distinction by the credentials it bears; and if these be of doubtful authenticity, we naturally question the trustworthiness of the envoy. The writer of historical fiction is not less bound than the historian himself to make his version of the subject he has chosen accord strictly with fact and probability; and if he substitute his own private ideas of what *ought* to have been for what really *was*, he betrays his trust, and lends his powers to misrepresent rather than to elucidate the past. More especially is this the case when a great character is at stake; for most readers will believe a pleasant fiction rather than grope into dry historical records. So, on the authority of Shakespeare, we have all learnt to think of Richard the Third as a hideous misshapen monster; but, in fact, that monarch, though short in stature, possessed a fine and "princely countenance," and so far from being hunchbacked, was remarkable for strength and agility. Those who take up their opinions of Hypatia from Mr. Kingsley's tale, in spite of its accuracy with regard to actual facts, will imbibe a scarcely less distorted notion of the intellectual features of that martyr philosopher. Her historical existence seems to be so little known, and we have heard the question, "Who was Hypatia?" so often asked, that it may not be superfluous to give a brief sketch of her history, as it has been handed down by Socrates Scholasticus, and other later authorities.

She was the daughter of Theon, a distinguished mathematician of Alexandria, attached to the famous museum of that city, as a professor, about the end of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth century of our era. Hypatia was instructed by her father in his own science, and afterwards studied at Athens, then celebrated for its schools of rhetoric. On her return to Alexandria, her extraordinary acquirements became the subjects of universal admiration, for, according to Socrates, "she excelled all the philosophers of that time;" and was invited to succeed her father as head of the Alexandrian school, and to teach from the same chair which had been filled by Ammonius, Hierocles, and many others of note. Her system was eclectic, but the exact sciences formed the basis of her public teaching; and, according to Schoell, "*elle introduisit la première une méthode rigoureuse dans l'enseignement de la philosophie.*" The letters of her friend and pupil, Synesius, the eccentric, learned, and philosophizing bishop of Ptolemais, bear ample testimony to the unbounded esteem and reverence he entertained for her. Writing to her, on the death of one of his children, he addresses her as his "Mother, sister, teacher, or whatsoever other name is honourable;" and bids his brother greet "the honoured and most beloved of God, the mistress of philosophy, and that happy company that enjoys her divine voice." In another place, in speaking of the departed greatness of Athens, he says, "In our age, Egypt is nourished by the seeds of knowledge which Hypatia sows; but once Athens was the home of wisdom." He writes to consult her respecting a book he meditated publishing; and a silver astrolabe, he presented to a brother philosopher, was made under her directions. The fame of one who was as beautiful and virtuous as she was wise, drew a crowd of hearers to her academy, and roused the jealousy of the Christians, and of their fiery bishop, Cyril, the famous Alexandrian patriarch. Besides her influence as a teacher of "the several sciences that go under the name of philosophy," Hypatia was the friend and adviser of the civil magistrates, who regularly visited her; and "on account of the grave courage of mind she gained from her learning," says Socrates, "and her modest, matron-like behaviour, she scrupled not to appear before the judges, and was not ashamed to come thus openly before men, for her extraordinary discretion made her to be both admired and respected by all." Orestes, the prefect of the city, had quarrelled irreconcilably with Cyril, and had nearly fallen a victim to the fury of some Nitrian monks, who came to Alexandria burning to avenge their spiritual ruler; and the prefect's intimacy and friendship with Hypatia (though himself a baptized Christian) being well known, she was considered as the cause of the disunion between the

civil and ecclesiastical authorities. A word was enough to inflame that raging fanaticism which made the monks of Nitria a terror to their neighbours; and Hypatia was doomed. During Lent, A.D. 415, the Christian mob, headed by Peter, a reader of the church, watched their opportunity, seized her, bore her away to the Cæsareium, and there put her to the barbarous death which Mr. Kingsley has described with so much dramatic and terrible reality. Such is the testimony of history. But what do we gather from Mr. Kingsley's portrait of Hypatia? We cannot suspect Socrates, a Christian, of undue partiality towards a pagan, a woman, and a public teacher of philosophy; but, as we have seen, he represents her as no less wise than learned. Mr. Kingsley's Hypatia, on the contrary, is a being whom, if we did not pity, we should almost despise. Cold, presumptuous, and shallow, we see a pedantic dreamer, and blind enthusiast, duped and guided by the base counsels of Orestes, whom she detests, and betrayed into becoming his passive tool against her conscience and her judgment, by specious reasonings and unconvincing arguments, which she is too weak to resist, and too foolish to see through. Such a being, under another aspect, Mr. Kingsley had already drawn in "Yeast;" and the principle which, in both cases, he means to illustrate, appears to us so vicious in itself and in its results, that we deem it important to point it out. According to Mr. Kingsley's system, no woman, however wise and pure, can withstand the will of any man, however base and vile. If she loves,—as in the case of Argemone,—her subjugation is total—reason, conscience, choice, are mute and powerless; and if she hates, like Hypatia, she is equally at the mercy of the man who thinks it worth while to subdue her. Ordinary experience will not allow us to subscribe to this system, nor would we willingly believe in a doctrine which renders all our dreams of social regeneration and of higher moral influence, as women reach a better position, altogether hopeless and vain. According to a venerable rhyme:

"Nine times in ten,
Old women are worth as much as old men!"

And the concentrated wisdom of ages which lies embalmed in those proverbial axioms should not be lightly set aside. At any rate, Mr. Kingsley does not prove his case. After imagining certain unique specimens of womanhood, whose claims to even an ordinary amount of sense and discretion are extremely doubtful, he points to these as proofs of the inevitable failure which must ensue when the "woman takes her stand on the false masculine ground of intellect," and requires us to be thereby convinced that intellect and womanly goodness are essentially

opposed and irreconcilable; and, as an encouragement to virtue on the part of the sex generally, the heartless and unfeeling conduct of the female philosopher is put in unfavourable contrast with that of Pelagia the courtesan, who, from a life of vanity and pollution, in the most polluted city of the corruptest age of the rotten empire, having never known what it was to resist a caprice or curb a passion, suddenly emerges, great and heroic, ready to sacrifice her life in the sublime (if mistaken) generosity of the purest and most disinterested affection. We have ceased to believe in witches and love potions, and it is time that this false and vulgar creed should also pass away. Justly may the treatment of such as Pelagia by the untried and the untempted be exposed for what it is—pharisaical uncharitableness and barbarous cruelty; but true wisdom should equally guard us against that unhallowed doctrine which denies to woman the best virtue and the purest happiness of human nature; which belies the goodness of the Creator as the giver of powers which she cannot unfold and exercise without spoiling, instead of ennobling her mission; and which consigns her helplessly to the sole guidance of passion and instinct, and cruelly assures her that *they* cannot mislead, and that, in implicit obedience to them, she will find her most blessed destiny. Mr. Kingsley makes a hot and righteous onslaught upon the “Manichæan” notions which condemn the animal nature as utterly unclean, and which would make holiness consist in forcibly stifling every natural emotion and gentler affection, and he has almost an eleventh commandment against the sin of celibacy. History shows how fearful will always be the reaction after this attempt at improving upon nature; but it also tells of the, if possible, worse consequences of the opposite extreme. The most exalted excellence is compatible with the erroneous endeavour to crucify the flesh instead of keeping it in wholesome subjection; but once teach that the appetites and passions, being natural, may therefore be indulged without check, and everything good, and fair, and lovely in the world, sinks and perishes under the blight of sensuality. We live in days when the relative position of the sexes, and the better understanding of woman’s place and duties, are questions of no little moment, and, therefore it is we have recorded our protest here against a class of opinions which have their stronghold in the novel-writer’s system of ethics. Let us return from this digression, to other portions of Mr. Kingsley’s work, and introduce our readers to Alexandria, as it burst on the astonished gaze of the young monk, Philammon, fresh from the desert:—

“Passing, one after another, world-old cities, now dwindled to decay-

ing towns, and numberless canal mouths, now fast falling into ruin with the fields to which they insured fertility, under the pressure of Roman extortion and misrule, they had entered, one evening, the mouth of the great canal of Alexandria, slid easily all night across the star-bespangled shadows of Lake Mareotis, and found themselves, when the next morning dawned, among the countless masts and noisy quays of the greatest seaport in the world. The motley crowd of foreigners, the hubbub of all dialects from the Crimæa to Cadiz, the vast piles of merchandize, and heaps of wheat lying unsheltered in that rainless air, the huge bulk of the corn-ships loading for Rome, whose tall sides rose story over story, like floating palaces, above the buildings of some inner dock—these sights, and a hundred more, made the young monk think that the world did not look, at first sight, a thing to be despised. In front of heaps of fruit, fresh from the market-boats, black groups of glossy negro-slaves were basking and laughing on the quay, looking anxiously and coquettishly round in hopes of a purchaser; they evidently did not think the change from desert toil to city luxuries a change for the worse. Philammon turned away his eyes from beholding vanity; but only to meet fresh vanity wheresoever they fell. He felt crushed by the multitude of new objects, stunned by the din around, and scarcely recollected himself enough to seize the first opportunity of escaping from his dangerous companions. . . . The novel roar and whirl of the street, the perpetual stream of busy faces, the line of curricles, palanquins, laden asses, camels, elephants, which met and passed him, and squeezed him up steps and into doorways, as they threaded their way through the great Moor-gate into the ample street beyond, drove everything from his mind but wondering curiosity, and a vague, helpless dread of that great living wilderness, more terrible than any dead wilderness of sand which he had left behind. Already he longed for the repose, the silence of the Laura—for faces which knew him and smiled upon him; but it was too late to turn back now. His guide held on for more than a mile up the great main street, crossed in the centre of the city, at right angles, by one equally magnificent, at each end of which, miles away, appeared, dim and distant over the heads of the living stream of passengers, the yellow sand-hills of the desert; while, at the end of the vista in front of them gleamed the blue harbour, through a net-work of countless masts. At last they reached the quay at the opposite end of the street, and there burst upon Philammon's astonished eyes a vast semicircle of blue sea, ringed with palaces and towers. . . . The overwhelming vastness, multiplicity, and magnificence of the whole scene; the range of buildings, such as mother earth never, perhaps, carried on her lap before or since; the extraordinary variety of form—the pure Doric and Ionic of the earlier Ptolemies, the barbaric and confused gorgeousness of the later Roman, and here and there an imitation of the grand elephantine style of old Egypt, its gaudy colours relieving, while they deepened, the effect of its massive and simple outlines; the eternal repose of that great belt of stone contrasting with the restless ripple of the glittering harbour, and the busy sails which crowded out into the sea beyond, like white doves taking their flight

into boundless space ;—all dazzled, overpowered, saddened him. . . . This was the world. Was it not beautiful? Must not the men who made all this have been, if not great, yet—he knew not what? Surely they had great souls and noble thoughts in them! Surely there was something godlike in being able to create such things! Not for themselves alone, too, but for a nation—for generations yet unborn. And there was the sea, and beyond it, nations of men innumerable. His imagination was dizzy with thinking of them. Were they all doomed—lost? Had God no love for them?”—pp. 90—99, vol. i.

Passages of striking and vivid beauty abound in these volumes; there is a rugged strength in Mr. Kingsley's style which compensates for occasional inelegancies; but such phrases as a “four in hand,” and “horses are a bore,” are especially out of place in the mouth of an Alexandrian Jew, and bring us down unpleasantly to the “fast” undergraduate. The style of writing of the time, nevertheless, is admirably imitated, especially in Augustine's sermon, and in Hypatia's lecture we have allegorizing worthy of Philo, and metaphysics nearly as incomprehensible as Professor Oken's. Old Miriam, the nun-Jewess, and dealer in slave girls, is one of those half supernatural monsters who *do* the part of mystery in stories, and carries everything before her by the help of an evil eye. In the character of her son, Raphael Aben Ezra, a deep moral is intended, but its effect is injured by being overstrained, and soliloquies like the following become tiresome :—

“Oh, divine æther! as Prometheus has it, and ye swift winged breezes (I wish there were any here) when will it all be over? Three and thirty years have I endured already of this Babel of knaves and fools; and with this abominable good health of mine, which wont even help me with gout or indigestion, I am likely to have three and thirty years more of it. I know nothing, and I care for nothing; and I actually can't take the trouble to prick a hole in myself, and let the very small amount of wits out, to see something really worth seeing, and try its strength at something really worth doing—if, after all, the other side of the grave does not turn out to be just as stupid as this one. . . . When will it be all over and I in Abraham's bosom—or any one else's, provided it be not a woman's?”

From this hopeful state of mind Raphael is brought back to truth and happiness by witnessing the *practical* Christianity of the prefect of one of Heraclian's routed legions, and of his daughter, Victoria, who wins his heart and becomes his wife; but the personage we were first introduced to, suddenly disappears, and the hasty process of regeneration is too much like a moral miracle. And, again, in attributing to Hypatia the hopeless ambition of restoring the old faith, and giving her nothing for her own creed but a barren riddle, Mr. Kingsley taxes our

credulity too far. There is no historical foundation whatever for the supposition, and the circumstances of the case render it most improbable. Hypatia is represented as having died young, yet she had acquired a great reputation for learning and eloquence, and one whose life must have been spent in close study, and whose writings were on subjects that imply deep mathematical knowledge, was hardly likely to have been at the same time devoted to a wild and visionary project, fifty years after the Emperor Julian had proved its futility. Such Christianity as she saw at Alexandria might well disincline her to that faith, but the impression we gather of her character from Synesius's letters is totally at variance with Mr. Kingsley's hypothesis.

The portraits of Cyril and of his regular and irregular forces of monks are admirable, and evince great knowledge of the time, and of the fierce spirit of retaliation which is ever born of persecution. The chapter, "A Day in Alexandria," from which we have already quoted, is in Mr. Kingsley's best style, and vividly exemplifies the truth of Socrates's observation, that "the people of Alexandria are most especially prone to quarrels and tumults, which seldom take place without bloodshed." The party of forty Goths, whom, contrary to their wont, we find living luxuriously with a set of dancing girls, without wives, children, or wagons, will seem rather out of place to the readers of Jornandes and Procopius; but, excusing the marvel of their appearance in this character at Alexandria, it must be owned that they are grand barbarians, and that the contrast they are meant to afford to the effeminate "donkey riders," is given with wonderful effect. We will conclude our notice of Mr. Kingsley's clever, eccentric, and very original book, with a specimen of Gothic small-talk:—

"A few yards off lay old Wulf upon his back, his knees in the air, his hands crossed behind his head, keeping up even in his sleep a half conscious comment of growls on the following intellectual conversation:—'Noble wine this, is it not?' 'Perfect. Who bought it for us?'—'Old Miriam bought it at some great tax-farmer's sale. The fellow was bankrupt, and Miriam said she got it for the half what it is worth.' 'Serve the penny-turning rascal right. The old vixen fox took care, I'll warrant her, to get her profit out of the bargain.' 'Never mind if she did; we can afford to pay like men, if we earn like men.' 'We shan't afford it long, at this rate,' growled Wulf. 'Then we'll go and earn more. I am tired of doing nothing.' 'People need not do nothing unless they choose,' said Goderic. 'Wulf and I had coursing fit for a king, the other morning, on the sand-hills. I had had no appetite for a week before; and I have been as sharp-set as a Danube pike ever since.' 'Coursing? what, with those long-legged, brush-tailed brutes, like a fox upon stilts, which the prefect cozened you into buying?' 'All I can say is, we put up a herd of those—what do they

call them here—deer with goat's horns!" "Antelopes?" "That's it; and the cars ran into them as a falcon does into a skein of ducks. Wulf and I galloped, and galloped over those accursed sand-heaps till the horses stuck fast; and when they got their wind again, we found each pair of dogs with a deer down between them; and what can man want more, if he cannot get fighting? You eat them, so you need not sneer.' 'I have not seen a man since I came here, except a dock-worker or two—priests and fine gentlemen they are all—and you don't call them men, surely?' 'What on earth do they do beside riding donkeys?' 'Philosophize, they say.' 'What's that?' 'I am sure I don't know; some sort of slave's quill-driving, I suppose.' 'Pelagia, do you know what philosophizing is?' 'No, and I don't care.' 'I do,' quoth Agilmund, with a look of superior wisdom. 'I saw a philosopher the other day. I'll tell you. I was walking down the great street, there, going to the harbour; and I saw a crowd of boys—men they call them here—going into a large doorway. So I asked one of them what was doing; and the fellow instead of answering me, pointed at my legs, and set all the monkeys laughing. So, I boxed his ears, and he tumbled down.' 'They all do so here if you box their ears,' said the Amal, meditatively, as if he had hit upon a great inductive law. 'Ah!' said Pelagia, looking up with her most winning smile, 'they are not such giants as you, who make a poor little woman feel like a gazelle in the lion's paw!' 'Well, it struck me that, as I spoke in Gothic, the boy might not have understood me, being a Greek. So I walked in at the door, to save questions, and see for myself. And there a fellow held out his hand—I suppose, for money; so I gave him two or three gold pieces, and a box on the ear, at which he tumbled down, of course, but seemed very well satisfied. So, I walked in.' 'And what did you see?' 'A great hall, large enough for a thousand heroes, full of these Egyptian rascals, scribbling with pencils, on tablets; and, at the farther end of it, the most beautiful woman I ever saw, with right fair hair, and blue eyes, talking, talking. I could not understand it; but the donkey-riders seemed to think it very fine . . . not that I knew what it was about, but one can see somehow, you know. So I fell asleep; and when I woke, and came out, I met some one who understood me, and he told me that it was the famous maiden, the great philosopher.' . . . 'She must have been an Alruna maiden,' said Wulf, half to himself. 'What is an Alruna-maiden?' asked one of the girls. 'Something as like you as a salmon is like a horse-leech. Heroes, will you hear a saga?' 'If it is a cool one,' said Agilmund, 'about ice, and pine-trees, and snow-storms. I shall be roasted brown in three days more.'"

The saga is too long to quote; but we cannot miss the conversation that follows:—

" 'I don't like the saga, after all. It was a great deal too like what Pelagia here says these philosophers talk about—right and wrong, and that sort of thing.' 'I don't doubt it.' 'Now, I like a really good saga, about gods and giants, and the fire-kingdoms, and the snow-

kingdoms, and the Æsir making men and women out of two sticks, and all that.' 'Ay,' said the Amal, 'something like nothing one ever saw in one's life, all stark mad, and topsy-turvy, like one's dreams, when one has been drunk—something grand, which you cannot understand, but which sets you thinking over it all the morning after.' . . . 'I like to hear about wild beasts, and ghosts, ogres, and fire-drakes, and nicors—something that one could kill if one had a chance, as one's fathers had.' "

"Hypatia" is a brilliant example of what we have called the novel with a purpose, ably conceived and finely executed, but vitiated by the departure from actual life which the following up any special theory of the author's own is sure to occasion, if it be not founded on the closest observation and deepest knowledge of human nature. We may now take an instance of a novel without a purpose at all, unless it be the very prosaic one of filling the author's purse. This class too is numerous. The first that comes to our hand is by Miss Kavanagh, which we take up the more readily, as the writer is one who in other walks of literature has already shown both industry and ability, and therefore a new work by her afforded a reasonable prospect of amusement at least. But herein we have been somewhat disappointed. The characteristics of the aimless novel are strong in it, and in spite of an easy style and agreeable diction, "Daisy Burns" awakens but a languid sort of interest. In common with others of its class, it contains some eloquent passages, pretty sentiments, and a vein of amiable moral reflection of which we quote a sample—

"Self-worship is the sin of Satan: we were never meant to be our own centre, our own hope, our own aim and divinity; there never has been a drearier prison than that which can be to itself a human heart; the other circles of hell are broad and free, compared to this narrowest of dungeons—self locked in self."

"Woe to the communion with nature that is only brooding over self, and not a mingling of the soul with the Almighty Creator of all we behold; that seeks in her loneliness none save the images of voluptuous indulgence, and leaves by unread her purer teaching! Rightly even in innocent things have we been warned to guard our senses and our hearts!"

Daisy Burns begins life as one of those bewitching little girls who are quite the reigning heroines at present. Such a one is the victim-bride in Mrs. Norton's melancholy tale of "Stuart of Dunleath." Miss Wetherell chooses sprightlier varieties of the same genus; Miss Muloch condemns the unfortunate gentleman who undertakes the perilous office of guardian in the "Head of the Family," to a life of the most pitiable torture at the hands of one of these mischievous young ladies, whose success in dispensing heartbreak while yet in short frocks and pinafores

(*malitia supplet aetatem*) is quite alarming. The greater portion of Miss Kavanagh's work is taken up by the misunderstandings, differences, reconciliations, fresh quarrels and tears, forgivenesses and smiles, which go on between Miss Daisy and her young artist guardian, who, coming back from Italy and finding the pale little girl a captivating woman, is very much in love with her, and endeavours to make her understand that circumstance by expressions which seem adapted to the meanest capacity. But Daisy does not understand at all, and for a whole year poor Cornelius is subjected to a series of trials and provocations truly distressing. In the meantime, scene after scene such as this occurs: Cornelius speaks—

“ ‘Shall I tell you why I find you so very, very charming?’ I looked up at him, and passing my arms around his neck, I smiled, as I replied: ‘Cornelius, it is because as a father you have reared me; because as a father you love me. What wonder then that a father should see some sort of beauty in his daughter's face?’ Cornelius looked thunder-struck; then, recovering, he gave me an incredulous glance, and attempted a smile, which vanished as he met my astonished look. A burning glow overspread his features: it was not the light blush of boy or girl, called up by idle words, but the ardent fire of a manly heart's deep and passionate emotions. He untwined my arm from around his neck; he rose, his brown eyes lit, his lip trembled. At first he seemed unable to speak; at length he said—‘You cannot mean it, Daisy, you cannot mean it.’ ‘Why not, Cornelius?’ I asked, amazed at his manner. ‘Do you mean to say, that you love me as your father?’ ‘Yes, Cornelius’ ‘And you thought that I liked you as a father likes his child. I defy you to prove it! Since I returned from Italy, have I not done all I could to show you that your esteem, approbation, praise, and love were dearer to me than language could express? Have I not, through all our old familiarity, say, have I not mingled reserve and respect with all my tenderness?’ I began to feel startled; what did Cornelius mean? I looked up at him and said, earnestly, ‘Cornelius, I do not understand at all why you are so vexed. Pray tell me?’ ‘The mistake into which I fell, was to think that we understand one another, tacitly, Daisy. I do not love you now because I have reared you, but on your own merits, for the sake of that which you have become.’ ”

The artist's unromantic sister (upon one occasion, when this obtuse young lady had begged that when Cornelius “married, and had daughters, he should call one of them Daisy”) speaks yet more plainly, and asks her “if she does not see she is the apple of his eye?” But Daisy will see nothing; and although “his marriage was the only evil to which she could see no remedy,” the same useful sister is obliged to say at last, “He will stay, Daisy, if you will be his wife;” and then nothing can exceed Daisy's delight and astonishment. The luckless Cor-

nelius, however, is condemned to a little longer suspense; and by the time Daisy knows her own mind and his, she has quite exhausted the reader's patience.

The chief fault of "*Daisy Burns*," and one which it possesses in common with the works of some others of our female novelists, is, that it abounds too much in characters whose lives are passed in a never-ending fever of excited emotion, and whose bursts of tenderness cloy at last, from their monotonous frequency. Human nature is not so constituted as to be able to keep a never-failing fountain of tears always at work; deep passion and wild sorrow pass over us—whom do they spare?—but they are not the grand occupation of our lives, still less the chief object of them; and there is no more debilitating employment either for those who write, or those who read, than the constant dwelling upon imaginary scenes of passion and morbidly excited feeling. Miss Kavanagh has richer stores than she has drawn from in "*Daisy Burns*;" and she would do well to work upon a larger canvass, and study nature with closer attention.

We have adduced specimens of two classes of novels now in vogue, but we have yet to notice a third, in which the authors, though professedly taking their incidents from real life, seem to revel in scenes of fury and passion, such as, happily, real life seldom affords. Of this class is Mr. Collins's "*Basil*;" and as we think it one of a very objectionable school, and as this novel, like others of the same kind, has not been without its admirers, we shall state our reasons for condemning it.

The author styles it a story of modern life, and in one part of a dedicatory letter of excessive length and no small pretension, affirms that the main incident is a fact. If it be so, we must say that he does not entertain the same view of the legitimate uses of fiction as the great master in the art, whose words we have already quoted. Mr. Collins has given us nothing which can "take men from the low passions and miserable troubles of life into a higher region;" on the contrary, he has taken his tale from what we are willing to hope is, if real, a perfectly exceptional case. The incident which forms the foundation of the whole, is absolutely disgusting; and it is kept so perseveringly before the eyes of the reader in all its hateful details, that all interest is destroyed in the loathing which it occasions. We must, therefore, doubt the taste as well as the judgment of the writer who goes to such a source in order to draw "a moral lesson from those examples of error and crime;" and still less does he merit the thanks of his readers by determining, as he says, "to do justice to the intensity of his object by speaking out." There are some subjects on which it is not possible to dwell without offence; and Mr. Collins having first chosen one which

could neither please nor elevate, has rather increased the displeasure it excites, by his resolution to spare us no revolting details. Yet he has contrived to make these details appear improbable; and the villain of his story has been gifted with a fiend-like perseverance, which, happily for mankind, does not exist; for man becomes weary, after a time, of one passion, or one pursuit, and the less principle he has to bind him to a straight course, the more does he diverge into fresh paths, entangling himself at last in so inextricable a maze, that it is not often easy for a mere spectator to guess why such and such steps are taken which in themselves appear so imprudent. Few have observed mankind closely enough to be able to trace through all its windings the tortuous course of a man, who, having made one false step, finds himself thereby compelled to leave the path of truth and uprightness, and seldom regains it. We can, however, refer to at least one living author who has done so; and in the "*Scarlet Letter*," by Hawthorne, the greatest of American novelists, Mr. Collins might see the mode in which "the moral lesson from examples of error and crime" ought to be drawn. *There* is a tale of sin, and its inevitable consequences, from which the most pure need not turn away. Mr. Collins, on the contrary, makes a woman given up to evil the heroine of his piece, and dwells on the details of animal appetite with a persistency which can serve no moral purpose, and may minister to evil passions even while professing condemnation of them. One or two of the characters are sketched with sufficient talent to show that he *could* do better; although, in his dedication, he disclaims such praise, and says he has "done his best." And we cannot, therefore, close our animadversions on his last production without begging his attention to the great aims of fiction, as an art. It matters not much whether the artist hold the pencil or the pen, the same great rules apply to both. He may simply copy nature as he sees it, and then the spectator has a pleasure proportioned to the beauty of the scene copied. He may give a noble spirit-stirring scene, and he will raise high thoughts and great aspirations in those who contemplate it. He may take a higher moral ground, and move to compassion by showing undeserved suffering, or, like Hogarth, read a lesson to the idle and the dissipated. He may also paint scenes of cruelty and sensuality so gross that his picture will be turned to the wall by those who do not choose to have their imagination defiled.

The novelist has a high and holy mission, for his words frequently reach ears which will hear no others, and may convey a lesson to them which the preacher would enforce in vain; he should therefore be careful that, in his selection of subjects, he

chooses such as may benefit rather than deteriorate his readers. He who furnishes innocent amusement does something; he who draws a faithful picture of life, does more; but he who, whilst drawing the picture, chooses models that may elevate and improve—who, whilst using the highest art conceals it so thoroughly as to allow the incidents to arise out of the natural sequence of events, thus carrying the moral effect at once home to the heart—has reached the highest excellence of his art, and deserves the thanks of the world. But this perfection is not attained without deep study and long preparation. The painter dissects, fills his room with models, and takes every limb and joint from the living figure, and the novelist must bestow no less pains on the details of his pen pictures. He must watch human nature in all its phases—must acquaint himself with it both morally and physiologically—must know how to weigh the relative importance of events, and the effects of the same circumstances on different dispositions; and having learnt all this, he may then use the power he has gained to the noblest purposes,—may beguile men into entertaining holier and juster thoughts than had ever before been theirs, and whilst apparently only ministering to the amusement of an idle hour, preach a sermon that may send his readers to their various walks of life with improved views and nobler aspirations. Such are the true objects of Fiction as an art, such its requirements—we recommend both to the consideration of those who deem it a very easy thing to write a novel.



ART. III.—PARTNERSHIP WITH LIMITED LIABILITY.

1. *Report from the Select Committee on Investments for the Savings of the Middle and Working Classes.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 5th July, 1850.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on the Law of Partnership.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 8th July, 1851.
3. *Money and Morals: a Book for the Times.* By John Lalor. London. 1852.
4. *Remarks on the Law of Partnership Liability.* By Lord Hobart. London. 1853.
5. *The Law of France in relation to Insolvency, Bankruptcy, Partnership, Arbitrations, and Tribunals of Commerce.* Translated from the "Codes Français." By Richard Miller, Esq. Edinburgh. 1853.
6. *The Law of Commandatory and Limited Partnership in the United States.* By Francis J. Troubat, of the Bar of Philadelphia. Philadelphia. 1853.

SINCE M. Guizot's labours in the field of French history, it has passed into an axiom, that the laws which a nation makes for itself are among the most trustworthy witnesses of its true position in the scale of political and social advancement. Chronicles may lie, and ballads libel, but laws are not made to deceive or to amuse. From their very nature and object they necessarily betray the habits, pursuits, opinions, and condition of the people for whom they are made. Thus, the rules which regulated the tenure and transmission of land in the days of our Edwards and Henrys proclaim at once the martial character of the nation, and the degraded state of its lower orders. The nice distinctions which our old law books expound with so much care, between disseisin, and intrusion, and abatement, and deforcement, indicate more unerringly than any contemporary records how insecure the possessor of land then was against those numerous forms of invasion. A legal system, which submitted law-suits to decision by ordeal and battle, and punished heresy as treason, proves, better than any other evidence, that the people among whom it prevailed had not risen above the follies of a gross superstition, or the terrors of a spiritual tyranny. So, the confiscation of shipwrecked property to the sovereign, and of intestates' effects to the church, shew, more clearly than all the crumbling ruins

of gloomy keeps and solemn monasteries, that brute force and wily priestcraft triumphed over justice and the natural affections. In short, everybody is familiar with that marvellous mosaic of barbarian and mediæval life which the French statesman constructed out of the fragments of disfigured capitularies, uncouth *coustumiers*, and voluminous ordonnances; and all recognise the importance of examining, before pronouncing on the character of an extinct society, the bonds which it forged for keeping its elements together.

If the deductions which are thus drawn respecting the people who framed the laws, were legitimately applicable to the later generations who lived under them, England would have just grounds for dreading the judgment of posterity. A remote age, judging us from our law-books alone, would certainly form a low estimate of our present social state. In what estimation, for instance, could a people be held, which lived under such institutions as our real property law, with its uses *in nubibus* or *in gremio legis*, and its deeds to lead them from their elevated or comfortable retreat; with its *que* estates and its *scintilla juris*; with its artful devices for destroying entails and dowers, and preserving contingent remainders; with, in a word, its thousand and one fantastic subtleties and scholastic *enfantillages*? What would be thought of a state which rejoiced, not in one only, but in several distinct and conflicting systems of jurisprudence—Teutonic, Romanic, Sacerdotal—enforced by an array of hostile tribunals, each recognising and denying, contracting and extending rights and liabilities which the others denied and recognised, extended and contracted? Unfortunately, such institutions are open to grave censure, as well as to ridicule, for they are seriously oppressive and obstructive of progress. It is ridiculous, undoubtedly, that not a single acre, or humble cottage, can be safely purchased in the United Kingdom without a preliminary inquiry into its history and adventures for the previous sixty years—and not always safely then; but such an outrage on common sense is felt to be iniquitous as well as irrational, when it is recollected that the expense which it involves, hopelessly debars the poor from the best investments for their savings, and denies them the gratification of the most universal, the most natural, and the most innocent of all objects of human ambition—the possession of land.

Probably the law of partnership presents even greater confusion, and inflicts more injustice than any other branch; and its state is at the same time more discreditable to a commercial nation than even a complex judicature, or a barbarous land-code. Certainly, when the mind wanders over the catalogue of the various forms of association which are recognised in

this country,—common partnerships, joint-stock companies incorporated by act of parliament or charter, registered joint-stock companies, banking companies, mining companies under the cost-book principle, provisional committees, and friendly, building, loan, and scientific societies—associations, too, which are not only all distinctly and separately recognised by the law, but are themselves governed by different bodies of law, conferring different rights and privileges, and imposing different risks and liabilities;—it is stupified at the perverse ingenuity which has been exercised in so complicating a tolerably plain subject, or at the incapacity for generalization which has left it in that complicated state. The mass of useless rubbish, however, which cumbers this Augean stable, is but the least noxious of its evils. The perplexing diversities of the law affecting the different societies, are undoubtedly, to a certain extent, impediments to commercial pursuits, but they are not as mischievous or as directly restrictive of commercial activity and the acquisition of wealth, as the doctrine of unlimited liability which pervades it,—or rather, the insuperable obstacles which prevent, in practice, the limitation of the liability of the members of a trading association. It is, indeed, strange, that a nation so hampered should have reached such a height of material prosperity as this country has attained; but the secret of its success lies partly in that indomitable spirit of enterprise which has enabled its people to triumph over even more formidable obstacles than defective institutions, and partly to the frequent invasions which have been made upon the law. Had it been inflexibly maintained in all its integrity, either the country would not now possess those sources of wealth which have been opened by joint-stock companies, or some indirect means of undermining the law must have been resorted to, in order to meet the requirements of society—possibly, by the establishment of some *imperium in imperio*, like the Court of Chancery, which sprang out of the necessity of bending the feudal law to the wants of a later age. Every chartered and every joint-stock company bears witness against the doctrine of unlimited liability; and if a census were taken of them, their very number would be found to form no inconsiderable argument against the law from which they are specially exempted.

The general principle of unlimited liability is just when applied to the acting members of a firm—that is, to those persons who not only participate in the profits of the concern, but who hold themselves out to the world as partners in it,—except when they expressly limit their liability in their dealings with the public. If two men, either personally or by agent, contract with a third to buy goods, each pledges himself to the entire performance of the

agreement; and each is, in justice as well as in law, responsible, to the extent of his fortune, for the whole of the price. Nor can any private arrangement between the two for a division of the common burden justly vary the contract, unless it be made an integral portion of it. Now, as each partner is the agent of the firm for the transaction of the business ordinarily carried on by it, all the acting partners, in appearing before the world as connected with the firm, impliedly represent each of their colleagues as the accredited agent of it; and if they do not, at the same time, announce the limitations which they have imposed upon his commission, all who deal with him are justified in measuring the extent of his authority by the extent of the usual employment of persons in his position; and that authority, according to ordinary usage and commercial convenience, empowers him to pledge the credit of his co-partners to the whole extent of their means. If he exceeds his authority, either the stranger or the partners must suffer: and it is fair that the loss should fall on the latter, as but for their neglect to put the public on their guard the unauthorised transaction would not have taken place, rather than on the former who was guilty of neither fraud nor negligence.

Where, however, it is expressly stipulated with the third person that each of the co-contractors or partners shall be liable to pay a certain amount only for the goods, or where he knows that the person with whom he is dealing has no authority to bind the other members of the firm beyond that amount, justice and the common law alike forbid that they should be liable beyond it, or that one of them should be required to pay that part of the purchase-money which the others are unable or unwilling to pay. Whenever, therefore, such a limiting stipulation is introduced into the contract, the law produces no hardship or injustice. Sometimes such a stipulation can be easily introduced. Thus, in the business of Life, Fire, and Marine Insurances, which is conducted wholly by means of written documents, the partners can, in general, be effectually protected. Their only contracts being the policies of assurance which are effected with them, these instruments may be so framed as to bind the assured to look to the common fund of the association as the only available source of payment, and to treat the partners as not liable beyond the amounts which they have respectively agreed to contribute to that common fund. This business is at the present moment carried on by large unincorporated partnerships, without any danger to the shareholders from third persons. But this is almost the only trade in which it is possible, in practice, to secure the introduction into all contracts of a special provision confining the liability of the partners within

certain limits; for no other trade is carried on with the same solemnities, and consequently it may, for all practical purpose, be taken, that under our law it is impossible to limit the liability of trading partners. As each of them is the accredited agent of the firm, he can pledge the credit of his colleagues to their last acre and last shilling, notwithstanding any mutual convention which may have been entered into originally among the members of the firm in restriction of that power, unless the person with whom he deals have notice of the restrictive regulations adopted by them. But as it is practically impossible to give a stranger that information in all cases, or to prove that he was in possession of it at the time of making the contract,—if such was the fact,—it follows that partnership with the liability of all the partners limited to the amount of their subscriptions—the principle on which our joint-stock companies, and the French anonymous societies, are conducted—cannot be carried on under the common law. Here the law is defective not in principle but in machinery.

In imposing unlimited liability upon partners, the common law makes no distinction between acting and dormant partners; and yet a wide moral distinction exists between the two. The dormant or secret partner conceals, as his designation implies, his connexion with the firm. He lends it his money, but not his credit. As he does not proclaim himself to the world as a partner, he does not represent his acting colleagues as authorised to pledge his credit; and as it is not known that he is connected with the firm, no credit is given to it on the faith of his name. The acting partners are justly liable upon an unauthorized contract made by their co-partner, because they countenanced, by their open profession of fellowship with him, the express or tacit representation which he made to the stranger, that they had authorized the transaction; but the dormant partner can only be justly liable on the ground that he did in fact authorize the contract to a certain extent; and, therefore, should not be liable beyond that extent. It is said, indeed, that as he would have been entitled to share in the benefits of the transaction if it had proved profitable, he ought, therefore, to be equally liable with his co-partners to bear all the losses which follow from it, when the results are unfavourable: but neither justice nor legal analogy requires that the latter should be the corollary of the former proposition. Where profit arises from the transaction, all are justly entitled to share in it; because the partner who exceeded his authority, ought not to be permitted to plead his wrongful act for his own advantage;—just as a trustee who trades with a trust fund, is not allowed to appropriate the profits, although liable to make good all losses with

interest, if his traffic proves disastrous. If it be urged that the dormant partner ought to be liable to the whole extent of his means, because he gets a dividend out of the general profits,—which, it is said, are the proper fund for the payment of the creditors,—it may be observed that every clerk and servant in the employment of the company should, for that reason, be equally liable, as their wages and salaries are derived from the same source. But it is surely strange that a person should be made liable to perform one contract for no better reason than that he profited by another. There are, in truth, but two grounds, in natural justice, for holding one man bound to the engagements of another—either his having authorized that other to enter into it, or his having represented him as so authorized. In the former case, he should be justly liable to the extent to which the contract was authorized; in the latter, to the extent of the agent's apparent authority.

The common law, however, has decided otherwise. In all transactions between the firm and other persons, it regards a dormant partner in all respects as an active one. It attributes to him powers which it is impossible for him to exercise consistently with his secret character, and imposes on him the liability to perform engagements which he never undertook, nor was ever represented or believed to have undertaken. It confers on him the power of acting as the agent of his colleagues, who have not so deputed him, and gives the creditors of the firm rights, for which they did not stipulate, upon a man of whom they perhaps never heard, and to whom they did not give, or, at all events, were not justified in giving credit. It is, therefore, impracticable under the common law to carry on trade, even as a sleeping partner, with limited liability. Here the defect lies in the principle, and not in the machinery merely.

The consequences of this state of the law are obvious. In the first place, ruin threatens all who venture to invest a shilling in a trading partnership. Mr. Commissioner Fane has expressed his belief that “one half of the misery arising from commercial transactions has arisen from the present law of partnership, and from its being practically against common sense.” But the dangers to which all who engage in commerce are exposed, arise not merely from the violation of the confidence reposed in colleagues, from the neglect of directors, the fraud of managers, or the embezzlement of servants. They come quite as much from the hardly less culpable connivance and even active dishonesty of strangers, whom the law is so careful to protect. “The knowledge of the unlimited liability of the shareholders,” says Mr. Leitch, “induces a reckless system of credit being extended to the company by large capitalists, and other banking companies,

who advance the money to the joint-stock* bank, on re-discount or deposit of bills and promissory notes, in a manner that they would not advance money, if it were not for the unlimited liability of the shareholders." And yet, while making these advances on the credit of an unlimited liability, they are often aware that the shareholder, whose liability is relied upon, intended, and did all in his power to limit it. But, as Mr. Edwin Field well observes—and this is another of the bitter fruits of our present law—"There are such things as dishonest creditors as well as dishonest debtors." He adds, with perfect truth, "I believe that the extent to which dishonest and improper credit is given . . . is very much owing to the system of unlimited liability; because I have no doubt at all that in most of the cases of very great and mischievous credit having been given to these unlimited liability companies, it was given with full knowledge, on the part of the creditor, that the money he was lending was being improperly applied, whilst the parties whose whole fortunes were involved, had very little chance of knowing that the money was being improperly applied. . . . They (bankers) do not mind, when they are dealing with a joint-stock company with a large share list, how bad the paper is the joint-stock company brings them; indeed, they encourage it; they treat the paper as of the second class, and ask for a higher rate of interest upon it. The manager being only interested in doing a great business, goes on making these improper discounts to a great and ruinous extent; the manager knows it very well, and so debts are run up from the facilities of obtaining credit."

In the next place, the law excludes from commerce the capital of those who are willing to risk a part but refuse to venture the whole of their wealth in it. Many a prudent man is deterred altogether from investing even the smallest sum in a partnership concern, because he is not prepared to entrust his whole fortune to the honour of his colleagues. Undoubtedly, mutual confidence to this extent is no uncommon phenomenon in this commercial country; and where the number of the firm is small, and all the members are *respectable*—in the commercial as well as the moral sense of the word—it is generally not misplaced. But if the number be large, or some of the members have no better security to offer for their conduct than the good opinion of their friends, it would be difficult to find any men enroll themselves in the partnership who do not fall within Mr. Ludlow's category of "fools who think they can lose nothing, rogues who know they have nothing to lose and may gain all, and gamblers who will stake everything upon the cast of a die."

* Without the privilege of limited liability.

It would not be easy to enumerate all the evil consequences which follow from the restriction thus imposed on the union of enterprise and capital. The impolicy of maintaining such a state of law in a country which, with all deference to the poet of the white-waistcoated school, owes more to the combination of its capital and enterprise in commerce, than to its "old nobility," must strike even the most superficial thinker; but all the different injuries which it inflicts on the various classes of the community, are perhaps not as generally thought of or felt.

1. Capitalists suffer, for they are driven from an infinite variety of investments upon which, if they were not subjected to the heavy penalties of the law, they would embark their money, whether for the hope of profit or in the desire to do good. "I know," for instance, says Mr. T. C. Leitch, in his evidence before Mr. Slaney's Committee of 1851, "persons of considerable wealth who have wished to become shareholders in joint-stock banks, and have been deterred from doing so entirely from the knowledge that they would become responsible for the whole extent of the (their?) property; and that feeling is going on and becoming stronger daily, in consequence of seeing the frightful evils resulting where those establishments have stopped payment; from seeing, in fact, the system of unlimited credit that is so improperly extended to the managers of banks, upon the faith of the shareholders being liable to the utmost extent of their property." Mr. Slaney states, that in from sixteen to twenty towns, men had been ready to advance the money necessary for establishing lodging-houses for the humbler classes, expecting to obtain a moderate profit, but had been prevented from embarking in the undertaking entirely by the unlimited risk to which they would have been exposed. Mr. Fane, the Bankruptcy Commissioner, Mr. James Stewart, the Secretary of the Inclosure and Copyhold Commission, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Vansittart Neale, and other witnesses, adduced similar cases.

2. The middle classes who have the savings of their labour to lay out, are those by whom this inconvenience is most severely felt; for the expenses incidental to the transfer of land weighs so heavily on the purchase of small portions of it, that they cannot, following the example of the millionaire, convert their money into broad acres; and they find themselves debarred from that very species of investment, with which they have been familiar all their lives—commerce. They are consequently often compelled to seek in foreign countries for that remunerative employment for their capital, which the law denies them at home. "Among the causes," said the late G. R. Porter, "which may have led to the employment of British capital in foreign countries, may probably be cited our law of partnership, which places at hazard the

whole of a man's property for the full satisfaction of the debts and engagements of any business into which he may have embarked only a portion of his capital. . . . If, in place of simply lending money to a trading concern, to receive a fixed rate of interest, the law allowed of the embarking of any given sum in the same as a partner, drawing a proportionate share of the gains, it is scarcely to be doubted that many would do so. And it would not be simply with the object of gain to himself that a man would do this, although doubtless that object would be a leading one. He would often be desirous of combining with his own gain, the probable success in life of some relative or friend, in whose ability and character he might see reason to place confidence, and over whose conduct in life he would thus acquire a right and motive for watching."

3. This refers also to another class who suffer from the present state of the law. Many a merchant, on retiring from trade, would willingly leave a portion of his money in the hands of his partners, or of a deserving clerk, whom he wished to establish as his successor. And this is very commonly done abroad, where the law makes effectual provision for limiting the liability of a dormant partner. "When partners in mercantile houses," says M. Leone Levi, "retire from their trade, they leave generally to the principal clerk a certain amount of capital to continue, and thus a sum is left in trade; otherwise it would be employed in land, and as fixed capital." The same gentleman states, that he knows instances in his native town, Ancona, of respectable men who had been unfortunate in business, and clerks who had recommended themselves by their industry and perseverance to their employers, being assisted at first in this way, and rising to affluence. At St. Etienne, the seat of the ribbon manufactory of France, nearly one half of the present manufacturers have, according to another witness, Mr. Townsend, been started in business in this manner. "I know a large establishment of a retail house," says Mr. H. Sieber, "which has been lately established in Paris; there are three or four partners who are very intelligent young men, knowing the business very well, and of good conduct; and having no capital they applied to different manufacturers for money," who, thanks to the law which enabled them to limit their liability, became dormant partners of the concern, and brought into it the sum required. In England, the laws put a veto upon all such wise and benevolent projects, by denying the capitalist the power of limiting his liability. "I have heard," says Mr. Howell, "my own senior partner, Mr. Wynn Ellis, who was member for Leicester, say, he has seen many opportunities when he would have been glad to assist young men of skill and character; but the existence

of that law has deterred him." "I have young men here in London," said Mr. Wilson to the Committee of 1850, "who have been trying to do business in foreign merchandise, of which I have a very good knowledge; and they cannot do so; I cannot assist them, because, if I assist them, I am liable for the whole. I know many others; I know many sisters, aunts, and widows, who would employ their money in partnerships, provided they were not liable for all that they possess." But it is unnecessary to accumulate evidence upon the subject. Daily experience shows that men shrink from assisting their friends, their relations, or their dependents, from dread of the unlimited liability in which they would be involved. In no case, indeed, does this appear more frequently than when a patentee claims the aid of the rich man's purse; and few who have had any experience in such a matter will deny the truthfulness of the following picture:—

"'There has been a great deal of commiseration,' says Mr. J. Duncan, 'professed towards the poor inventor. He has been oppressed by the high cost of patents; but his chief oppression has been the partnership law, which prevents him from getting any one to help him to develop his invention. He is a poor man, and therefore cannot give security to a creditor; no one will lend him money; the rate of interest offered, however high it may be, is not an attraction. But if by an alteration of the law he could allow capitalists to take an interest with him, and share the profits, while their risk should be confined to the capital they embarked, there is very little doubt at all that he would frequently get assistance from capitalists; whereas, at the present moment, with the law as it stands, he is completely destroyed, and his invention is useless to him; he struggles month after month; he applies again and again to the capitalist without avail. I know it practically in two or three cases of patented inventions; especially one, where parties with capital were desirous of entering into an undertaking of great moment in Liverpool, but five or six gentlemen were deterred from doing so, all feeling the strongest objection to what each one called the cursed partnership-law.'"

Other witnesses, when challenged, mentioned instances within their own immediate knowledge of useful schemes and ingenious inventions abandoned, through the insuperable obstacles which the law interposed. Who can estimate the loss to society which has been the consequence?

4. Upon the working classes, however, the law bears still more cruelly, if possible. The capitalist may complain of being driven to less profitable investments;—the clerk may justly grumble against a system which deprives him of the means of advancement;—but the labouring man is surely entitled to curse a law which not only defeats schemes undertaken by the rich for his improvement and comfort, and checks the demand for his labour, by restricting associations among the rich, but renders it

impossible to utilize his own humble savings. In France, several experiments have been made by philanthropic, but shrewd tradesmen, to associate with themselves in their business the men in their employment, by allotting to them shares in the profits,—and increased gains have been the commercial result; while the benevolence which suggested the scheme has been appropriately rewarded by the improved conduct and bearing of the men. The working classes have similar, or even greater advantages, in America. Many of the girls, as well as the men, who work in the mills at Lowell, are part owners of the mills. But how can the mechanics of London, or cotton-spinners of Manchester, hope to raise themselves to a similar position in the scene of their toil?

The association of workmen among themselves is perhaps, in an economical point of view, even more important than partnerships between them and the class above them:—

“I think,” says Mr. J. Stuart Mill, “there is no way in which the working classes can make so beneficial a use of their savings, both to themselves and to society, as by the formation of associations to carry on the business with which they are acquainted, and in which they are themselves engaged as workpeople, provided always that experience should show that these associations can keep together. If the experiment should succeed, I think there is much more advantage to be gained to the working classes by this than by any other mode of investing their savings. I do not speak of political or social considerations, but in a purely economical sense. When it has happened to any one—as it must have happened to most people—to have inquired, or to have known in particular cases, what portion of the price paid at a shop for an article really goes to the person who made it, and forms his remuneration, I think any one who has had occasion to make inquiries into that fact, must often have been astonished to find how small it is, and how much less a proportion the remuneration of the real labourer bears to the whole price, than would be supposed beforehand; and it is of great importance to consider what is the cause of this. Now, one thing is very important to remember in itself, and it is important that the working classes should be aware of it; and that is, that this does not arise from the extravagant remuneration of capital. Capital, when the security is good, can be borrowed in any quantity at little more than three per cent.; and I imagine there is no co-operative association of working people who would find it their interest to allow less than that remuneration, as an inducement to any of their members, who, instead of consuming their share of the proceeds, might choose to save it, and add it to the capital of the association. Therefore, it is not from the remuneration of capital that the evil proceeds. I think it proceeds from two causes—one of them (which does not fall strictly within the limits of the inquiry which the committee is carrying on) is the very great, I may say, extravagant portion of the whole produce of the community, that now goes to mere distributors; the immense amount that is taken up by the different classes of dealers, and especially by retailers. Com-

petition, no doubt, has some tendency to reduce this rate of remuneration; still I am afraid that, in most cases, looking at it on the whole, the effect of competition is, as in the case of the fees of professional people, rather to divide the amount among a larger number, and so diminish the share of each, than to lower the scale of what is obtained by the class generally. Another cause, more immediately connected with the present inquiry, is the difference between interest, which is low, and profits, which are high. Writers have very often set down all which is not interest, all that portion of profit which is in excess of interest, as the wages of superintendence, as Adam Smith terms it, and, in one point of view, it is properly called so. But then it should be added, that the wages of the labour of superintendence are not regulated like other wages, by demand and supply, but are in reality the subject of a sort of monopoly; because the management of the capital is a thing which no person can command except the person who has capital of his own; and therefore he is able, if he has a large capital, to obtain, in addition to interest, often a very large profit, for one-tenth part of which he could, and very often does, engage the services of some competent person to transact the whole of the labour of management, which would otherwise devolve upon himself. I do not say that this is unjust in the present state of society, for it is a necessary consequence of the law of property, and must exist while that law exists in its present form. But it is very natural that the working classes should wish to try whether they could not contrive to get this portion of the produce of their labour for themselves, so that the whole of the proceeds of an enterprise in which they were engaged might be theirs, after deducting the real remuneration of the capital they may require from others, which we know does not in general, when the security is good, much exceed three per cent. This seems to be an extremely legitimate purpose on the part of the working classes, and one that it would be desirable to carry out if it could be effected; so that the enterprises in which they would be engaged would not be conducted, as they are now, by a capitalist, hiring labourers as he wants them, but by the labourers themselves, mental as well as manual, hiring the capital they require, at the market rate."

But such enterprises are hopeless in the present state of the law. They do not fall within the objects of the Friendly Societies Acts; and, independently of the unlimited liability of each member, other defects operate even more powerfully to deter the working classes from embarking in them—such as the absence of effectual provision for preventing or punishing the fraudulent conduct of partners, and of a cheap and expeditious tribunal for settling partnership accounts, and deciding partnership differences. The want of money and influence to procure from Parliament, or the Crown, those powers and privileges which are essential for the conduct of such schemes, puts their hopelessness in the most painful and irritating light.

The only means by which the law allows a rich man to

embark a portion of his capital in trade without risking the loss of the whole of it, is by lending to the trader. As long as the relation between the man of labour and the man of money is that of debtor and creditor, the latter is protected with the most fostering care; and although the interest on his loan absorbs all the profits of the concern, he is not liable for any of its losses. This system has undoubtedly mitigated the evils which have been adverted to; but it is itself accompanied with evils of a serious character. As no covenant on the part of the trader can effectually secure to the creditor all the powers over the affairs of the trade which he would possess if he were a partner, the risk which he incurs as a lender is increased, and so, consequently, is the rate of interest which he demands. His debtor, on the other hand, is enabled to sail under false colours. He appears to be what he is not, a man of substance, and he consequently acquires a false credit in the world. After a time, it but too commonly happens that the debt and its interest crush him, after a more or less protracted struggle to bear up against them; and when those who trusted him in the hour of his apparent prosperity apply for payment, the same invisible hand which had set up the shadow, sweeps away, under a bill of sale, the whole of the substance.

Such being the chief results of the law in its present state, it is clear that some alteration is necessary to obviate them. If evils arise from the principle of unlimited liability, that principle should be modified; if they arise from the absence of means for doing in practice that which the law, in theory and good sense, recognises as every man's right to do—that is, to limit the extent to which he shall be bound to perform engagements entered into by the association of which he is a member,—appropriate machinery should be provided for the purpose.

The most obvious amendment which seems to be needed is founded on the distinction already adverted to between the dormant and the active partners of a mercantile association. Although rejected by the common law, this distinction is respected by almost every other civilized people; among whom it is now well established that those members of a firm who abstain from all interference in the conduct of the partnership business, are liable to its creditors only to the extent to which they have bound themselves. Such is the law of France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Wurtemberg, Russia, Holland, Lombardy, Florence, Sardinia, Naples, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, Hayti, and twenty of the states of the American Union. The French code, which may be taken as the type of all the others, recognises three species of commercial societies,—the ordinary trading firm of active partners, or partnership *en nom collectif*; the association

partly of acting and partly of dormant partners, called the *Société en Commandite*; and the *Société Anonyme*, corresponding to our joint-stock corporations. The first two may be formed at pleasure, the last only by leave of the State. The partners in the first, and the acting partners in the second kind of association are responsible to the whole extent of their means for the engagements of their firm; the dormant partners of the second, like all the shareholders in the third, are not liable for losses beyond the amount which they have contributed, or have undertaken to contribute to the common fund; and after the debts are fully satisfied, the dormant partners become creditors, and prove against the residue of the estate. The protection thus thrown round a dormant partner or *commanditaire*, continues only as long as he strictly preserves his neutral character. To the *gérant*, or acting partner, is committed the exclusive direction of the partnership affairs; and so long as he conducts them in conformity with the articles of partnership, and produces the books and annual accounts to his secret associates, he is independent of them. The latter may join in the general deliberations of the society, and may state their views and give their advice—although not their votes—upon any of its transactions; but the moment they advance a step further, and do any “act of management,” they pass into the category of acting partners. In throwing off the restrictions, they lose the protection of the law, and become responsible for the debts and engagements of the firm *in solido*, that is, to the whole extent of their means. It should be added, that for the prevention of frauds and other minor inconveniences which arise from secrecy, the French law requires that all partnerships, and among them, therefore, those under consideration, shall be constituted by deed or writing, and that a minute or certificate of the material particulars of the instrument, together with the name of the place or places where the business is to be carried on, shall be registered and placarded in the commercial court of the district, and published, in the course of the first fortnight in every January, in the local newspapers. The certificate must contain the names, descriptions, and places of abode of the general partners, the style of the firm, the names of those partners who are to manage the business, the date and duration of the partnership, and—where the firm consists partly of dormant partners, and is consequently a *société en commandite*—not the names, but merely the amount of the funds furnished, or to be furnished, by the *commanditaires*. The style of the firm must consist of the names of the general partners with the super-addition of the words, “and company,” which a single trader is not allowed to assume. The public is thus warned that the ostensible partners are trading with, in part at least, capital not

their own; and by means of the registry, the amount secretly entrusted to them can be easily ascertained.*

To the introduction of this simple and just principle into the law of partnership, even when guarded with the jealous requirements and formalities which the French law imposes on all partnerships, several objections, of course, have been made: for, when has any change escaped the opposition of those who love *stare super antiquas vias*? Among the first grounds of objection that meet the proposal, is the old foe of all innovation—the maxim, *quieta non movere*; and, strangely enough, this defensive weapon is wielded chiefly by a gentleman whose services in the cause of law reform have won him general respect and esteem. In his hands, indeed, the good conservative axiom assumes quite a philosophical garb; but notwithstanding its leonine aspect at a distance, its real nature cannot escape detection on closer examination. “I think,” says Mr. Bellenden Ker, “probably in the formation of a new system of laws, without reference to the prejudices, the habits, and the notions of persons for ages connected with trade, you might base a new system of partnership or a new system of commerce, upon the principle of limited liability; but seeing that the present notion in this country for all the ordinary purposes of trade, carries with it the idea of all parties being liable *in solido*; then, unless you can show me a great advantage to arise from that change of the law, I, seeing the evil of change, should be against it.” If this passage was intended to convey anything more than the truism, that change is bad unless it be a “change for the better,” it proves that Mr. B. Ker would resist all alterations, because they must clash with men’s notions of the existing state of things. On this ground, all attempts at purifying parliamentary constituencies should be discountenanced, because the prevalent notion of a borough election “carries with it the idea” of venality and corruption. Transition is always attended with some evils; but they are, for the most part, transitory; and if the dread of them were an obstacle to change, all improvement would be impossible. If Mr. Ker meant to assert that partnership with limited liability of the dormant partners, is so alien to the spirit of the common law, that it could not work in harmony with it, he should have

* We have availed ourselves, with much advantage, of Mr. Miller’s terse and idiomatic translation of those parts of the French Code which bear upon this subject. His little volume, notwithstanding its unpretending character, attests an intimate acquaintance with the technicalities of Law French. If we might offer a suggestion, however, we should recommend the substitution of English for Scotch law terms in a future edition. The bar, and perhaps the public, north of the Tweed, are familiar with such terms as “pled” and “oversman;” but it costs the rest of the world an effort to discover that “pleaded” and “umpire” are meant.

recollected, first, that the principle of limited liability is recognised by our law already, and is acted upon in some cases with perfect success; secondly, that our incorporated joint-stock companies, under the régime of limited liability, work harmoniously enough with our general law; and, thirdly, that the French system has been engrafted upon the common law in the New England States of America, without having caused any inconvenience, or excited any dislike from its foreign origin.

It has been said, however, that the adoption or rejection of the principle in question should depend upon the amount of capital which happens to be in the country. "I certainly do not think," says Mr. Bellenden Ker, "in this country, where there is plenty of capital for the ordinary purposes of trade, that it would be expedient to allow of trading under limited liability; but I think in a country where capital is scarce, that it might be expedient." "I venture to think," he says elsewhere, "that the limited liability, as regards ordinary trading partnerships, or even as regards 'the aiding useful local enterprises,' is inexpedient, as I am led to believe there is always a sufficiency of capital for all ordinary local enterprises, and for the carrying out of what I suppose to be meant by local enterprises, viz., canals, roads, mills, &c. In a country where there is not a sufficiency of capital for such purposes, the introduction of this would be beneficial, and it is mortifying to see that no one will bring the matter before parliament as regards Ireland." "I believe," says Mr. W. Cotton, formerly Governor of the Bank of England, and a strenuous enemy of limited liability, "it may be advantageous to collect capital together for a specific object in a new country where capital is extremely valuable, and where the rate of interest is extremely high." It is difficult to meet an argument of this kind with a serious answer. If the dearth or abundance of capital were the proper test of the admissibility of the principle into any law, it would be very desirable to ascertain the precise amount, upon acquiring which, a nation ought not to be permitted to enjoy a power confessedly beneficial to them as long as they possess less than that amount. It is obvious that there was a time when it ought to have been adopted here; for this country did not always possess as much capital as Ireland now has. If it would have been a useful addition to the Druidical Code of our painted ancestors, when the tenth legion paid them its first visit, we are entitled to ask whether their Saxon, or Danish, or Norman conquerors added that fatal ounce to their capital which turned the balance against limited liability? Or, was it imported by the Crusaders, or by Sir Thomas Gresham, from foreign parts; or did James I. add this unlucky "dose" to British capital when

he united the poor crown of England to the rich one of his own native land? Or, did it come from the sale of Dunkirk to the French, or from the South Sea bubble? Or, do we owe it, after all, to the first joint-stock company which obtained a charter or an act of parliament? If the expediency of trading with limited liability depended on the amount of capital in the country, the law should be so constructed as to change as often as the capital exceeded or fell short of that amount. When the monetary barometer fell, the law should point to limited liability, when it rose, to unlimited.

This principle of legislation, however, is, to say the least of it, unusual; and it is difficult to discover any analogy to it except in the law of the race-course, where the stronger horse is burdened with extra weight. It is possible that in the race with other nations, we ought, in order to be more equally matched with our rivals, to submit voluntarily to some disadvantage; but, as the duties of parliament are British, and not cosmopolitan, it ought to devote its energies to securing the victory to those committed to their charge, rather than to devising how the prize might be most equally contested. At all events, if Mr. B. Ker's principle is to be applied, it should be applied to districts and individuals as well as to states and nations. One law should be made for the poor, another for the rich; limited liability for those who have little capital, unlimited obligation for those who have plenty of it—the reverse of the present order of things.

It has been often urged, that to permit partnerships with limited liability would be to expose the public to every species of fraud. A false credit, it is said, would be obtained by parading the names of the dormant partners. But the answer is, that even if this were done, the world would still have the means of ascertaining from the newspapers, the posters, and the registries, the extent to which the *commanditaires* were interested. The credit which would be acquired by the association would be what it deserved to acquire. The ostensible trader would be known, from the style of the firm, to be supported by the capital of others; and the amount of that capital would be ascertainable without difficulty. But it is said that men in narrow circumstances would subscribe for amounts which they neither had paid up nor could pay up. This objection, indeed, applies to joint-stock associations as well as to those which are carried on *en commandite*: but it is a strange one for the advocates of unlimited liability to make; for they would have the satisfaction of feeling, in the supposed case, that the liability of the dormant partners was as extensive as their means. It has been contended, also, that the system would enable rich men to trade without risk in the name of a man of straw: but the precaution of requiring a preliminary registration of the ma-

terial particulars pointed out by the French code, under pain of unlimited responsibility, would prevent any such practice. If the creditor knew that there were dormant partners in the firm, he would also, but for his own fraud or wilful neglect, be acquainted with the extent of their liability: and if he were ignorant of their connection with the association, he ought, instead of complaining that they were not liable to the whole extent of their wealth, to rejoice at the unexpected discovery that men to whom he had not given credit, or looked for payment, were bound to meet his demands up to a certain point.

This last objection, indeed, might be met by comparing the present system with the proposed one, and contrasting the advantages which the latter presents with the evils which now commonly follow when a rich man sets a poor one afloat on the waves of commerce. It is often said that no necessity exists for introducing into our law the principle of limited liability, as the repeal of the Usury Laws has removed the only obstacle which prevented the union of capital with labour. No undertaking, it is alleged, that offers any prospect of success, need now perish for want of capital, as this can now be always commanded at a rate of interest proportioned to the risk incurred. But the experience of every day proves that numbers of schemes fall to the ground from want of capital. No rate of interest, however usurious, can induce its owners to lend their money on such security as is offered; and numerous instances of the failure of schemes from that cause alone were mentioned in both committees. To a certain extent, indeed, it is true that the repeal of the Usury Laws has admitted into the loan market many projects which could not formerly have raised a farthing there; but even in those cases it would be found much more advantageous to the borrower, to the lender, and to the public, that the money should be procured through the machinery of a dormant partnership than by a loan. The capitalist would be satisfied with a more moderate return for his advance, if he was made a part proprietor in the common stock, and had the right of inspecting and regulating the books, of calling the acting trader to account for his management of the business, and of restraining him from misappropriating the effects of the concern. With diminished risk, he would be willing to take a diminished rate of interest for his money; and as that interest would be payable only out of profits, the borrower would not, if the business proved a failing one, find himself called upon to pay when he was least able to do so. Instead of being oppressed in the hour of adversity by the demand of an inexorable creditor, he would be supported by the counsel of a friend; and instead of yielding

to the temptation of committing some malpractice, in the vain hope of averting ruin, he would be under a wholesome restraint from stooping to any deviation from rectitude. The public, also, would gain by the arrangement; for, if bankruptcy supervened, the man whose capital had set the concern afloat, and who was the secret cause of the credit which it had obtained in the mercantile world, would be bound to pay its debts to the extent to which he had embarked his capital, instead of coming in with a mortgage or bill of sale, as he now does, and sweeping away, under a prior title, the whole of the trade effects from the grasp of the trade creditors. It appears from this comparison that the investment of money *en commandite* is, in effect, but a loan, differing from the ordinary form of loan in this respect only, viz., that it is made upon terms more advantageous and more equitable to the contracting parties, and to the general body of creditors.

It is on the ground of fraud also, that Mr. M'Culloch is opposed to the French system. "Partnerships *en commandite*," he says, "may be very easily abused, or rendered a means of defrauding the public. It is quite visionary," he adds, "to imagine that the *commanditaires* can be prevented from indirectly influencing the other partners; and supposing a collusion to exist amongst them, it might be possible for them to divide large sums as profit, when, perhaps, they had really sustained a loss; and to have the books of the association so contrived, that it might be very difficult to detect the fraud. This, it is alleged, is by no means a rare occurrence in France."*

Now, unless we much misapprehend the object of the interdiction of interference by the dormant partners, the prohibition is imposed for their own protection and not for the protection of the public. Retain your strict incognito, says the law, and you are protected. But you throw off the mask as soon as you intermeddle. You then proclaim that you are a partner;—and the very conduct which thus announces you, shows that you are an *active* partner. It is, therefore, right that you should share the fate of all active partners. The law, in truth, by prohibiting interference, merely insists that the dormant partner shall be dormant, and not active. If he becomes active, he commits no fraud on the public, but merely transfers himself from one class of partners to another. He does not diminish, but increases the fund destined for the payment of the creditors. He does not abridge any of their rights, but extends his own risk.

With respect to the other frauds which Mr. M'Culloch mentions, and to every other objection which is based on the surmise

* Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, (ed. 1852), p. 389.

of fraud, it is freely admitted that *commandite* partnerships are not exempt from the imperfection which taints all human institutions. The wit of man has not yet devised any means of check-mating fraud. Indeed, human ingenuity has generally been more active in concocting than in defeating schemes of deceit.

If retaliation were argument, it might suffice to meet all such objections, by pointing out how utterly careless our law is in providing checks and securities against that evil. The purchaser of a broken-winded horse, or a brass watch-chain, finds no other redress than the soothing consolation of *caveat emptor*. The bankrupt John Smith is at liberty to trade under the style Rothschild, Baring and Company;—his unlimited responsibility being deemed a sufficient compensation to those who have fallen into the snare of the resounding title. Half a dozen men may carry on business under the name of one, and give their creditors plenty of trouble in discovering who they are. It is not long since a plaintiff, in an action against his bankers for the balance of his account, was nonsuited, because, having, in the absence of authentic information, been misled into the belief that all the present partners of the house were members of it at the date of the transaction in dispute, he had brought the action against all, instead of some only. Far from protecting the public, the common law would seem inspired with a cynical desire to expose them to the wiles of the crafty.

But those who would introduce the *commandite* system of partnership into this country, do not wish to see it turned into an engine of deceit; and, as the best preventive against all fraud, they ask that the widest publicity should be given to the dealings of all firms conducted on that principle. Whether or not it be true that credit is the soul of commerce, publicity is assuredly the soul of all well-founded credit. If men could look into each other's cash-books, and tills, and ledgers, and accounts, they would have better data than they now possess, for ascertaining the amount of credit that might be safely given. At all events, they would deal all the more readily with those who exposed their affairs to view: and the only power which the latter would lose by that course, would be the power of involving others in their misfortunes, if their business did not prosper. Upon this point we could not do better than take a leaf from the code of our neighbours, and transfer it into our own statute book. Indeed, we should be disposed to carry publicity further than they have done. Even the apparent anomaly of publishing the names of the secret partners, as well as the sums which they subscribe, would seem desirable; for the world would be thereby better enabled to judge whether the company was substantial or a bubble. The names of the dormant partners would not give

the firm credit beyond the amount of their subscriptions; but they might deprive it of that amount. The precise measure of the mercantile credit of our railway companies is known to all, through the publication of their accounts: and similar conditions might be imposed on *commandite* partnerships. At present, merchants accept unlimited liability as a compensation for the secrecy which shrouds the affairs of their neighbours; but the compensation is very inadequate. The satisfaction of feeling that the uttermost farthing has been extracted from a fraudulent bankrupt, is hardly a substantial consolation to the defrauded creditor, who receives that farthing in full payment of his twenty shillings. Secrecy is often considered by mercantile men as essential to credit; but the lawyers more wisely declare it to be the mere badge of fraud.

That compulsory registration and publication of accounts would greatly impede the successful perpetration of frauds is probable; that it would prevent it altogether is not to be expected. But it would be absurd to reject the system on that account. He who refuses to allow men to form *commandite* partnerships, because, notwithstanding all precautions, some evil may follow from them, would prohibit bills of exchange, because they are sometimes the instruments of swindling—would break up the printing press, because it sometimes produces libels—would stop the traffic of our railways, because men are sometimes crushed to death by trains, or blown into the air by bursting boilers—would declare the magnet contraband, because it tempts mariners into the dangers of the deep—nay, would lay an embargo on all vessels, because storms sometimes arise and ships are wrecked. The rational course, in all cases, is to put such restraints as are practicable on evils which spring from what is good; and not to proscribe the good on account of the evil which may flow from it.

The benefits which the *commandite* system would confer on traders are, indeed, admitted by another class of objectors; but they are admitted only for the purpose of being made the ground of another objection. "I object," says Mr. W. Hawes, "to the French system on account of the advantage it affords to two or more persons trading *en commandite* over one trader conducting his own business." The schemes in which these partnerships would engage, "although in some cases generally successful," says Mr. Cotton, "would ultimately be found detrimental to the fair trader, and to men who conduct their business with prudence and discretion." The worthy bank-director may be excused for limiting the honourable distinction of "fair traders" to those who conduct mercantile affairs in good old orthodox fashion, either under the wholesome rigour of the common law, or better still, under the invigorating

shelter of royal charters: but he should know that the "free traders" who are elbowing aside the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in their rude scramble for custom, are themselves calling for "fair trade," and would retort the suggestion of "unfairness" on those who enter into the lists with the magical weapons of special privileges. The "fair trader," in their acceptation of the term, is the man who is content with a fair field and no favour. The humble tradesman and his wealthy friend, who unite in asking for limited liability, do not demand it as a special favour, but as a common right. The struggle between the rich merchant and the poor one, they say, is not fair now; and therefore they ask that each shall have liberty to call to his aid such allies as he may require. The poor trader would rectify the balance by enlisting the services of his neighbour's purse. A. who possesses skill and capital, is more than a match for B., who possesses the same skill only but no capital,—and for C., who has no skill and only the same amount of capital. B. and C., however, when united, are a match for him, but only just a match. Where then is the unfairness? If B. excels him in skill, or C. in capital, he may call to his aid fresh skill or capital. What they may do, he may do also. But surely both Mr. Cotton and Mr. Hawes should reflect that their argument against limited partnership, if worth anything, ought to have been fatal to every railway scheme that was ever brought before parliament. Mr. Hawes would have opposed the London and Birmingham Railway Bill, on the ground that it afforded an undoubted advantage to a large body of moneyed men over the coach-proprietors, who conducted their business singly, or in common partnerships: and Mr. Cotton would have seconded him, because, although the line would probably pay between 5 and 10 per cent., yet it would be found detrimental to the fair traders in four-horse coaches, who had conducted their business with prudence and discretion. This sentimental tenderness for the vested interests of the fair trader is a delightful trait in one whose business is on more than a fair footing with all others in his trade; but it is out of date. It might have weighed with the "good old king," or drawn tears from the Chancellor after his own heart; but the age of Victoria is an age of iron. Equality, and go-a-head, are the state maxims of the day; and if the "fair trader" desires something inconsistent with them, he may desire it, indeed, but he will not get it.

There is another class of objections, upon which it ought surely to be unnecessary in these days to offer any comment: and yet they are so generally urged, even by thinking men, that it is necessary to examine them with a degree of detail which they do not deserve for any other reason than that they are thus counte-

nanced by men of talent, experience, and integrity. The country is already enterprising enough, suggests Mr. J. A. Smith; the proposed change would encourage speculations, and present a temptation to the working classes to engage in trade. "It seems to me," says Mr. B. Ker, "that commercial undertakings would be the very worst mode in which the capital of the middle and working classes could be invested;" and he elsewhere expresses a strong objection to "letting loose a new element of fraud and reckless speculation, and to allow it to be introduced in small doses, so as to fit the means of the humble." "It would induce parties," says Mr. Cotton, "to advance their money without due caution for speculative schemes and speculative businesses."

If it were worth while, it would not be difficult to prove that these views are not well founded in fact. It has, indeed, been already shown that there is abundant testimony to prove, as a fact, that *commandite* partnerships restrict rash speculation by opening more widely the door to prudent enterprises, and, as a matter of opinion,* that commercial undertakings are among the best investments for the savings of the humbler classes of the community. But the point involved in these objections is too important in principle to be avoided by joining issue on the facts. We demur altogether to their validity in principle. Even if these gentlemen were infallible, we should deny their right to control our judgment. Under these objections lurks the same familiar spirit which once regulated the wages of labour, and the quality of manufactures,—which afterwards "protected" native industry, and which still fixes the price of bread in Paris. The old school of political economy, which David Hume and Adam Smith were among the first to assail, and Mr. Serjeant Byles and Colonel Sibthorp the last to defend, was ridiculous and mischievous enough, with its encouragement of some trades, and its prohibitions and restrictions of others; but those who would devise or perpetuate schemes for inducing a general resort to one kind of investment which they think safe, and for throwing obstacles in the way of embarking capital in other enterprises which appear to them rash or reckless, carry the doctrine of state intervention to a much more preposterous length. The protectionists could at least plead a foolish belief that the welfare of the State was promoted by their interference; but the only excuse of Mr. Bellenden Ker, and those who agree with him, is a very injudicious interest in their neighbours' affairs.

It is readily conceded that the best founded objections, such as they are, to the *commandite* principle, spring, not from its con-

* See Mr. J. S. Mill's opinion on this point, *sup.* p. 385.

sequences to the public, but from the injuries to which the dormant partners are exposed. If the acting partner is a rogue or a fool, disaster will overtake those who trust their capital to his management. In the choice of an honest and able associate lies their difficulty and their danger. "The majority of limited partnerships that have failed," says M. Troplong,* "have been wrecked by naught but the foolhardiness of their general partners." All this is perfectly true; but serious as is the peril, it is no more an objection to the introduction of *commandite* partnerships than it is to ordinary or joint-stock partnerships, which are equally exposed to it. Although a reason for the exercise of individual caution in embarking in them, it does not afford the slightest ground for proscribing the general principle. The records of the Court of Bankruptcy could furnish cases without number of the fraud of one partner effecting the ruin of all connected with his firm; but it has not yet been suggested that ordinary trading partnerships should be forbidden by act of parliament. The infamous frauds perpetrated by one notorious man upon his fellow-shareholders in joint-stock companies entrusted to his direction—frauds which, to the scandal and shame of this country, be it said, instead of consigning the culprit to Norfolk Island, have not even driven him from his seat in the legislature—have never been urged as an argument against the passing of any of the private acts which confer the privilege of limited liability. The possibility of embezzlement and breach of trust suggests the necessity of caution on the part of those who contemplate the deposit of their property in the hands of another; but is no more a reason for the prohibition of the deposit, than the chances of that embezzlement are a ground for forbidding the employment of servants.

Government has neither the mission nor the power to guide its subjects to good, or to drive them from bad investments. If, as is now universally admitted, it does not fall within its province to direct industry and capital, in the interest of the state, into any particular channel, how much more remote from its duties is it to encourage or discourage this or that employment of capital from regard to the interests of individuals? If cabinet ministers and legislators were to undertake such a task, how, it may be asked, would they set about accomplishing it? How would they distinguish, *à priori*, a good from a bad investment? How would they surmount the difficulty which Lord Brougham suggests, of defining "employments of a very speculative nature"? Who shall say, before the event, what is a "rash" or a "reckless" speculation? What is meant by those terms? Do

* *Des Sociétés*, No. 413, p. 383, quoted from Mr. Troubat's work on *Commandatory Partnership in the United States*.

they mean a speculation sure to be unsuccessful? Then interference is impossible; for ministers have no more the gift of prescience than their humbler fellow-citizens, nor have they that control over future events which gives Queen Christina such signal successes in the Madrid lottery. If, on the other hand, the words refer to those enterprises which appear to offer no reasonable prospect of a profitable return, who could undertake to determine, and how, the degree of reasonableness which should ensure them the right to a trial? The arbiters of our mercantile destinies would be compelled either to group investments into classes, and sanction or condemn them by wholesale—which is the course in effect proposed by Mr. Ker—or to devote themselves patiently to the consideration of every individual project. But how could they do justice if they pursued the former plan? Would they, for instance, follow the example of the sage Duke of Parma, who forbade his subjects to keep pigeons, and prohibited insurance companies in his dominions? Could they even declare, *à priori*, that the working of a patent, dangerous as such an enterprise frequently is to the capitalist, is a bad investment, and prohibit accordingly the advance of a sixpence upon any such project? Then, the use which Boulton and the Electric Telegraph Company made of their capital ought to have been interdicted; and the steam-engine and the telegraph would now have been ingenious, but useless toys. If they would discharge their duty conscientiously they would be bound to weigh the advantages and drawbacks of every individual investment. They would have to consider whether Tom Styles was prudent in proposing to lend his brother Dick 100*l.*, to open a butcher's shop—whether Mr. Dapper would act wisely in investing a portion of his savings in his old trade, which he was about to abandon to the active and faithful assistant who had been measuring his ribbons and praising his silks for the last twenty years—whether a tailor's shop in High Holborn would be decently remunerative—whether Doctor Humbug's "Key to the Revelations," in twenty volumes octavo, would make the fortune, or be the ruin of his publisher. Such are some of the ten thousand questions which would pour upon them daily. Even if they had the time and the capacity necessary for discussing and deciding them properly, of what avail would be their labour? If they approved of the proposed schemes, their intervention would have been unnecessary. If they disapproved, the parties would go discontentedly away, convinced that they understood their own interests better than their rulers did, and indignant at institutions which prevented them from acting according to their own views.

The danger of allowing them this liberty, indeed, is sometimes illustrated by a reference to the follies of 1845, and the sufferings which followed from them. That celebrated era of folly, how-

ever, shows how little the ruling powers of the state are fitted for the office which is claimed for them; for had they been gifted with that superior wisdom and discretion which is attributed to them, they would not have encouraged the rash and reckless speculation by every means in their power. But even if the legislature of that day had not thus shown their incapacity for distinguishing between rash and wise speculation,—and if it were conceded that it was their duty to keep men out of imprudence and mischief, the railway mania would afford no argument against the general introduction of limited liability; for, as Lord Hobart justly observes:—

“The excessive and unremunerative influx of capital into railway projects can be said to have been the effect of the concession of limited liability only because that concession was partial, and not general. By the grant of limited liability to a particular class of undertakings, all the capital which, owing to the state of the general law of partnership, was in vain seeking associative employment, would naturally be attracted to these undertakings; and as the amount of capital in this condition was out of all proportion to the dimensions of the channel which was opened for its reception, the result was an extravagant appreciation of railway shares, and a great consequent loss to the country.”—p. 20.

But, assuming that the state has the duty, the right, and the power, to guide individuals in the choice of an investment, why should *commandite* partnerships be proscribed? Why is it thought that such associations would devote themselves altogether to enterprises of extreme hazard? The experience of other countries does not prove that the pursuits of *commandite* partnerships are in general of a more speculating character than those of other mercantile associations. The ribbon manufactures of St. Etienne, and the silk shops of Paris, for instance, present no very formidable risks, and yet dormant partners find capital for their conduct. Those who are unwilling to incur the risks of unlimited liability are probably the very men who would exercise most caution in incurring even a partial loss. At all events, it is probable, or at least possible, that many who now dread mercantile investments, would embark in safe trades as dormant partners; and ought they to be denied the right of doing this because the same right might not be as judiciously exercised by others? Ought the law to prevent wise men from laying out their money to advantage, because, with similar powers, fools would throw theirs into the sea?

Further, even if all the projects which would be promoted by *commandite* partnerships offered little hope of profit, and much fear of loss, would it not be an inestimable advantage to have such a mercantile machinery for distributing the risk? Men

bent upon a dangerous enterprise should arm themselves properly. True, it is said, but the sight of the arms may suggest the enterprise. Be it so; and if the enterprise succeeds, the adventurers reap their reward, and their success is reflected in a thousand ways on those about them. If it fails, the loss falls lightly on all, instead of involving them in destruction—their inevitable fate, had they sallied forth unprotected. It would have been safer, it is retorted, to have declined the enterprise altogether, and thus have avoided all risk.

And such, indeed, is the true ground of Mr. Ker's opposition to the principle of limited liability. A man of his acute intellect could not be the dupe of such a phantom as "rash" or "reckless" speculation. His objection is not limited to the thing thus qualified, but to the thing itself. "I think," he says, "it would be very prejudicial to encourage the middle and lower classes to become speculators. . . . I have a very strong feeling that the best investment is in the three per cent. consols." But this is the very *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole argument. To condemn speculation, is to condemn the spirit which won the Indian empire and founded states and colonies; which covers every sea with our flag, and puts every land under contribution for the supply of our wants and luxuries. To condemn it in our middle and lower classes is to denounce commercial pursuits altogether in this country,—for the upper orders, for whom trade would be reserved as an "aristocratic privilege," have never displayed much inclination or aptitude for any speculation except in Capel Court and at Tattersall's. Commercial enterprise is the very life of the middle classes; and vain would be any attempt to destroy it. Even the common law has failed to prevent its development, although the pit-falls which it has dug for all who are carried away by it have, to some extent, kept it in check. When Englishmen will be satisfied with the tame security of the Three per Cents, their career will have been run. They will have fulfilled the task allotted to them in the great Scheme, and will be required to make way for a stronger race. Mr. Ker has seen much, no doubt, of scandalous frauds and malversations in joint-stock companies, and much waste, loss, and mismanagement among friendly and other societies,—and he trembles, with a solicitude which does him honour, lest the humbler portion of the community should be induced to risk their savings in schemes which he does not think safe, such as "ill-conducted or fraudulently conducted hucksters' shops, &c., established on the principle of a partnership *en commandite*." But his experience should have led him to condemn, not speculation, but fraud—to impose fetters, not on liberty, but on licence,—not on all men, but on rogues. It should have induced him to propose

laws—which are much needed—for sending swindling directors to the Old Bailey instead of the Court of Chancery,—and not, to recommend the maintenance of shackles on honest energy.

But the best answer to Mr. Ker's views in favour of government interference is given by Mr. Ker himself. "Do you think," asked Mr. Slaney, in 1850, "that the parliament is a better judge of the safety of investments of the middle classes than the middle classes themselves?" "I am bound," was the answer, "to think that parliament is the best judge in the world upon every subject." "That included?" asked the chairman, in evident distrust of the sincerity of the witness. "As I think," replied Mr. Ker, with logical severity, "that parliament must be the best judge on every subject, it must include that; but parliament may not always exercise its best judgment." Consequently, the investments of the middle classes should be left to the judgment, good or bad, reasonable or capricious, of queen, lords, and commons. With a very sincere respect for Mr. Bellenden Ker's judgment, we cannot but feel that he labours under the same incidental infirmity as the legislature, and that on this occasion he did not exercise very happily that quality for which he is in general justly esteemed.

Those who are carried away by the fears of "rash" speculation, may rest assured that nature has done more to keep man out of bad investments than governments or laws can do. Self-interest is a better guide than boards or councils; and it is the only guide to which men should, or, in this country, will submit. The middle and working classes, although undoubtedly grateful to all who have their welfare at heart and desire to promote their well-being, would have a right to complain of any legislation conceived in the spirit of directing or controlling them in the employment of their labour or savings. They would have a right to resent even a kindness when offered in a tone of superiority and dictation. They are grown men and not children, and self-government, not paternal government, is what they require—freedom of action, not maternal leading-strings. If they prefer hucksters' shops to the Three per Cents, no Power has the right to control their choice. Experience alone, and not Mr. Ker, can prove whether it is wisely exercised; and though experience had proved it a hundred times, conviction, and not law, should alone make them bow to its decision. "What is wanted," says Mr. Lalor, in his eloquent and philosophical work, "is, that men shall be free, and shall find legal facilities for making every experiment which shall seem to themselves to promise profit. They are anxious to do this. They ought to have leave to do it. They will, no doubt," he adds, with perfect truth, "be often deceived. They will make mis-

takes and will suffer losses. With the ignorance, the rashness, and the gullibility, which is found in men, there cannot but be victims. But what great good can be bought without a price?"—p. 202.

In dealing with the objections which have been urged against the *commandite* system, we have incidentally noticed many of the advantages which might be expected to result from its introduction into our law. It is obvious that capitalists would be benefited by it, as it would enlarge the field for the employment of money. But those who would chiefly profit by the system are, undoubtedly, clerks, junior partners, inventors, poor relations, needy friends and dependents, and others, whom rich men, influenced by mixed motives of self-interest and kindness, would readily assist when they knew that they might do so with effect to the objects of their friendly interest, and without unfathomable risk to themselves. Mr. J. S. Mill, after assenting to the proposition that the system, if introduced with proper regulations and safeguards, would give additional facilities for enterprises directed by intelligence, and create additional facilities for the investments of the middle and working classes, adds: "Above all, which is very important, it would enable personal qualities to obtain in a greater degree than they can now, the advantages which the use and aid of capital affords. It would enable persons of recognised integrity and capacity for business to obtain credit, and to share more freely in the advantages which are now confined in a great degree to those who have capital of their own." "It encourages industrious habits," says Mr. Leone Levi; "and besides, it contributes to maintain a floating capital." Mr. Townsend, with whom Mr. Davis appears to agree, thinks that it has a tendency to check rash speculation, and to facilitate useful and cautious enterprise. "I think," says Mr. James Stewart, "it would be the means of bringing together two great classes, the class which has capital, of which we know there is a very great superabundance in this country, and the class which consists of active, clever, and enterprising men who have not always capital. I think an alteration of the law in this respect would have a beneficial effect in bringing those two classes together." With honest, able, and vigilant general partners, this form of association, in the opinion of M. Troplong, is superior to all others in many respects.*

The system has unquestionably worked well abroad. "I do not hesitate to state," writes Mr. Simpson from Amsterdam, "as the result of twenty-eight years' experience, during which time

* Troubat, "The Law of Commandatory Partnership," p. 2.

I have acted as a jurisconsult and barrister, that these partnerships have produced great good and little evil, have caused less controversy than other partnerships; in only few cases have been instruments of deception; and the laws have proved sufficiently efficacious to prevent abuse." The Dutch have dried up lakes, enclosed rivers within their banks, repelled the invasions of the sea with dykes, and reclaimed waste lands, through the agency of these partnerships. In the Rhenish provinces,—and by what country is their husbandry excelled?—farming establishments are carried on by companies of the same kind. "The system of sleeping partners, '*en comandita*,' as it is legally termed, exists in Spain," says Mr. Mark, the British consul at Malaga, "and from practical experience (for upwards of twenty years), I can with safety say it acts well, and is attended with beneficial results." "On the Continent," says Mr. H. J. Enthoven, "it works admirably well; say in France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy." Mr. Leone Levi mentions that his native town, Ancona, has been lighted with gas by a similar association, and thinks that, although he has known it open to much abuse—he does not say in what respects—the system has done much good in that place, and that its introduction, with complete publicity, would be advantageous to this country. Mr. Davis, the secretary of the American legation, says, that it has worked well in Massachusetts. At St. Etienne, as already mentioned, half the ribbon manufacturers commenced life as the *gérans*, or acting partners, of *commandite* societies. In France there were in 1846-7-8, according to Mr. W. Hawes, 6864 partnerships, of which 1156 were *en comandite*; but although that gentleman discovers in this disproportion a condemnation of the system by the people among whom it prevails, it cannot but strike others as only demonstrative of what might have been expected *à priori*,—viz., that those who embark in commerce are, in general, disposed to take an active part in the conduct of their business;—while the positive number of firms sustained by the capital of dormant partners cannot but convey the idea of numerous instances of poverty with good conduct rising to competence, and of mechanical genius and inventive faculties utilized for public and private advantage. The best proof, perhaps, of the working of the system, is the estimation in which *commandite* partnerships are held in the market; and on this subject Mr. R. B. Minturn writes from America: "Such partnerships command as much credit and general confidence as ordinary partnerships, perhaps more. There is certainty in the knowledge the community possess of the resources of such firms."

But it is not necessary to look abroad for the condemnation

of the common-law principle of unlimited liability. It stands condemned not only by almost every civilized nation, but by our own legislature. When large masses of capital were wanted for the execution of those gigantic works which are "the great fact" of our age, it was found that the common law doctrine was as little consistent with expediency as reconcilable with justice; and even the Eldonian school of legislation yielded to the overwhelming necessity of modifying it. But unfortunately, the subject has not met—in those circles from which we generally take our lawgivers—with that degree of attention which it merits; and whatever legislation has taken place upon it, has not been founded on philosophical views, but has proceeded entirely upon the necessities of the moment. The impossibility of carrying on, under the common law, extensive operations with large numbers of men aggregated in partnership, first struck, not our peers and M.P.'s, but our energetic, speculating men of business. When towns were to be connected by canals or railways, or to be supplied with gas or water, daring spirits were not wanting to undertake the execution of such projects; but what prudent squire, what thrifty merchant, what saving tradesman, would have dared to embark in the undertaking when the right to sixpence of possible profit brought with it an immediate liability to the loss of an entire fortune? An alteration of the law was consequently felt to be an essential condition to the formation of large associations, and it was altered accordingly. But the amendment of the law fell into the hands of practical men; and the practical men, with neither taste nor commission for general legislation, were content to amend it just as far as suited their purpose, and no further. Consequently, parliament was called upon year after year to pass cart-loads of private acts, suspending the common law in particular cases;—limiting the liability of shareholders,—empowering them to transfer their shares,—giving legal means for compelling them to contribute to the common stock the sums which they had promised,—making it practically possible to recover the company's debts from strangers,—preventing the dissolution of the copartnership by death or bankruptcy,—and making other necessary deviations from the general law. The country has been thus gradually covered with a host of privileged bodies, governed by as many special codes of law,—just as it is dotted over with hundreds of manors, in which every variety of local custom supersedes the law of the land. The only attempt which has been made towards a more general introduction of limited liability is embodied in the act of 1 Vict. c. 73, which empowers the Crown to confer, by letters patent, the privilege of limited liability on bodies associated together for trading or other purposes; but it

has been productive of little benefit. The enormous price charged for the charter or patent must necessarily have deterred all except wealthy associations. Mr. Vansittart Neale stated, in his evidence before Mr. Slaney's first committee, that the cost of procuring a royal charter for the Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the industrial classes, amounted to 1004*l.*, of which 724*l.* were fees of office. Notwithstanding this expense, however, numerous applications are constantly made to the Board of Trade for this regal dispensation from the rigours of the common law; but although the second section of the act empowered it to confer patents on "any company or body of persons associated together for any trading or other purposes whatsoever," "the rule" of the Board, says Sir Denis Le Marchant, "has decidedly been to refuse them rather than to grant them. To grant them is merely the exceptional rule;" and he appears to have been able to bring to mind but two instances, while he was in office, in which patents were granted; one in 1848 to a society for the amelioration of landed property in Ireland—a society, if we may judge of its objects from its title, singularly entitled to whatever aid the Crown could give it in the prosecution of its Herculean task; and the other, seven years before, to the Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

This subject leads us to the only other alteration in the existing law, to which we propose to call attention in this article. The *commandite* system would limit the liability of partners who do not lend their names, or interfere in the conduct of the partnership business. But why should those who manage the affairs of the association not be also allowed the means of limiting their liability? Lord Hobart objects to this. He thinks that "natural justice seems to require that any person conducting, or taking any part in the conduct of business of any kind, whether as a director of a company or managing partner . . . should be liable to the full extent of his property for the debts which may be incurred in respect of such business." But neither natural justice nor the common law denies the managing director of a concern, or any other person, the right of stipulating with the person with whom he deals, for an exemption from responsibility beyond a certain amount. The reason, however, for condemning him to unlimited liability seems to be, "that it is impossible for the other party to the engagement to know, at the time of making it, with anything like confidence, certain particulars of information;"—that is, we presume, the limits within which the managing partner professed to restrict his liability. But if the reason should fail, the doctrine which is based on

it must fail also. Now, the difficulties in the way of making this information universally known, or at least universally accessible, are not insuperable. The first step would be to withdraw from the style of the firm the names of the general partners, and thus deprive it of a source of false credit. It would then become what the French code calls it, an anonymous society; and instead of being distinguished by the unmeaning, however honourable, names of Smith, Brown, and Jones, would be designated by the trade or business of the association. Notices over the doors, desks, and counters—like the notices under the Carriers Act—and registration and advertisements in the public prints, would do the rest. The creditors of such a company would have only themselves to blame if they gave the managers credit on the faith of their unlimited responsibility. To this system, not even Mr. W. Hawes' very small objection to the *commandite* system—that "it would be long before the public understood" it—could be urged; for in every part of the country such companies are already in existence, and are familiarly known and dealt with.

But here Lord Brougham would interpose. "As for the *société anonyme*," his lordship would say, as he has already said—"I hold that to be out of the question; it is merely a small joint-stock company." And why should a small joint-stock company be out of the question? What valid objection can be drawn from the mere number of the shareholders, or the mere amount of their capital? If wealthy men may combine their hundreds and thousands together in such a company, why should not the poor be at liberty to club their single sovereigns in the same manner? If 5000 men may associate on such terms, why should not 500, or 50, or 5 have the same liberty? And if the half-a-dozen directors of the largest company may be exempted from unlimited responsibility, why should not the one or two managers of the smallest be entitled to a similar exemption? It is not easy to understand why limited liability should be what Mr. B. Ker truly says it has hitherto been in this country—"a sort of aristocratic privilege." The idea of magnitude is associated in our minds with that of a joint-stock company, because we are unaccustomed to see small specimens of that form of association. In the New England States, however, where charters cost fewer halfpence than they do pounds in this country, "manufacturing in its broadest sense," says Mr. Davis, "that is, not only the making of cottons, and woollens, and lincens, but of machinery and power," is conducted on this commercial principle. In those states, says Mr. Carey,*

* In a note appended to his translation of a paper by M. Coquelin, published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" for July, 1843. The passage quoted in the text is taken at second-hand from Mill's "*Political Economy*," vol. ii. p. 472.

"The soil is covered with *compagnies anonymes*—chartered companies—for almost every conceivable purpose. Every town is a corporation for the management of its roads, bridges, and schools; which are, therefore, under the direct control of those who pay for them, and are, consequently, well managed. Academies and churches, lyceums and libraries, saving-fund societies and trust companies, exist in numbers proportioned to the wants of the people, and all are corporations. Every district has its local bank, of a size to suit its wants, the stock of which is owned by the small capitalists of the neighbourhood, and managed by themselves; the consequence of which is, that in no part of the world is the system of banking so perfect, so little liable to vibration in the amount of loans—the necessary effect of which is, that in none is the value of property so little affected by changes in the amount or value of the currency resulting from the movements of *their own* banking institutions. In the two states to which we have particularly referred, they are almost two hundred in number. Massachusetts, alone, offers to our view fifty-three insurance-offices, of various forms, scattered through the state, and all incorporated. *Factories are incorporated, and are owned in shares; and every one that has any part in the management* of their concerns, from the purchase of the raw material to the sale of the manufactured article, *is a part owner*: while every one employed in them has a prospect of becoming one, by the use of prudence, exertion, and economy. Charitable associations exist in large numbers, and all are incorporated. *Fishing vessels are owned in shares* by those who navigate them; and *the sailors of a whaling-ship depend*, in a great degree, if not altogether, *upon the success of the voyage for their compensation*. Every master of a vessel trading in the Southern Ocean, is a part owner; and the interest he possesses is a strong inducement to exertion and economy, by the aid of which the people of New England are rapidly driving out the competition of other nations for the trade of that part of the world. Wherever settled, they exhibit the same tendency to combination of action. In New York, they are the chief owners of *the lines of packet-ships, which are divided into shares, owned by the shipbuilders, the merchants, the master, and the mates*; which last generally acquire the means of becoming themselves masters, and to this is due their great success. The system is the most perfectly democratic of any in the world. *It affords to every labourer, every sailor, every operative, male or female, the prospect of advancement*; and its results are precisely such as we should have reason to expect. In no part of the world are talent, industry, and prudence, so certain to be largely rewarded."

Our own county of Cornwall, also, affords the example of an entire population carrying on with success a most important branch of industrial enterprise in small societies, which, although in many respects rude and imperfect, possess many of the properties of incorporated companies. With the power of transferring their shares, and expelling their purser, or managing partner, and with the practice of frequent audits and constant

supervision, the Cornish miners have been enabled to combine together in bodies, under the cost-book principle; and, with the aid of their little savings, have worked mines which, but for such combinations, would have been to this day unexplored.

But surely, it will be said, there ought to be a minimum number of shareholders, and a minimum amount of capital, for the constitution of a joint-stock company. It may be so; but we have been unable to discover either minimum. Should two persons, then, it will be asked, be allowed to form such a company? Why not? If five thousand dormant partners may be justly protected against unlimited liability, so may one; and if six active partners may be similarly guarded, so may one. But a joint-stock company, consisting of two persons, and with a capital of a few pounds, would be impracticable, it will be answered; it would not work. Its transactions would be *nil*, for its credit would be at zero.

Granted. And here must lie the test of the expediency or in expediency of forming any such company. They will not be formed where it is impracticable to carry on trade by them. But who shall apply that test? The State? Such is the proposal of Mr. Bellenden Ker. Tolerant of the views of others, notwithstanding his own predilections for the three per cents, he suggests, in his letter to the committee of 1851, a much larger concession of commercial freedom. "I continue to think," he writes, "(as I expressed in my former evidence,) that the Board of Trade, or a Board having similar powers, should be authorized, under certain rules and restrictions very similar to those which exist at present at the Board of Trade, to grant charters of incorporation in some simple form to such trading partnerships as, in the opinion of the Board, can be advantageously carried on upon the principle of a joint-stock company."

Now, the system of conferring exceptional advantages directly conflicting with the general law, or partially suspending its operation, is fundamentally vicious in principle. It bears no distant resemblance to the dispensing power which used to be claimed by some of our monarchs, or to that prerogative of granting monopolies which received its first check in the reign of James I. The idea belongs to another age, and the practice should not be allowed to linger on in ours. When the country, both here and on the continent, was split up into as many little states as there were feudal chiefs, and towns lived in estrangement, sometimes in hostility, with all beyond the limits of their narrow bounds—when all men were grouped either in petty monarchies under barons and burgraves, or in petty republics, such as guilds and corporations, the latter often needed the assistance of the lord paramount, the king, against a powerful neighbour; and the assist-

ance came generally in the shape of charters, conferring on the "good towns" special privileges and powers for their self-government and effective organization. But that state of society is happily extinct. Englishmen have ceased to live in a state of habitual warfare with each other, and they need no special aid against each other. A fair field and no favour, is the only privilege they require. They are subject to one rule and one law: and the law should be equal to all. If facilities are granted to some for carrying on trade, all have *primâ facie* a right to demand similar immunities; and it is incumbent on those who concede to the few, to justify their refusal to the many. It lies on them to explain why they refuse to an association of humble mechanics or operatives, what they allow to the Great Western Railway Company and to the Bank of England. Time was when courtly favour was the source of commercial monopolies, and the love or dotage of a queen granted to Dudleys, and Essxes, and Raleighs, the exclusive privilege of selling some of the necessaries, and most of the luxuries of life; and our days have seen what parliamentary influence and weight of purse can do in procuring special exemptions. But the temper of the age does not patiently acquiesce in advantages obtained through such means, and it will not be satisfied with the continuance of this system unless it is to be carried on upon some sound principle.

This sound principle, it will be said, is pointed out by Mr. Bellenden Ker. Charters of incorporation should be granted, he suggests, to all trading partnerships which, "in the opinion of the Board, can be advantageously carried on upon the principle of a joint-stock company." But no board can be more competent to decide such a question than to pronounce, *ex cathedrâ*, on the wisdom or rashness of any investment. If the joint-stock principle should be applied only to large bodies of men, or to associations requiring large sums of money, a minimum must be fixed. The Joint-Stock Companies' Registration Act adopted twenty-five as the minimum number of shareholders; but who doubts that the choice of that number was purely arbitrary, and that in many cases twenty-four, or twenty-three, or seventeen, or sixteen men might advantageously carry on trade in partnership, on the same principle as twenty-five? Does the nature of the business afford any means of judging whether it can be successfully conducted on that system? If railways may be constructed, and goods carried by joint-stock companies, why should not the shareholders in Price's Candle and Groux's Soap Companies trade under limited liability? Why should not coats be made and chimneys be swept by associations similarly protected? If "manufacturing, in its broadest sense," is successfully carried on in America by corporate bodies, it might surely fare as well in England. And to whom are such questions to be

referred? To a gentleman who, perhaps, never invested a shilling in trade, whom education and tastes have thrown into the career of politics, and who may have at his elbow an adviser that looks with an evil eye upon all investments except the public funds. To him the merchants, and traders, and capitalists of the greatest mercantile community of the earth are to submit their gigantic schemes, and to stand or fall by his decision. To him, also, are to flock working tailors, shoemakers, bakers, miners, labouring men, with their humble projects, backed with plenty of thew and sinew, but with slender purses: and on his breath is to depend the formation or dissolution of their desired associations, and consequently the realization or disappointment of their cherished hopes. A company should not purify the Thames unless it so pleased the Minister of Commerce; but a company might set it on fire if he thought that scheme likely to be advantageously achieved on the system of limited liability. It would be his duty to consider anxiously whether a village pump in the recesses of Buckinghamshire would pay five per cent. on the joint-stock principle, or whether needlewomen could successfully make shirts when combined together into a company. How can it be expected that any man, whatever be his talents and his powers of application, should discharge such duties as well as those who propose to embark in the speculation, and whose good opinion of it is attested by their contributions to it? No vigour of mind, no industry, however indefatigable, would be equal to the task: and the experience we have had of our Board of Trade and of the French Conseil d'Etat should teach us how it would be discharged by a dozing or obstructive official of the common order.

In a word, the interference of Government can be defended only on the plea of protecting men against themselves, or the public against them. The former ground, as we have already contended, at perhaps unnecessary length, is utterly inadmissible; and the latter object should be secured, not by special intervention, but by general law. "On general principles," says Mr. Mill, "one sees no sufficient reason why people should not be allowed to employ their capital and labour on any terms that they please, and to deal with others on any terms that they please, provided that those terms are known, and that they do not give themselves out for what they are not." The law admits the principle, indeed, but fails in providing the facilities requisite for enabling men to act upon it. It can provide them, however, and sometimes does so for the benefit of favoured persons. All that is asked is, that it will provide them for all men, and will favour all equally.

Such, then, are the two principal alterations of which the common law relating to partnership seems to stand in need:

the one, constitutional,—involving a fundamental change of principle; the other, administrative merely,—that is, involving merely the provision of facilities requisite for giving practical and general effect to a principle already recognised. It may be asked, why, if the joint-stock principle were adopted, we should encumber ourselves with an institution based upon an imperfect development of that principle. The answer is, that the *commandite* partnership presents two striking advantages over the joint-stock company,—one to the active, the other to the dormant members of a firm. Adam Smith pointed out that the want of interest in the directors of joint-stock companies was the chief objection to that form of association; and the people of this country have learned, during the last ten years, to what an extent waste, mismanagement, and every form of fraud, may be carried by those to whom they depute the management of their business. But the dormant partners in *commandite* associations have, in the unlimited responsibility of their managers, a guarantee against the abuse of their trust, and an earnest of their zeal for the welfare of the undertaking. The active partner, also, will often prefer the *commandite* to the joint-stock principle. “Suppose,” says M. Coquelin,* “an inventor seeking for a capital to carry his invention into practice. To obtain the aid of capitalists, he must offer them a share of the anticipated benefit; they must associate themselves with him in the chances of its success. In such a case, which of the forms would he select? Not a common partnership, certainly;” for various reasons, and especially because it would often be very difficult to find a partner with capital, willing to risk his whole fortune on the success of the invention. “Neither would he select the *société anonyme*,” or any other form of joint-stock company, “in which he might be superseded as manager. He would stand, in such an association, on no better footing than any other shareholder, and he might be lost in the crowd; whereas, the association existing, as it were, by and for him, the management would appear to belong to him as a matter of right. Cases occur in which a merchant or a manufacturer, without being precisely an inventor, has undeniable claims to the management of an undertaking, from the possession of the qualities peculiarly calculated to promote its success. So great, indeed,” continues M. Coquelin, “is the necessity, in many cases, for the limited partnership, that it is difficult to conceive how we could dispense with or replace it.”

The whole of this important branch of the law has been

* In the paper referred to, *sup.* p. 407. This passage, also, is taken from Mill's “Political Economy,” vol. ii. p. 469.

referred to a Royal Commission: and notwithstanding the timidity which lawyers have but too often betrayed in dealing with law reforms, the public have substantial grounds for expecting that this subject at least will now meet with a bold and searching treatment. From a Chancellor who undertook the consolidation of the statute book within a month from his acceptance of the great seal, and who, within a few months more, appointed commissioners for investigating the bankruptcy law, and the working of the county courts, as well as the law of partnership, the country may surely expect vigour and earnestness. The President of the Board of Trade, whose office must entitle him to a voice in all deliberations on the subject, gives promise of effectual aid to the cause of a thorough reform; for while his legal education has made him familiar with the defects of the law, he has not sufficiently profited by the system to prostrate himself before its vices. Among the commissioners, also, a name or two may be recognised from which the world derives a hope that those functionaries will not proceed in their labours with a *main morte*. The French code may be recommended as their best model:—for its outline is philosophical, although some of its details may be thought insufficient or unnecessary; and if they should be tempted to yield to timid suggestions of half-measures, let them take warning from the codes of some of the American States.* They may, perhaps, be told that the work in which they are engaged is one of concession; and they will meet with propositions for rendering the surrender useless to those for whose sake it is to be made. They will be advised to fix the maximum of profit—to restrain *commandite* and joint-stock companies from dealing with foreign countries, with distant parts of our own, and with remote agents—and to prohibit the transfer of shares, &c. &c. But it is to be hoped they will bear in mind that their duty is simply to consider what laws will best conduce to the welfare of their fellow-citizens; and not, to devise how they may yield as little as possible to a clamorous enemy.

The importance of this subject, even when considered in its economical aspect, cannot be easily overrated; but its social bearings are perhaps even more important, and should not be wholly passed over. Any law which should remove the impediments

* In several of the States, banking and insurance partnerships are denied the privileges of the *commandite* system. No better reason has been assigned for this exclusion than that banking and insurance are generally carried on by corporate bodies. In other words, because a particular kind of business is ordinarily carried on by societies whose managers trade under limited responsibility, the law refuses men leave to carry on the same business in bodies whose managers embark the whole of their fortune in the undertaking. The chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus was right.

which now exist to commercial association, would be in harmony with the tendencies of man's gregarious nature, and might consequently be expected, *à priori*, to promote his welfare. Roads, ships, commerce, literature, warfare even — these have been the chief instruments of civilization, and simply because they, chiefly, have promoted the contact of men with each other. The press, which more than any other human invention has facilitated the communication and interchange of thought,—the steam-engine, which more than any other machine has facilitated locomotion and intercourse—are, for this reason, the best gifts ever conferred by man on humanity. Even the Crusades, inspired though they were by hatred and by every other passion of repulsion, effected immense good by the mere collision, which they caused, of the West with the East. Among these civilizers of mankind would deserve to rank a legal contrivance which brought rich and poor, high and low, wise and foolish, strong and weak, to know and to help each other. Independently of the commercial worth of industry fostered, labour abridged, enterprise encouraged, and genius rewarded;—independently of necessities cheapened, comforts augmented, luxuries put within the reach of all;—independently of the market value of knowledge increased, ideas developed, and character invigorated, —feelings of good will, sympathy, and friendship, would inevitably spring from laws which placed men in relations of mutual dependence and reciprocal benefit; and the happiness which such institutions would bring to individuals, and the strength they would give to the social fabric, are beyond all estimation. In this respect, indeed, the law might be deemed entitled to precedence over the inventions we have named, for these have mainly served the intellect, while that would call into play the moral qualities and elevate the moral nature. Friendships without number would flourish on soil now virgin or overspread with weeds. Attachments would be formed, resembling in their tenacity those ties which bound man to man in the feudal ages, but superior to them, because the sense of mutual advantage from which they sprang would not be marred by the consciousness of power on one side or the feeling of helplessness on the other. In assisting his friend with his purse, the rich man would enjoy the double gratification of aiding his neighbour and benefiting himself; and the poor one, while grateful for the aid, would have the satisfaction of knowing that his labour would repay the debt with interest.

On behalf of the working classes of the community, changes in the direction which have been above recommended are even more imperatively required. In obedience to one of the strongest of human instincts, they do, they will, and they must, congregate together: and the question is, whether the state shall suffer that instinct to operate freely, and produce good, or shall, by checking

its natural tendencies, convert it into an instrument of incalculable mischief. The spirit of association, left to its own spontaneous course, would lead man on in his destined career of improvement: therefore it is that Popery anathematises free-masonry and that the despots of the Continent prohibit public meetings,—viewing with jealousy all congregations of men, even when collected together for the worship of God. But the same spirit, warped by bad laws and bad teaching, degenerates into Socialism: and in that form it is undoubtedly spread extensively, though obscurely, among the labouring classes. Socialism is the bad fruit of a good principle. It is to association what rashness is to courage, cowardice to prudence, extravagance to generosity: and its prevalence in England seems chiefly attributable to our defective law of partnership. The operatives have learned from the middle class what vast works may be accomplished, and what countless wealth may be acquired by combination; and as the laws surround every healthy plan of co-operation with danger and difficulty, they believe that they can carry into effect among themselves the joint-stock principle, only by the realization of the fantastic, the mischievous, the impossible designs of dreamers and fanatics.

Further, by preventing the union of the richer and the poorer orders in the prosecution of enterprises for a common object, the law has operated powerfully to keep those classes separated from each other, and ignorant of each other's good qualities. But it is with the different orders of a nation as with the different nations of men. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; and their little knowledge leads to the formation of prejudices and antipathies which fuller acquaintance would dissipate. At present it is impossible to deny that a morbid belief exists among the working classes, that the wealthier orders are indifferent to their well-being:* and the consequence says Mr. Lalor, "is this, that in the region of the most active industry, society is split into two hostile camps, and that the only tranquillity which subsists between them is that of a convenient but hollow truce, which may be broken at an instant's warning." Any law which should bring the two classes together, would terminate this unhappy and mischievous state of things, for it would remove the misconception from which it arises. It would also unteach an absurd opinion, which is likewise very general among the working classes, and to which Mr. Mill refers in a passage already cited,† that capital is extravagantly remunerated in this country. When the labouring men had the opportunity of laying out their savings in commercial investments,

* See, for instance, Mr. Walter Cooper's evidence, p. 597, in the appendix to the report of Mr. Slaney's first committee.

† Ante, p. 385.

they would discover that the return which they obtained for it was not immoderate, or disproportioned to the share of the common profit which fell to the labourer,—and a fruitful source of agitation and discontent would thus be dried up. It is impossible to estimate all the good which they would derive from constantly mixing with those to whom superior wealth gives the advantages of a superior education and superior information, and who, free from the necessity of supplying their daily wants by daily toil, direct their time to studies removed from the sphere of immediate utility, or even to the cultivation of the ordinary accomplishments of refined society. Improvement in knowledge, in manners, and in habits of thought, would be the first results, and would be quickly followed by elevation of character, dignified bearing, and increased self-confidence and self-respect. The rich would know what virtues are concealed under a rude exterior; and they would learn, in the manly attachment and generous enthusiasm of those with whom they associated in pursuits of common advantage, what is the true meaning of that “legitimate influence of property,” which is so commonly spoken of, and so imperfectly understood.

But even if all these anticipations are idle dreams—even if commercial failure must inevitably attend all enterprises conducted by the working classes among themselves, or in combination with the rich—justice and good policy equally demand that they should have the same liberty and the same facilities for forming mercantile associations, as are daily conceded to those who can afford the cost of obtaining them. What the lower orders feel, says Mr. Mill, is not so much “the inequality of property, considered in itself, as the inequality consequent upon it, which unhappily exists now, namely, that those who already have property have so much greater facilities for getting more, than those who have it not, have for acquiring it.” This inequality must be removed; for society cannot prosper while the most exasperating of all feelings, the sense of injustice, is rankling in the breasts of the masses of the community. Be their joint-stock associations or their *commandite* partnerships successful or not, they are entitled, in principle and in justice, to form them. Perilous as they will often be, they will always be in favour with those who prefer personal independence, with the chance of rising in the social scale, to the humbler, though safer, alternative of working for fixed wages for a master. For ourselves, we concur with Mr. Mill, in thinking that it is not probable that the working classes will ever be “permanently contented with the condition of labouring for wages as their ultimate state:” and we shall ever lend them our humble aid to raise them above it.

ART. IV.—THE BOOK OF JOB.

1. *Die Poetischen Bücher des Alten Bundes.* Erklärt von Heinrich Ewald. Göttingen : bei Vanderhoeck und Ruprecht. 1836.
2. *Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament. Zweite Lieferung. Hiob.* Von Ludwig Hirzel. Zweite Auflage, durchgesehen von Dr. Justus Olshausen. Leipzig. 1852.
3. *Quæstionum in Jobeidos locos vexatos Specimen.* Von D. Hermannus Hupfeld. Halis Saxonum. 1853.

THE question will one day be asked, how it has been that, in spite of the high pretensions of us English to a superior reverence for the Bible, we have done so little in comparison with our continental contemporaries towards arriving at a proper understanding of it? The books standing at the head of this article form but a section of a long list which has appeared in the last few years on the Book of Job alone; and this book has not received any larger share of attention than the others, either of the Old or the New Testament. Whatever be the nature or the origin of these books, (and on this point there is much difference of opinion among the Germans as among ourselves,) they are all agreed, orthodox and unorthodox, that at least we should endeavour to understand them; and that no efforts can be too great, either of research or criticism, to discover their history, or elucidate their meaning.

We shall assent, doubtless, eagerly, perhaps noisily and indignantly, to so obvious a truism; but our own efforts in the same direction will not bear us out. The able men in England employ themselves in matters of a more practical character; and while we refuse to avail ourselves of what has been done elsewhere, no book, or books, which we produce on the interpretation of Scripture acquire more than a partial or an ephemeral reputation. The most important contribution to our knowledge on this subject which has been made in these recent years, is the translation of the "Library of the Fathers," by which it is about as rational to suppose that the analytical criticism of modern times can be superseded, as that the place of Herman and Dindorf could be supplied by an edition of the old scholiasts.

It is, indeed, reasonable that, as long as we are persuaded that our English theory of the Bible, as a whole, is the right one, we should shrink from contact with investigations, which, however ingenious in themselves, are based on what we know to be a false foundation. But there are some learned Germans whose

orthodoxy would pass examination at Exeter Hall; and there are many subjects, such, for instance, as the present, on which all their able men are agreed in conclusions that cannot rationally give offence to any one. For the Book of Job, analytical criticism has only served to clear up the uncertainties which have hitherto always hung about it. It is now considered to be, beyond all doubt, a genuine Hebrew original, completed by its writer almost in the form in which it now remains to us. The questions on the authenticity of the Prologue and Epilogue, which once were thought important, have given way before a more sound conception of the dramatic unity of the entire poem; and the volumes before us contain merely an inquiry into its meaning, bringing, at the same time, all the resources of modern scholarship and historical and mythological research to bear upon the obscurity of separate passages. It is the most difficult of all the Hebrew compositions—many words occurring in it, and many thoughts, not to be found elsewhere in the Bible. How difficult our translators found it may be seen by the number of words which they were obliged to insert in italics, and the doubtful renderings which they have suggested in the margin. One instance of this, in passing, we will notice in this place—it will be familiar to everyone as the passage quoted at the opening of the English burial service, and adduced as one of the doctrinal proofs of the resurrection of the body: “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter *day* upon the earth; and *though*, after my skin *worms* destroy this *body*, yet in my flesh I shall see God.” So this passage stands in the ordinary version. But the words in italics have nothing answering to them in the original—they were all added by the translators to fill out their interpretation; and for *in my flesh*, they tell us themselves in the margin that we may read (and, in fact, we ought to read, and must read) “*out of,*” or “*without*” *my flesh*. It is but to write out the verses omitting the conjectural additions, and making that one small, but vital correction, to see how frail a support is there for so large a conclusion; “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the latter upon the earth; and after my skin destroy this ; yet without my flesh I shall see God.” If there is any doctrine of a resurrection here, it is a resurrection precisely *not* of the body, but of the spirit. And now let us only add that the word translated Redeemer is the technical expression for the “avenger of blood;” and that the second paragraph ought to be rendered—“and one to come after me (my next of kin, to whom the avenging my injuries belongs) shall stand upon my dust,” and we shall see how much was to be done towards the mere exegesis of the text. This is an extreme instance, and no one will question the general beauty and

majesty of our translation; but there are many mythical and physical allusions scattered over the poem, which, in the sixteenth century, there were positively no means of understanding; and perhaps, too, there were mental tendencies in the translators themselves which prevented them from adequately apprehending even the drift and spirit of it. The form of the story was too stringent to allow such tendencies any latitude; but they appear, from time to time, sufficiently to produce serious confusion. With these recent assistances, therefore, we propose to say something of the nature of this extraordinary book—a book of which it is to say little to call it unequalled of its kind, and which will, one day, perhaps, when it is allowed to stand on its own merits, be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world. How it found its way into the Canon, smiting as it does through and through the most deeply-seated Jewish prejudices, is the chief difficulty about it now; to be explained only by a traditional acceptance among the sacred books, dating back from the old times of the national greatness, when the minds of the people were hewn in a larger type than was to be found among the pharisees of the great synagogue. But its authorship, its date, and its history, are alike a mystery to us; it existed at the time when the Canon was composed; and this is all that we know beyond what we can gather out of the language and the contents of the poem itself.

Before going further, however, we must make room for a few remarks of a very general kind. Let it have been written when it would, it marks a period in which the religious convictions of thinking men were passing through a vast crisis; and we shall not understand it without having before us clearly something of the conditions which periods of such a kind always and necessarily exhibit.

The history of religious speculation appears in extreme outline to have been of the following kind. We may conceive mankind to have been originally launched into the universe with no knowledge either of themselves or of the scene in which they were placed; with no actual knowledge, but distinguished from the rest of the creation by a faculty of gaining knowledge; and first unconsciously, and afterwards consciously and laboriously, to have commenced that long series of experience and observation which has accumulated in thousands of years to what we now see around us. Limited on all sides by conditions which they must have felt to be none of their own imposing, and finding everywhere forces working, over which they had no control, the fear which they would naturally entertain of these invisible and mighty agents, assumed, under the direction of an idea which we may perhaps call inborn and inherent in human nature, a more generous

character of reverence and awe. The laws of the outer world, as they discovered them, they regarded as the decrees, or as the immediate energies of personal beings; and as knowledge grew up among them, they looked upon it not as knowledge of nature, but of God, or the gods. All early paganism appears, on careful examination, to have arisen out of a consecration of the first rudiments of physical or speculative science. The twelve labours of Hercules are the labours of the sun, of which Hercules is an old name, through the twelve signs. Chronos, or *time*, being measured by the apparent motion of the heavens, is figured as their child; Time, the universal parent, devours its own offspring, yet is again itself in the high faith of a human soul, conscious of its power and its endurance, supposed to be baffled and dethroned by Zeus, or *life*; and so on through all the elaborate theogonies of Greece and Egypt. They are no more than real insight into real phenomena, allegorized as time went on, elaborated by fancy, or idealized by imagination, but never losing their original character.

Thus paganism, in its very nature, was expansive, self-developing, and, as Mr. Hume observed, tolerant; a new god was welcomed to the Pantheon as a new scientific discovery is welcomed by the Royal Society; and the various nations found no difficulty in interchanging their divinities—a new god either representing a new power not hitherto discovered, or one with which they were already familiar under a new name. With such a power of adaptation and enlargement, if there had been nothing more in it than this, such a system might have gone on accommodating itself to the change of times, and keeping pace with the growth of human character. Already in its later forms, as the unity of nature was more clearly observed, and the identity of it throughout the known world, the separate powers were subordinating themselves to a single supreme king; and, as the poets had originally personified the elemental forces, the thinkers were reversing the earlier process, and discovering the law under the person. Happily or unhappily, however, what they could do for themselves they could not do for the multitude. Phœbus and Aphrodite had been made too human to be allegorized. Humanized, and yet, we may say, only half humanized, retaining their purely physical nature, and without any proper moral attribute at all, these gods and goddesses remained, to the many, examples of sensuality made beautiful; and, as soon as right and wrong came to have a meaning, it was impossible to worship any more these idealized despisers of it. The human caprices and passions which served at first to deepen the illusion, justly revenged themselves. Paganism became a lie, and perished.

In the meantime, the Jews (and perhaps some other nations,

but the Jews chiefly and principally) had been moving forward along a road wholly different. Breaking early away from the gods of nature, they advanced along the line of their moral consciousness; and leaving the nations to study physics, philosophy, and art, they confined themselves to man and to human life. Their theology grew up round the knowledge of good and evil, and God, with them, was the supreme Lord of the world, who stood towards man in the relation of a ruler and a judge. Holding such a faith, to them the toleration of paganism was an impossibility; the laws of nature might be many, but the law of conduct was one; there was one law and one king; and the conditions under which He governed the world, as embodied in the Decalogue or other similar code, were looked upon as iron and inflexible certainties, unalterable revelations of the will of an unalterable Being. So far there was little in common between this process and the other; but it was identical with it in this one important feature, that moral knowledge, like physical, admitted of degrees; and the successive steps of it were only purchaseable by experience. The dispensation of the law, in the language of modern theology, was not the dispensation of grace, and the nature of good and evil disclosed itself slowly as men were able to comprehend it. Thus, no system of law or articles of belief were or could be complete and exhaustive for all time. Experience accumulates; new facts are observed, new forces display themselves, and all such formulæ must necessarily be from period to period broken up and moulded afresh. And yet the steps already gained are a treasure so sacred, so liable are they at all times to be attacked by those lower and baser elements in our nature which it is their business to hold in check, that the better part of mankind have at all times practically regarded their creed as a sacred total to which nothing may be added, and from which nothing may be taken away; the suggestion of a new idea is resented as an encroachment, punished as an insidious piece of treason, and resisted by the combined forces of all common practical understandings, which know too well the value of what they have, to risk the venture upon untried change. Periods of religious transition, therefore, when the advance has been a real one, always have been violent, and probably will always continue to be so. They to whom the precious gift of fresh light has been given are called upon to exhibit their credentials as teachers in suffering for it. They, and those who oppose them, have alike a sacred cause; and the fearful spectacle arises of earnest, vehement men, contending against each other as for their own souls, in fiery struggle. Persecutions come, and martyrdoms, and religious wars; and, at last, the old faith, like the phoenix, expires upon its altar, and the new rises out of the ashes.

Such, in briefest outline, has been the history of religions, natural and moral; the first, indeed, being in no proper sense a religion at all, as we understand religion; and only assuming the character of it in the minds of great men whose moral sense *had* raised them beyond their time and country, and who, feeling the necessity of a real creed, with an effort and with indifferent success, endeavoured to express, under the systems which they found, emotions which had no proper place there.

Of the transition periods which we have described as taking place under the religion which we call moral, the first known to us is marked at its opening by the appearance of the Book of Job, the first fierce collision of the new fact with the formula which will not stretch to cover it.

The earliest phenomenon likely to be observed connected with the moral government of the world is the general one, that on the whole, as things are constituted, good men prosper and are happy, bad men fail and are miserable. The cause of such a condition is no mystery, and lies very near the surface. As soon as men combine in society, they are forced to obey certain laws under which alone society is possible, and these laws, even in their rudest form, approach the laws of conscience. To a certain extent, every one is obliged to sacrifice his private inclinations; and those who refuse to do so are punished, or are crushed. If society were perfect, the imperfect tendency would carry itself out till the two sets of laws were identical; but perfection so far has been only in Utopia, and as far as we can judge by experience hitherto, they have approximated most nearly in the simplest and most rudimentary forms of life. Under the systems which we call patriarchal, the modern distinctions between sins and crimes had no existence. All gross sins were offences against society, as it then was constituted, and, wherever it was possible, were punished as being so; chicanery and those subtle advantages which the acute and unscrupulous can take over the simple, without open breach of enacted statutes, were only possible under the complications of more artificial polities; and the oppression or injury of man by man was open, violent, obvious, and therefore easily understood. Doubtless, therefore, in such a state of things, it would, on the whole, be true to experience, that, judging merely by outward prosperity or the reverse, good and bad men would be rewarded and punished as such in this actual world; so far, that is, as the administration of such rewards and punishments was left in the power of mankind. But theology could not content itself with general tendencies. Theological propositions then, as much as now, were held to be absolute, universal, admitting of no exceptions, and explaining every phenomenon. Superficial gene-

realizations were construed into immutable decrees; the God of this world was just and righteous, and temporal prosperity or wretchedness were dealt out by him immediately by his own will to his subjects, according to their behaviour. Thus the same disposition towards completeness which was the ruin of paganism, here, too, was found generating the same evils; the half truth rounding itself out with falsehoods. Not only the consequence of ill actions which followed through themselves, but the accidents, as we call them, of nature, earthquakes, storms, and pestilences, were the ministers of God's justice, and struck sinners only with discriminating accuracy. That the sun should shine alike on the evil and the good was a creed too high for the early divines, or that the victims of a fallen tower were no greater offenders than their neighbours. The conceptions of such men could not pass beyond the outward temporal consequence; and, if God's hand was not there it was nowhere. We might have expected that such a theory of things could not long resist the accumulated contradictions of experience; but the same experience shows also what a marvellous power is in us of thrusting aside phenomena which interfere with our cherished convictions; and when such convictions are consecrated into a creed which it is a sacred duty to believe, experience is but like water dropping upon a rock, which wears it away, indeed, at last, but only in thousands of years. This theory was and is the central idea of the Jewish polity, the obstinate toughness of which has been the perplexity of Gentiles and Christians from the first dawn of its existence; it lingers among ourselves in our Liturgy and in the popular belief; and in spite of the emphatic censure of Him after whose name we call ourselves, is still the instant interpreter for us of any unusual calamity, a potato blight, a famine, or an epidemic: such vitality is there in a moral faith, though now, at any rate, contradicted by the experience of all mankind, and at issue even with Christianity itself.

At what period in the world's history misgivings about it began to show themselves it is now impossible to say; it was at the close, probably, of the patriarchal period, when men who really *thought* must have found it palpably shaking under them. Indications of such misgivings are to be found in the Psalms, those especially passing under the name of Asaph; and all through Ecclesiastes there breathes a spirit of deepest and saddest scepticism. But Asaph thrusts his doubts aside, and forces himself back into his old position; and the scepticism of Ecclesiastes is confessedly that of a man who had gone wandering after enjoyment; searching after pleasures—pleasures of sense and pleasures of intellect—and who, at last, bears reluctant testimony that, by such methods, no pleasures can be found which will

endure; that he had squandered the power which might have been used for better things, and had only strength remaining to tell his own sad tale as a warning to mankind. There is nothing in Ecclesiastes like the misgivings of a noble nature. The writer's own personal happiness had been all for which he had cared; he had failed, as all men gifted as he was gifted are sure to fail, and the lights of heaven had been extinguished by the disappointment with which his own spirit was clouded.

Utterly different from these, both in character and in the lesson which it teaches, is the Book of Job. Of unknown date, as we said, and unknown authorship, the language impregnated with strange idioms and strange allusions, unjewish in form, and in fiercest hostility with Judaism, it hovers like a meteor over the old Hebrew literature, in it, but not of it, compelling the acknowledgment of itself by its own internal majesty, yet exerting no influence over the minds of the people, never alluded to, and scarcely ever quoted, till at last the light which it had heralded rose up full over the world in Christianity.

The conjectures which have been formed upon the date of it are so various, that they show of themselves on how slight a foundation the best of them must rest. The language is no guide, for although unquestionably of Hebrew origin, it bears no analogy to any of the other books in the Bible; while, of its external history, nothing is known at all, except that it was received into the canon at the time of the great synagogue. Ewald decides, with some confidence, that it belongs to the great prophetic period, and that the writer was a contemporary of Jeremiah. Ewald is a high authority in these matters, and this opinion is the one which we believe is now commonly received among biblical scholars. In the absence of proof, however, (and the reasons which he brings forward are really no more than conjectures) these opposite considerations may be of moment. It is only natural that at first thought we should ascribe the grandest poem in a literature to the time at which the poetry of the nation to which it belongs was generally at its best; but, on reflection, the time when the poetry of prophecy is the richest, is not likely to be favourable to compositions of another kind. The prophets wrote in an era of decrepitude, dissolution, sin, and shame, when the glory of Israel was falling round them into ruin, and their mission, glowing as they were with the ancient spirit, was to rebuke, to warn, to threaten, and to promise. Finding themselves too late to save, and only, like Cassandra, despised and disregarded, their voices rise up singing the swan song of a dying people, now falling away in the wild wailing of despondency over the shameful and desperate present, now swelling in triumphant hope that God will not leave them for ever, and in his own time will take his chosen to himself

again. But such a period is an ill-opportunity for searching into the broad problems of human destiny; the present is all-important and all-absorbing; and such a book as that of Job could have arisen only out of an isolation of mind, and life, and interest, which we cannot conceive of as possible.

The more it is studied, the more the conclusion forces itself upon us that, let the writer have lived when he would, in his struggle with the central falsehood of his own people's creed, he must have divorced himself from them outwardly, as well as inwardly; that he travelled away into the world, and lived long, perhaps all his matured life, in exile. Everything about the book speaks of a person who had broken free from the narrow littleness of "the peculiar people." The language, as we said, is full of strange words. The hero of the poem is of strange land and parentage, a Gentile certainly, not a Jew. The life, the manners, the customs, are of all varieties and places—Egypt, with its river and its pyramids, is there; the description of mining points to Phœnicia; the settled life in cities, the nomad Arabs, the wandering caravans, the heat of the tropics, and the ice of the north, all are foreign to Canaan, speaking of foreign things and foreign people. No mention, or hint of mention, is there throughout the poem, of Jewish traditions or Jewish certainties. We look to find the three friends vindicate themselves, as they so well might have done, by appeals to the fertile annals of Israel, to the Flood, to the cities of the plain, to the plagues of Egypt, or the thunders of Sinai. But of all this there is not a word; they are passed by as if they had no existence; and instead of them, when witnesses are required for the power of God, we have strange un-Hebrew stories of the eastern astro-nomic mythology, the old wars of the giants, the imprisoned Orion, the wounded dragon, "the sweet influences of the seven stars," and the glittering fragments of the sea-snake Rahab trailing across the northern sky. Again, God is not the God of Israel, but the father of mankind; we hear nothing of a chosen people, nothing of a special revelation, nothing of peculiar privileges; and in the court of heaven there is a Satan, not the prince of this world and the enemy of God, but the angel of judgment, the accusing spirit whose mission was to walk to and fro over the earth, and carry up to heaven an account of the sins of mankind. We cannot believe that thoughts of this kind arose out of Jerusalem in the days of Josiah. In this book, if anywhere, we have the record of some ἀνὴρ πολύτροπος who, like the old hero of Ithaca,

πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ὥστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω
πολλὰ δ' ὅγ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμόν
ἀρνύμενος ψυχὴν.....

but the scenes, the names, and the incidents, are all contrived as if to baffle curiosity, as if, in the very form of the poem, to teach us that it is no story of a single thing which happened once, but that it belongs to humanity itself, and is the drama of the trial of man, with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it.

No reader can have failed to have been struck with the simplicity of the opening. Still, calm, and most majestic, it tells us everything which is necessary to be known in the fewest possible words. The history of Job was probably a tradition in the east; his name, like that of Priam in Greece, the symbol of fallen greatness, and his misfortunes the problem of philosophers. In keeping with the current belief, he is described as a model of excellence, the most perfect and upright man upon the earth, "and the same was the greatest man in all the east." So far, greatness and goodness had gone hand in hand together, as the popular theory required. The details of his character are brought out in the progress of the poem. He was "the father of the oppressed, and of those who had none to help them." When he sat as a judge in the market-places, "righteousness clothed him" there, and "his justice was a robe and a diadem." He "broke the jaws of the wicked and plucked the spoil out of his teeth;" and, humble in the midst of his power, he "did not despise the cause of his manservant, or his maidservant, when they contended with him," knowing (and amidst those old people where the multitude of mankind were regarded as the born slaves of the powerful, to be carved into eunuchs or polluted into concubines at their master's pleasure, it was no easy matter to know it) knowing "that He who had made him had made them," and *one* "had fashioned them both in the womb." Above all, he was the friend of the poor, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him," and he "made the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Setting these characteristics of his daily life by the side of his unaffected piety, as it is described in the first chapter, we have a picture of the best man who could then be conceived; not a hard ascetic, living in haughty or cowardly isolation, but a warm figure of flesh and blood, a man full of all human loveliness, and to whom, that no room might be left for any possible Calvinistic falsehood, God himself bears the emphatic testimony, "that there was none like him upon the earth, a perfect and upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil." If such a person as this, therefore, could be made miserable, necessarily the current belief of the Jews was false to the root; and tradition furnished the fact that he had been visited by every worst calamity. How was it then to be accounted for? Out of a thousand possible

explanations, the poet introduces a single one. He admits us behind the veil which covers the ways of Providence, and we hear the accusing angel charging Job with an interested piety, and of being obedient because it was his policy. "Job does not serve God for nought," he says; "strip him of his splendour, and see if he will care for God then. Humble him into poverty and wretchedness, so only we shall know what is in his heart." The cause thus introduced is itself a rebuke to the belief which, with its "rewards and punishments," immediately fostered selfishness; and the poem opens with a double action, on one side to try the question whether it is possible for man to love God disinterestedly—the issue of which trial is not foreseen or even foretold, and we watch the progress of it with an anxious and fearful interest—on the other side, to bring out in contrast to the truth which we already know, the cruel falsehood of the popular faith, to show how, instead of leading men to mercy and affection, it hardens their heart, narrows their sympathies, and enhances the trials of the sufferer, by refinements which even Satan had not anticipated. The combination of evils, as blow falls on blow, suddenly, swiftly, and terribly, has all the appearance of a purposed visitation (as indeed it was;) if ever outward incidents might with justice be interpreted as the immediate action of Providence, those which fell on Job might be so interpreted. The world turns disdainfully from the fallen in the world's way; but far worse than this, his chosen friends, wise, good, pious men, as wisdom and piety were then, without one glimpse of the true cause of his sufferings, see in them a judgment upon his secret sins. He becomes to them an illustration, and even (such are the paralogisms of men of this description) a proof of their theory "that the prosperity of the wicked is but for a while;" and instead of the comfort and help which they might have brought him, and which in the end they were made to bring him, he is to them no more than a text for the enunciation of solemn falsehood. And even worse again, the sufferer himself had been educated in the same creed; he, too, had been taught to see the hand of God in the outward dispensation; and feeling from the bottom of his heart, that he, in his own case, was a sure contradiction of what he had learnt to believe, he himself finds his very faith in God shaken from its foundation. The worst evils which Satan had devised were distanced far by those which had been created by human folly.

The creed in which Job had believed was tried and found wanting, and, as it ever will be when the facts of experience come in contact with the inadequate formula, the true is found so mingled with the false, that they can hardly be disentangled, and are in danger of being swept away together.

A studied respect is shown, however, to this orthodoxy; even while it is arraigned for judgment. It may be doubtful whether the writer purposely intended it. He probably cared only to tell the real truth; to say for it the best which could be said, and to produce as its defenders the best and wisest men whom in his experience he had known to believe and defend it. At any rate, he represents the three friends, not as a weaker person would have represented them, as foolish, obstinate bigots, but as wise, humane, and almost great men, who, at the outset, at least, are animated only by the kindest feelings, and speak what they have to say with the most earnest conviction that it is true. Job is vehement, desperate, reckless. His language is the wild, natural outpouring of suffering. The friends, true to the eternal nature of man, are grave, solemn, and indignant, preaching their half truth, and mistaken only in supposing that it is the whole; speaking, as all such persons would speak, and still do speak, in defending what they consider sacred truth, against the assaults of folly and scepticism. How beautiful is their first introduction:—

“Now when Job’s three friends heard of all this evil which was come upon him, they came every one from his own place, Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off and knew him not, they lifted up their voices and wept, and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven. So they sate down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great.”

What a picture there! What majestic tenderness! His wife had scoffed at his faith, bidding him leave “God and die.” “His acquaintance had turned from him.” He “had called his servant, and he had given him no answer.” Even the children in their unconscious cruelty had gathered round and mocked him, as he lay among the ashes. But “his friends sprinkle dust towards heaven, and sit silently by him, and weep for him seven days and seven nights upon the ground.” That is, they were true hearted, truly loving, devout, religious men, and yet they with their religion, were to become the instruments of the most poignant sufferings, and the sharpest temptations, which he had to endure. So it was, and is, and will be,—of such materials is this human life of ours composed.

And now, remembering the double action of the drama, the actual trial of Job, the result of which is uncertain, and the delusion of these men which is, at the outset, certain, let us go rapidly through the dialogue. Satan’s share in the

temptation had already been overcome. Lying sick in the loathsome disease which had been sent upon him, his wife, in Satan's own words, had tempted Job, to say, "Farewell to God," think no more of God or goodness, since this was all which came of it; and Job had told her, that she spoke as one of the foolish women. He "had received good at the hand of the Lord, and should he not receive evil?" But now, when real love and real affection appear, his heart melts in him; he loses his forced self-composure, and bursts into a passionate regret that he had ever been born. In the agony of his sufferings, hope of better things had died away. He does not complain of injustice; as yet, and before his friends have stung and wounded him, he makes no questioning of Providence,—but why was life given to him at all, if only for this? And sick in mind and sick in body, but one wish remains to him, that death will come quickly and end all. It is a cry from the very depths of a single and simple heart. But for such simplicity and singleness his friends could not give him credit; possessed beforehand with their idea, they see in his misery only a fatal witness against him; such calamities could not have befallen a man, the justice of God would not have permitted it, unless they had been deserved. Job had sinned and he had suffered, and this wild passion was but repentance and rebellion.

Being as certain that they were right in this opinion as they were that God himself existed, that they should speak what they felt was only natural and necessary; and their language at the outset is all which would be dictated by the tenderest sympathy. Eliphaz opens, the oldest and most important of the three, in a soft, subdued, suggestive strain, contriving in every way to spare the feelings of the sufferer, to the extreme, to which his real love will allow him. All is general, impersonal, indirect, the rule of the world, the order of Providence. He does not accuse Job, but he describes his calamities, and leaves him to gather for himself the occasion which had produced them, and then passes off, as if further to soften the blow, to the mysterious vision in which the infirmity of mortal nature had been revealed to him, the universal weakness which involved both the certainty that Job had shared in it, and the excuse for him, if he would confess and humble himself: the blessed virtue of repentance follows, and the promise that all shall be well.

This is the note on which each of the friends strikes successively, in the first of the three divisions into which the dialogue divides itself, but each with increasing peremptoriness and confidence, as Job, so far from accepting their interpretation of what had befallen him, hurls it from him in anger and disdain. Let us observe (what the Calvinists make of it

they have given us no means of knowing,) he will hear as little of the charges against mankind, as of charges against himself. He will not listen to the "corruption of humanity," because in the consciousness of his own innocency, he knows that it is not corrupt: he knows it, and we know it, the divine sentence upon him having been already passed. He will not acknowledge his sin, he cannot repent, for he knows not of what to repent. If he could have reflected calmly, he might have foreseen what they would say. He knew all that as well as they: it was the old story which he had learnt, and could repeat, if necessary, as well as any one: and if it had been no more than a philosophical discussion, touching himself no more nearly than it touched his friends, he might have allowed for the tenacity of opinion in such matters, and listened to it and replied to it with equanimity. But as the proverb says, "it is ill-talking between a full man and a fasting:" and in him such equanimity would have been but Stoicism or the affectation of it, and unreal as the others' theories. Possessed with the certainty that he had not deserved what had befallen him, harassed with doubt, and worn out with pain and unkindness, he had assumed (and how natural that he should assume it), that those who loved him would not have been hasty to believe evil of him, that he had been safe in speaking to them as he really felt, and that he might look to them for something warmer and more sympathizing than such dreary cloquence. So when the revelation comes upon him of what was passing in them, he attributes it (and now he is unjust to them) to a falsehood of heart, and not to a blindness of understanding. Their sermons, so kindly intended, roll past him as a dismal mockery. They had been shocked (and how true again is this to nature) at his passionate cry for death. "Do ye reprove words?" he says, "and the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind?" It was but poor friendship and narrow wisdom. He had looked to them for pity, for comfort, and love. He had longed for it as the parched caravans in the desert for the water-streams, and "his brethren had dealt deceitfully with him," as the brooks, which in the cool winter roll in a full turbid stream; "what time it waxes warm they vanish, when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. The caravans of Tema looked for them, the companies of Sheba waited for them. They were confounded because they had hoped. They came thither and there was nothing." If for once these poor men could have trusted their hearts, if for once they could have believed that there might be "more things in heaven and earth" than were dreamt of in their philosophy—but this is the one thing which they could not do, which the theologian proper never has done or will do. And thus whatever of calm-

ness or endurance, Job alone, on his ash-heap, might have conquered for himself, is all scattered away; and as the strong gusts of passion sweep to and fro across his heart, he pours himself out in wild fitful music, so beautiful because so true, not answering them or their speeches, but now flinging them from him in scorn, now appealing to their mercy, or turning indignantly to God; now praying for death; now in perplexity doubting whether, in some mystic way which he cannot understand, he may not, perhaps after all, really have sinned, and praying to be shown it; and, then, staggering further into the darkness, and breaking out into upbraidings of the Power which has become so dreadful an enigma to him. "Thou inquirest after my iniquity, thou searchest after my sin, and thou knowest that I am not wicked. Why didst thou bring me forth out of the womb? Oh, that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me. Cease, let me alone. It is but a little while that I have to live. Let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go, whence I shall not return to the land of darkness and the shadow of death." In what other poem in the world is there pathos so deep as this? With experience so stern as his, it was not for Job to be calm, and self-possessed, and delicate in his words. He speaks not what he knows, but what he feels; and without fear the writer allows him to throw it out all genuine as it rises, not overmuch caring how nice ears might be offended, but contented to be true to the real emotion of a genuine human heart. So the poem runs on to the end of the first answer to Zophar.

But now with admirable fitness, as the contest goes forward, the relative position of the speakers begins to change. Hitherto Job only had been passionate; and his friends temperate and collected. Now, however, shocked at his obstinacy, and disappointed wholly in the result of their homilies, they stray still further from the truth in an endeavour to strengthen their position, and, as a natural consequence, visibly grow angry. To them Job's vehement and desperate speeches are damning evidence of the truth of their suspicion. Impiety is added to his first sin, and they begin to see in him a rebel against God. At first they had been contented to speak generally; and much which they had urged was partially true; now they step forward to a direct application, and formally and personally accuse himself. Here their ground is positively false; and with delicate art it is they who are now growing passionate, and wounded self-love begins to show behind their zeal for God; while in contrast to them, as there is less and less truth in what they say, Job grows more and more collected. For a time it had seemed doubtful how he would endure his trial. The light of his faith was

burning feebly and unsteadily; a little more and it seemed as if it might have utterly gone out; but at last the storm was lulling; as the charges are brought personally home to him, the confidence in his own real innocence rises against them. He had before known that he was innocent, now he feels the strength which lies in it, as if God were beginning to reveal Himself within him, to prepare the way for the after outward manifestation of Himself.

The friends, as before, repeat one another with but little difference; the sameness being of course intentional, as showing that they were not speaking for themselves, but as representatives of a prevailing opinion. Eliphaz, again, gives the note which the others follow. Hear this Calvinist of the old world. "Thy own mouth condemneth thee, and thine own lips testify against thee. What is man that he should be clean, and he that is born of a woman that he should be righteous? Behold, he putteth no trust in his saints. Yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight; how much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water." Strange, that after all these thousands of years, we should still persist in this degrading confession, as a thing which it is impious to deny, and impious to attempt to render otherwise, when scripture itself, in language so emphatic, declares that it is a lie. Job is innocent, perfect, righteous. God Himself bears witness to it. It is Job who is found at last to have spoken truth, and the friends to have sinned in denying it. And he holds fast by his innocency, and with a generous confidence puts away the misgivings which had begun to cling to him. Among his complainings he had exclaimed, that God was remembering upon him the sins of his youth—not denying them—knowing well, that he, like others, had gone astray before he had learnt to control himself, but feeling that at least in an earthly father it is unjust to visit the faults of childhood on the matured man; feeling that he had long, long shaken them off from him, and they did not even impair the probity of his after life. But now these doubts, too, pass away in the brave certainty that God is not less just than man. As the denunciations grow louder and darker, he appeals from his narrow judges to the Supreme Tribunal, calls on God to hear him and to try his cause—and, then, in the strength of this appeal his eye grows clearer still. His sickness is mortal: he has no hope in life, and death is near, but the intense feeling that justice must and will be done, holds to him closer and closer. God may appear on earth for him; or if that be too bold a hope, and death finds him as he is—what is death, then? God will clear his memory in the place where he lived; his injuries will be righted over his grave; while for himself, like a sudden gleam of sunlight between

clouds, a clear, bright hope beams up, that he too, then, in another life, if not in this, when his skin is wasted off his bones, and the worms have done their work on the prison of his spirit, he, too, at last may then see God; may see Him, and have his pleadings heard.

With such a hope, or even the shadow of one, he turns back to the world again to look at it. Facts against which he had before closed his eyes he allows and confronts, and he sees that his own little experience is but the reflection of a law. You tell me, he seems to say, that the good are rewarded, and that the wicked are punished, that God is just, and that this is always so. Perhaps it is, or will be, but not in the way which you imagine. You have known me, you have known what my life has been; you see what I am, and it is no difficulty to you. You prefer believing that I, whom you call your friend, am a deceiver or a pretender, to admitting the possibility of the falsehood of your hypothesis. You will not listen to my assurance, and you are angry with me because I will not lie against my own soul, and acknowledge sins which I have not committed. You appeal to the course of the world in proof of your faith, and challenge me to answer you. Well, then, I accept your challenge. The world is not what you say. You have told me what you have seen of it. I will tell you what I have seen.

"Even while I remember I am afraid, and trembling taketh hold upon my flesh. Wherefore do the wicked become old, yea, and are mighty in power. Their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them. Their bull gendereth and faileth not; their cow calveth and casteth not her calf. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down into the grave. Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we pray to him?"

Will you quote the weary proverb? Will you say that "God layeth up his iniquity for his children?" (our translators have wholly lost the sense of this passage, and endeavour to make Job acknowledge what he is steadfastly denying.) Well, and what then? What will he care? "Will his own eye see his own fall? Will he drink the wrath of the Almighty? What are the fortunes of his house to him if the number of his own months is fulfilled?" One man is good and another wicked, one is happy and another is miserable. In the great indifference of nature they share alike in the common lot. "They lie down alike in the dust, and the worms cover them." Ewald, and

many other critics, suppose that Job was hurried away by his feelings to say all this; and that in his calmer moments he must have felt that it was untrue. It is a point on which we must decline accepting even Ewald's high authority. Even then in those old times it was beginning to be terribly true. Even then the current theory was obliged to bend to large exceptions; and what Job saw as exceptions we see round us everywhere. It was true then, it is infinitely more true now, that what is called virtue in the common sense of the word, still more that nobleness, godliness, or heroism of character in any form whatsoever, have nothing to do with this or that man's prosperity, or even happiness. The thoroughly vicious man is no doubt wretched enough; but the worldly, prudent, self-restraining man, with his five senses, which he understands how to gratify with tempered indulgence, with a conscience satisfied with the hack routine of what is called respectability, such a man feels no wretchedness; no inward uneasiness disturbs him, no desires which he cannot gratify; and this though he be the basest and most contemptible slave of his own selfishness. Providence will not interfere to punish him. Let him obey the laws under which prosperity is obtainable, and he will obtain it; let him never fear. He will obtain it, be he base or noble. Nature is indifferent; the famine, and the earthquake, and the blight, or the accident, will not discriminate to strike him. He may insure himself against those in these days of ours: with the money perhaps which a better man would have given away, and he will have his reward. He need not doubt it.

And again, it is not true, as optimists would persuade us, that such prosperity brings no real pleasure. A man with no high aspirations who thrives and makes money, and envelops himself in comforts, is as happy as such a nature can be. If unbroken satisfaction be the most blessed state for a man (and this certainly is the practical notion of happiness) he is the happiest of men. Nor are those idle phrases any truer, that the good man's goodness is a never-ceasing sunshine; that virtue is its own reward. &c. &c. If men truly virtuous care to be rewarded for it, their virtue is but a poor investment of their moral capital. Was Job so happy then on that ash-heap of his, the mark of the world's scorn, and the butt for the spiritual archery of the theologian, alone in his forlorn nakedness, like some old dreary stump which the lightning has scathed, rotting away in the wind and the rain? Happy! if happiness be indeed what we men are sent into this world to seek for, those hitherto thought the noblest among us were the pitifullest and wretchedest. Surely it was no error in Job. It was that real insight which once was given to all the

world in Christianity; however we have forgotten it now. He was learning to see that it was not in the possession of enjoyment, no, nor of happiness itself, that the difference lies between the good and the bad. True, it might be that God sometimes, even generally, gives such happiness in, gives it as what Aristotle calls an ἐπιγιγνώμενον τέλος, but it is no part of the terms on which He admits us to His service, still less is it the end which we may propose to ourselves on entering His service. Happiness He gives to whom He will, or leaves to the angel of nature to distribute among those who fulfil the laws upon which it depends. But to serve God and to love Him is higher and better than happiness, though it be with wounded feet, and bleeding brow, and hearts loaded with sorrow. Into this high faith Job is rising, treading his temptations under his feet, and finding in them a ladder on which his spirit rises. Thus he is passing further and ever further from his friends, soaring where their imaginations cannot follow him. To them he is a blasphemer whom they gaze at with awe and terror. They had charged him with sinning, on the strength of their hypothesis, and he has answered with a deliberate denial of it. Losing now all mastery over themselves, they pour out a torrent of mere extravagant invective and baseless falsehoods, which in the calmer outset they would have blushed to think of. They *know* no evil of Job, but they do not hesitate now to convert conjecture into certainty, and specify in detail the particular crimes which he must have committed. He *ought* to have committed them, and so he had; the old argument then as now.—“Is not thy wickedness great?” says Eliphaz. “Thou hast taken a pledge from thy brother for nought, and stripped the naked of their clothing; thou hast not given water to the weary, and thou hast withholden bread from the hungry;” and so on through a series of mere distracted lies. But the time was past when words like these could make Job angry. Bildad follows them up with an attempt to frighten him by a picture of the power of that God whom he was blaspheming; but Job cuts short his harangue, and ends it for him in a spirit of loftiness which Bildad could not have approached; and then proudly and calmly rebukes them all, no longer in scorn and irony, but in high tranquil self-possession. “God forbid that I should justify you,” he says; “till I die I will not remove my integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go. My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live.”

So far all has been clear, each party, with increasing confidence, having insisted on their own position, and denounced their adversaries. A difficulty now rises, which, at first sight, appears insurmountable. As the chapters are at present printed,

the entire of the twenty-seventh is assigned to Job, and the verses from the eleventh to the twenty-third are in direct contradiction to all which he has maintained before, are, in fact, a concession of having been wrong from the beginning. Ewald, who, as we said above, himself refuses to allow the truth of Job's last and highest position, supposes that he is here receding from it, and confessing what an over precipitate passion had betrayed him into denying. For many reasons, principally because we are satisfied that Job said then no more than the real fact, we cannot think Ewald right; and the concessions are too large and too inconsistent, to be reconciled even with his own general theory of the poem. Another solution of the difficulty is very simple, although, it is to be admitted, that it rather cuts the knot than unties it. Eliphaz and Bildad have each spoken a third time; the symmetry of the general form requires that now Zophar should speak; and the suggestion, we believe, was first made by Dr. Kennicott, that he did speak, and that the verses in question belong to him. Any one who is accustomed to MSS. will understand easily how such a mistake,—if it be one,—might have arisen. Even in Shakespeare, the speeches in the early editions are, in many instances, wrongly divided, and assigned to the wrong persons. It might have arisen from inadvertence; it might have arisen from the foolishness of some Jewish transcriber, who resolved, at all costs, to drag the book into harmony with Judaism, and make Job unsay his heresy. This view has the merit of fully clearing up the obscurity; another, however, has been suggested by Eichorn, who originally followed Kennicott, but discovered, as he supposed, a less violent hypothesis, which was equally satisfactory. He imagines the verses to be a summary by Job of his adversaries' opinions, as if he said—"Listen now; you know what the facts are as well as I, and yet you maintain this;" and then passed on with his indirect reply to it. It is possible that Eichorn may be right—at any rate, either he is right, or else Dr. Kennicott is. Certainly, Ewald is not. Taken as an account of Job's own conviction, the passage contradicts the burden of the whole poem. Passing it by, therefore, and going to what immediately follows, we arrive at what, in a human sense, is the final climax—Job's victory and triumph. He had appealed to God, and God had not appeared; he had doubted and fought against his doubts, and, at last, had crushed them down. He, too, had been taught to look for God in outward judgments; and when his own experience had shown him his mistake, he knew not where to turn. He had been leaning on a bruised reed, and it had run into his hand, and pierced him. But as soon as in the speeches of his friends he saw it all laid down in its weakness and its false conclusions—when

he saw the defenders of it wandering further and further from what he knew to be true, growing every moment, as if from a consciousness of the unsoundness of their standing ground, more violent, obstinate, and unreasonable, the scales fell more and more from his eyes—he had seen the fact that the wicked might prosper, and in learning to depend upon his innocency he had felt that the good man's support was there, if it was anywhere; and at last, with all his heart, was reconciled to it. The mystery of the outer world becomes deeper to him, but he does not any more try to understand it. The wisdom which can compass that, he knows, is not in man; though man search for it deeper and harder than the miner searches for the hidden treasures of the earth; and the wisdom which alone is possible to him, is resignation to God.

“Where, he cries, shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding. Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth said, it is not with me; and the sea said, it is not in me. It is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.* God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof [He, not man, understands the mysteries of the world which He has made]. And unto man He said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding.”

Here, therefore, it might seem as if all was over. There is no clearer or purer faith possible for man; and Job had achieved it. His evil had turned to good; and sorrow had severed for him the last links which bound him to lower things. He had felt that he could do without happiness, that it was no longer essential, and that he could live on, and still love God, and cling to Him. But he is not described as of preternatural, or at all Titanic nature, but as very man, full of all human tenderness and susceptibility. His old life was still beautiful to him. He does not hate it, because he can renounce it; and now that the struggle is over, the battle fought and won, and his heart has flowed over in that magnificent song of victory, the note once more changes: he turns back to earth, to linger over those old departed days, with which the present is so hard a contrast; and his parable dies away in a strain of plaintive, but resigned melancholy. Once more he throws himself on God, no longer in passionate expostulation, but in pleading humility.† And

* An allusion, perhaps, to the old bird auguries. The birds, as the inhabitants of the air, were supposed to be the messengers between heaven and earth.

† The speech of Elihu, which lies between Job's last words and God's appearance, is now decisively pronounced by Hebrew scholars not to be genuine. The most superficial reader will have been perplexed by the introduction of a speaker to whom no allusion is made, either in the prologue or the epilogue;

then comes (perhaps, as Ewald says, it *could not* have come before) the answer out of the whirlwind. Job had called on Him, had prayed that He might appear, that he might plead his cause with Him; and now He comes, and what will Job do? He comes not as the healing spirit in the heart of man; but, as Job had at first demanded, the outward God, the Almighty Creator of the universe, and clad in the terrors and the glory of it. Job, in his first precipitancy, had desired to reason with Him on His government. The poet, in gleaming lines, describes for an answer the universe as it then was known, its majesty and awfulness of it; and then asks whether it is this which he requires to have explained to him, or which he believes himself capable of conducting. The revelation acts on Job as the sign of the Macrocosmos on the modern Faust; but when he sinks crushed, it is not as the rebellious upstart, struck down in his pride—for he had himself, partially at least, subdued his own presumption—but as a humble penitent, struggling to overcome his weakness. He abhors himself for his murmurs, and “repents in dust and ashes.” It will have occurred to every one that the secret which has been revealed to the reader is not, after all, revealed to Job or to his friends, and for this plain reason: the burden of the drama is not that we do, but that we do not, and cannot, know the mystery of the government of the world, that it is not for man to seek it, or for God to reveal it. We, the readers, are, in this one instance, admitted behind the scenes—for once, in this single case—because it was necessary to meet the received theory by a positive fact, which contradicted it. But the explanation of one case need not be the explanation of another; our business is to do what we know to be right, and ask no questions. The veil which in the Ægyptian legend lay before the face of Isis, is not to be raised; and we are not to seek to penetrate secrets which are not ours.

While, however, God does not condescend to justify His ways

by a long dissertation, which adds nothing to the progress of the argument; proceeding evidently on the false hypothesis of the three friends, and betraying not the faintest conception of the real cause of Job's sufferings. And the suspicions which such an anomaly would naturally suggest are now made certainties, by a fuller knowledge of the language, and the detection of a different hand. The interpolator has unconsciously confessed the feeling which allowed him to take so great a liberty. He, too, possessed with the old Jew theory, was unable to accept in its fulness so great a contradiction to it; and, missing the spirit of the poem, he believed that God's honour could still be vindicated in the old way. “His wrath was kindled” against the friends, because they could not answer Job; and against Job because he would not be answered; and conceiving himself “full of matter,” and “ready to burst like new bottles,” he could not contain himself, and delivered into the text a sermon on the *Theodice*, such, we suppose, as formed the current doctrine of the time in which he lived.

to man, He gives judgment on the past controversy. The self-constituted pleaders for Him, the acceptors of His person, were all wrong; and Job, the passionate, vehement, scornful, misbelieving Job, he had spoken the truth; he at least had spoken facts, and they had been defending a transient theory as an everlasting truth.

“And it was so, that after the Lord had spoken these words to Job, the Lord said to Eliphaz the Temanite, my wrath is kindled against thee and against thy two friends; for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job; and offer for yourselves a burnt-offering. And my servant Job shall pray for you, and him will I accept. Lest I deal with you after your folly, for that ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job.”

One act of justice remains. Knowing as we do, the cause of Job's sufferings, and that as soon as his trial was over, it was no longer operative, our sense of fitness could not be satisfied unless he were indemnified outwardly for his outward sufferings. Satan is defeated, and his integrity proved; and there is no reason why the general law should be interfered with, which makes good men happy; or why obvious calamities, obviously undeserved, should remain any more unremoved. Perhaps, too, a deeper lesson still lies below his restoration—something perhaps of this kind. Prosperity, enjoyment, happiness, comfort, peace, whatever be the name by which we designate that state in which life is to our own selves pleasant and delightful, as long as they are sought or prized as things essential, so far have a tendency to disennoble our nature, and are a sign that we are still in servitude and selfishness. Only when they lie outside us, as ornaments merely to be worn or laid aside as God pleases, only then may such things be possessed with impunity. Job's heart in early times had clung to them more than he knew, but now he was purged clean, and they were restored because he had ceased to need them.

Such in outline is this wonderful poem. With the material of which it is woven we have not here been concerned, although it is so rich and pregnant, that we might with little difficulty construct out of it a complete picture of the world as then it was: its life, knowledge, arts, habits, superstitions, hopes, and fears. The subject is the problem of all mankind, and the composition embraces no less wide a range. But what we are here most interested upon, is the epoch which it marks in the progress of mankind, as the first recorded struggle of a new experience with an established orthodox belief. True, for hundreds of years, perhaps for a thousand, the superstition against which it was directed

continued; when Christ came it was still in its vitality. Nay, as we saw, it is alive, in a sort of mock life, among us at this very day. But even those who retained their imperfect belief had received into their canon a book which treated it with contumely and scorn, so irresistible was the lofty majesty of its truth.

In days like these, when we hear so much of progress, it is worth while to ask ourselves, what advances we have made further in the same direction? and once more, at the risk of some repetition, let us look at the position in which this book leaves us. It had been assumed, that man if he lived a just and upright life, had a right to expect to be happy. Happiness, "his being's end and aim," was his legitimate and covenanted reward. If God therefore was just, such a man would be happy; and inasmuch as God was just, the man who was not happy had not deserved to be. There is no flaw in this argument; and if it is unsound, the fallacy can only lie in the supposed right to happiness. It is idle to talk of inward consolations. Job felt them, but they were not everything. They did not relieve the anguish of his wounds; they did not make the loss of his children, or his friends' unkindness, any the less painful to him.

The poet, indeed, restores him in the book; but in life it need not have been so. He might have died upon his ash-heap as thousands of good men have died, and will die again in misery. Happiness, therefore, is *not* what we are to look for. Our place is to be true to the best which we know, to seek that and do that; and if by "virtue its own reward" be meant that the good man cares only to continue good, desiring nothing more; then it is true and noble. But if virtue be valued, because it is politic, because in pursuit of it will be found most enjoyment and fewest sufferings, then it is not noble any more, and it is turning the truth of God into a lie. Let us do right, and whether happiness come or unhappiness is no very mighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. On such a theory alone is the government of this world intelligibly just. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we *are*, and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good, and steady scorn of evil. The government of the world is a problem while the desire of selfish enjoyment survives, and when justice is not done according to such standard (which will not be till the day after doomsday, and not then) self-loving men will still ask, why? and find no answer. Only to those who have the heart to say, we can do without that, it is not what we ask or desire, is there no secret. Man will have what

he deserves, and will find what is really best for him, exactly as he honestly seeks for it. . Happiness may fly away, pleasure pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind, and fame turn to infamy; but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected.

Most of us, at one time or other of our lives, have known something of love—of that only pure love in which no *self* is left remaining. We have loved as children, we have loved as lovers; some of us have learnt to love a cause, a faith, a country; and what love would that be which existed only with a prudent view to after-interests. Surely, there is a love which exults in the power of self-abandonment, and can glory in the privilege of suffering for what is good. *Que mon nom soit flétri, pourvu que la France soit libre*, said Danton; and those wild patriots who had trampled into scorn the faith in an immortal life in which they would be rewarded for what they were suffering, went to their graves as beds, for the dream of a people's liberty. Shall we, who would be thought reasonable men, love the living God with less heart than these poor men loved their phantom? Justice is done; the balance is not deranged. It only seems deranged, as long as we have not learnt to serve without looking to be paid for it.

Such is the theory of life which is to be found in the Book of Job; a faith which has flashed up in all times and all lands, wherever noble men were to be found, and which passed in Christianity into the acknowledged creed of half the world. The cross was the new symbol, the divine sufferer the great example, and mankind answered to the call, because the appeal was not to what was poor and selfish in them, but to whatever of best and bravest was in their nature. The law of reward and punishment was superseded by the law of love. Thou shalt love God and thou shalt love man; and that was not love—men knew it once—which was bought by the prospect of reward. Times are changed with us now. Thou shalt love God and thou shalt love man, in the hands of a poor Paley, are found to mean no more than, Thou shalt love thyself after an enlightened manner. And the same base tone has saturated not only our common feelings, but our Christian theologies and our Antichristian philosophies. A prudent regard to our future interests, an abstinence from present unlawful pleasures, because they will entail the loss of greater pleasure by-and-by, or perhaps be paid for with pain, this is called virtue now; and the belief that such beings as men, can be influenced by any feelings nobler or better, is smiled at as the dream of enthusiasts whose hearts have outrun their understandings. Indeed, he were but a poor lover whose devotion to his mistress lay resting on the feeling that a marriage

with her would conduce to his own after comforts. That were a poor patriot who served his country for the hire which his country would give to him. And we should think but poorly of a son who thus addressed his earthly father: "Father, on whom my fortunes depend, teach me to do what pleases thee, that I, obeying thee in all things, may obtain those good things which thou hast promised to give to thy obedient children." If any of us who have lived in so poor a faith venture, by-and-by, to put in our claims, Satan will be likely to say of us (with better reason than he did of Job) "Did they serve God for nought, then? Take their reward from them, and they will curse Him to His face." If Christianity had never borne itself more nobly than this, do we suppose that those fierce Norsemen who had learnt, in the fiery war-songs of the Edda, of what stuff the hearts of heroes are composed, would have fashioned their sword-hilts into crosses, and themselves into a crusading chivalry? Let us not dishonour our great fathers with the dream of it. The Christians, like the stoics and the epicureans, would have lived their little day among the ignoble sects of an effete civilization, and would have passed off and been heard of no more. It was in another spirit that those first preachers of righteousness went out upon their warfare with evil. They preached, not enlightened prudence, but purity, justice, goodness; holding out no promises in this world except of suffering as their great master had suffered, and rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake. And that crown of glory which they did believe to await them in a life beyond the grave, was no enjoyment of what they had surrendered in life, was not enjoyment at all in any sense which human thought or language can attach to the words; as little like it as the crown of love is like it, which the true lover looks for when at last he obtains his mistress. It was to be with Christ—to lose themselves in Him.

How all this nobleness ebbed away, and Christianity became what we know it, we are partially beginning to see. The living spirit organized for itself a body of perishable flesh: not only the real gains of real experience, but mere conjectural hypotheses current at the day for the solution of unexplained phenomena, became formulæ and articles of faith; again, as before, the living and the dead were bound together, and the seeds of decay were already planted on the birth of a constructed polity. But there was another cause allied to this, and yet different from it, which, though a law of human nature itself, seems now-a-days altogether forgotten. In the rapid and steady advance of our knowledge of material things, we are apt to believe that all our knowledge follows the same law, that it is merely generalized

experience, that experience accumulates daily, and, therefore, that "progress of the species," *in all senses*, is an obvious and necessary fact. There is something which is true in this view mixed with a great deal which is false. Material knowledge, the physical and mechanical sciences, make their way from step to step, from experiment to experiment, and each advance is secured and made good, and cannot again be lost; one generation takes up the general sum of experience where the last laid it down, adds to it what it has the opportunity of adding, and leaves it with interest to the next. The successive positions, as they are gained, require nothing for the apprehension of them but an understanding ordinarily cultivated. Prejudices have to be encountered, but prejudices of opinion merely, not prejudices of conscience or prejudices of self-love, like those which beset our progress in the science of morality. Here we enter upon conditions wholly different, conditions in which age differs from age, man differs from man, and even from himself, at different moments. We all have experienced times when, as we say, we should not know ourselves; some, when we fall below our average level; some, when we are lifted above it, and put on, as it were, a higher nature. At such intervals as these last, (unfortunately, with most of us, of rare occurrence,) many things become clear to us, which before were hard sayings; propositions become alive which, usually, are but dry words. Our hearts seem purer, our motives loftier; our purposes, what we are proud to acknowledge to ourselves. And, as man is unequal to himself, so is man to his neighbour, and period to period. The entire method of action, the theories of human life which in one era prevail universally, to the next are unpractical and insane, as those of this next would have seemed mere baseness to the first, if the first could have anticipated them. One, we may suppose, holds some "greatest nobleness principle," the other some "greatest happiness principle;" and then their very systems of axioms will contradict one another; their general conceptions and their detailed interpretations, their rules, judgments, opinions, practices, will be in perpetual and endless contradiction. Our minds take shape from our hearts, and the facts of moral experience do not teach their own meaning, but submit to many readings, according to the power of eye which we bring with us.

The want of a clear perception of so important a feature about us, leads to many singular contradictions. A believer in popular Protestantism, who is also a believer in progress, ought, if he were consistent, to regard mankind as growing every day in a more and more advantageous position with respect to

the trials of life; and yet if he were asked whether it is easier for him to "save his soul" in the nineteenth century than it would have been in the first or second, or whether the said soul is necessarily better worth saving, he would be perplexed for an answer. There is hardly one of us who, in childhood, has not felt like the Jews to whom Christ spoke, that if he had "lived in the days of the fathers," if he had had their advantages, he would have found duty a much easier matter; and some of us in mature life have felt that, in old Athens, or old republican Rome, in the first ages of Christianity, in the Crusades or at the Reformation, there was a contagious atmosphere of general nobleness, in which we should have been less troubled with the little feelings which cling about us now. At any rate, it is at these rare epochs only that real additions are made to our moral knowledge. At such times, new truths are, indeed, sent down among us, and, for periods longer or shorter, may be seen to exercise an ennobling influence on mankind. Perhaps what is gained on these occasions is never entirely lost. The historical monuments of their effects are at least indestructible; and, when the spirit which gave them birth re-appears, their dormant energy awakens again.

But it seems from our present experience of what, in some at least of its modern forms, Christianity has been capable of becoming, that there is no doctrine in itself so pure, but what the poorer nature which is in us can disarm and distort it, and adapt it to its own littleness. The once living spirit dries up into formulæ, and formulæ whether of mass-sacrifice or vicarious righteousness, or "reward and punishment," are contrived ever so as to escape making over high demands on men. Some aim at dispensing with obedience altogether, and those which insist on obedience rest the obligations of it on the poorest of motives. So things go on till there is no life left at all; till, from all higher aspirations we are lowered down to the love of self after an enlightened manner; and then nothing remains but to fight the battle over again. The once beneficial truth has become, as in Job's case, a cruel and mischievous deception, and the whole question of life and its obligations must again be opened.

It is now some three centuries since the last of such reopenings. If we ask ourselves how much during this time has been actually added to the sum of our knowledge in these matters, what—in all the thousands upon thousands of sermons and theologies, and philosophies with which Europe has been deluged—has been gained for mankind beyond what we have found in this very book of Job for instance; how far all this has advanced us in

the "progress of humanity," it were hard, or rather it is easy to answer. How far we have fallen below, let Paley and the rest bear witness; but what moral question can be asked which admits now of a nobler solution than was offered two, perhaps three thousand years ago? The world has not been standing still, experience of man and life has increased, questions have multiplied on questions, while the answers of the established teachers to them have been growing every day more and more incredible. What other answers have there been? Of all the countless books which have appeared, there has been only one of enduring importance, in which an attempt is made to carry on the solution of the great problem. Job is given over into Satan's hand to be tempted; and though he shakes he does not fall. Taking the temptation of Job for his model, Goethe has similarly exposed his Faust to trial, and with him the tempter succeeds. His hero falls from sin to sin, from crime to crime; he becomes a seducer, a murderer, a betrayer, following recklessly his evil angel wherever he chooses to lead him; and yet, with all this, he never wholly forfeits our sympathy. In spite of his weakness his heart is still true to his higher nature; sick and restless, even in the delirium of enjoyment, he always longs for something better, and he never can be brought to say of evil that it is good. And, therefore, after all, the devil is balked of his prey; in virtue of this one fact, that the evil in which he steeped himself remained to the last hateful to him, Faust is saved by the angels. . . . And this indeed, though Goethe has scarcely dealt with it satisfactorily, is a vast subject. It will be eagerly answered for the established belief, that such cases are its especial province. All men are sinners, and it possesses the blessed remedy for sin. But, among the countless numbers of those characters so strangely mixed among us, in which the dark and the bright fibres cross like a meshwork; characters at one moment capable of acts of heroic nobleness, at another, hurried by temptation into actions which even common men may deplore, how many are there who have never availed themselves of the conditions of reconciliation as orthodoxy proffers them, and of such men what is to be said? It was said once of a sinner that to her "much was forgiven for she loved much." But this is language which theology has as little appropriated as the Jews could appropriate the language of Job. It cannot recognise the nobleness of the human heart. It has no balance in which to weigh the good against the evil; and when a great Burns, or a Mirabeau comes before it, it can but tremblingly count up the offences committed, and then, looking to the end, and finding its own terms not to have been complied

with, it faintly mutters its anathema. Sin only it can apprehend and judge; and for the poor acts of struggling heroism, "Forasmuch as they were not done, &c., &c., it doubts not but they have the nature of sin."*

Something of the difficulty has been met by Goethe, but it cannot be said that he has resolved it; or at least that he has furnished others with a solution which may guide their judgment. In the writer of the Book of Job there is an awful moral earnestness before which we bend as in the presence of a superior being. The orthodoxy against which he contended is not set aside or denied; he sees what truth is in it; only he sees more than it, and over it, and through it. But in Goethe, who needed it more, inasmuch as his problem was more delicate and difficult, the moral earnestness is not awful, is not even high. We cannot feel that in dealing with sin he entertains any great horror of it; he looks on it as a mistake, as undesirable, but scarcely as more. Goethe's great powers are of another kind; and this particular question, though in appearance the primary subject of the poem, is really only secondary. In substance Faust is more like Ecclesiastes than it is like Job, and describes rather the restlessness of a largely-gifted nature which, missing the guidance of the heart, plays experiments with life, trying knowledge, pleasure, dissipation, one after another, and hating them all; and then hating life itself as a weary, stale, flat, unprofitable mockery. The temper exhibited here will probably be perennial in the world. But the remedy for it will scarcely be more clear under other circumstances than it is at present, and lies in the disposition of the heart, and not in any propositions which can be addressed to the understanding. For that other question how rightly to estimate a human being; what constitutes a real vitiation of character, and how to distinguish, without either denying the good or making light of the evil; how to be just to the popular theories, and yet not to blind ourselves to their shallowness and injustice—that is a problem for us, for the solution of which we are at present left to our ordinary instinct, without any recognised guidance whatsoever.

Nor is this the only problem which is in the same situation. There can scarcely be a more startling contrast between fact and theory, than the conditions under which practically positions of power and influence are distributed among us, the theory of human worth which the necessities of life oblige us to act upon and the theory which we believe that we believe. As we look round among our leading men, our statesmen, our legislators,

* See the Thirteenth Article.

the judges on our bench, the commanders of our armies, the men to whom this English nation commits the conduct of its best interests, profane and sacred, what do we see to be the principles which guide our selection? How entirely do they lie beside and beyond the negative tests? and how little respect do we pay to the breach of this or that commandment in comparison with ability? So wholly impossible is it to apply the received opinions on such matters to practice, to treat men known to be guilty of what theology calls deadly sins, as really guilty of them, that it would almost seem we had fallen into a moral anarchy; that ability *alone* is what we regard, without any reference at all, except in glaring and outrageous cases, to moral disqualifications. It is invidious to mention names of living men; it is worse than invidious to drag out of their graves men who have gone down into them with honour, to make a point for an argument. But we know, all of us, that among the best servants of our country, there have been, and there are many, whose lives will not stand scrutiny by the negative tests, and who do not appear very greatly to repent, or to have repented of their sins according to recognised methods.

Once more, among our daily or weekly confessions, which we are supposed to repeat as if we were all of us at all times in precisely the same moral condition, we are made to say that we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and to have left undone those things which we ought to have done. An earthly father to whom his children were day after day to make this acknowledgment would be apt to inquire whether they were trying to do better, whether at any rate they were endeavouring to learn; and if he were told that although they had made some faint attempts to understand the negative part of their duty, yet that of the positive part, of those things which they ought to do, they had no notions at all, and had no idea that they were under obligation to form any, he would come to rather strange conclusions about them. But really and truly, what practical notions of duty have we beyond that of abstaining from committing sins? Not to commit sin, we suppose, covers but a small part of what is expected of us. Through the entire tissue of our employments there runs a good and a bad. Bishop Butler tells us, for instance, that even of our time there is a portion which is ours, and a portion which is our neighbour's; and if we spend more of it on personal interests than our own share, we are stealing. This sounds strange doctrine; we prefer rather making vague acknowledgments, and shrink from pursuing them into detail. We say vaguely, that in all we do we should consecrate ourselves to God, and our own lips con-

demn us; for which among us cares to learn the way to do it. The devoir of a knight was understood in the courts of chivalry, the lives of heroic men, pagan and Christian, were once held up before the world as patterns of detailed imitation; and now, when such ideals are wanted more than ever, Protestantism unhappily stands with a drawn sword on the threshold of the inquiry, and tells us that it is impious. The law has been fulfilled for us in condescension to our inherent worthlessness, and our business is to appropriate another's righteousness, and not, like Titans, to be scaling Heaven by profane efforts of our own. Protestants, we know very well, will cry out in tones loud enough at such a representation of their doctrines. But we know also, that unless men may feel a cheerful conviction that they can do right if they try, that they can purify themselves, can live noble and worthy lives, unless this is set before them as *the* thing which they are to do, and *can* succeed in doing, they will not waste their energies on what they know beforehand will end in failure, and if they may not live for God they will live for themselves.

And all this while the whole complex frame of society is a meshwork of duty woven of living fibre, and the condition of its remaining sound is, that every thread of it of its own free energy shall do what it ought. The penalties of duties neglected are to the full as terrible as those of sins committed; more terrible perhaps, because more palpable and sure. A lord of the land, or an employer of labour, supposes that he has no duty except to keep what he calls the commandments in his own person, to go to church, and to do what he will with his own,—and Irish famines follow, and trade strikes, and chartisms, and Paris revolutions. We look for a remedy in impossible legislative enactments, and there is but one remedy which will avail, that the thing which we call public opinion learn something of the meaning of human nobleness, and demand some approximation to it. As things are we have no idea of what a human being ought to be. After the first rudimental conditions we pass at once into meaningless generalities; and with no knowledge to guide our judgment, we allow it to be guided by meaner principles; we respect money, we respect rank, we respect ability—character is as if it had no existence.

In the midst of this loud talk of progress, therefore, in which so many of us at present are agreed to believe, which is, indeed, the common meeting point of all the thousand sects into which we are split, it is with saddened feelings that we see so little of it in so large a matter. Progress there is in knowledge; and science has enabled the number of human beings capable of existing upon this earth to be indefinitely multiplied. But this

is but a small triumph if the ratio of the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish, the full and the hungry remains unaffected. And we cheat ourselves with words when we conclude out of our material splendour an advance of the race. One fruit only our mother earth offers up with pride to her maker—her human children made noble by their life upon her; and how wildly on such matters we now are wandering let this one instance serve to show. At the moment at which we write, a series of letters are appearing in the *Times* newspaper, letters evidently of a man of ability, and endorsed in large type by the authorities of Printing House Square, advocating the establishment of a free Greek state with its centre at Constantinople, on the ground that the Greek character has at last achieved the qualities essential for the formation of a great people, and that endued as it is with the practical commercial spirit, and taking everywhere rational views of life, there is no fear of a repetition from it of the follies of the age of Pericles. We should rather think there was not: and yet the writer speaks without any appearance of irony, and is saying what he obviously means.

In two things there is progress—progress in knowledge of the outward world, and progress in material wealth. This last, for the present, creates, perhaps, more evils than it relieves; but suppose this difficulty solved, suppose the wealth distributed, and every peasant living like a peer—what then? If this is all, one noble soul outweighs the whole of it. Let us follow knowledge to the outer circle of the universe, the eye will not be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Let us build our streets of gold, and they will hide as many aching hearts as hovels of straw. The well-being of mankind is not advanced a single step. Knowledge is power, and wealth is power; and harnessed, as in Plato's fable, to the chariot of the soul, and guided by wisdom, they may bear it through the circle of the stars. But left to their own guidance, or reined by a fool's hand, they may bring the poor fool to Phaeton's end, and set a world on fire. One real service, and perhaps only one, knowledge alone and by itself will do for us—it can explode existing superstitions. Everything has its appointed time, superstition like the rest; and theologies, that they may not overlive the period in which they can be of advantage to mankind, are condemned, by the conditions of their being, to weave a body for themselves out of the ideas of the age of their birth; ideas which, by the advance of knowledge, are seen to be imperfect or false. We cannot any longer be told that there must be four inspired gospels—neither more nor less—because there are four winds and four elements. The chemists now count some sixty elements, ultimately, as some of them think, reducible into one; and the gospel, like the wind, may

blow from every point under heaven. But effectual to destroy old superstitions, whether it is equally successful in preventing others from growing in their place, is less certain and obvious. In these days of table-turnings, mesmerisms, spirit-rappings, odyle fluids, and millenarian pamphlets selling 80,000 copies among our best-educated classes, we must be allowed to doubt.

Our one efficient political science hinges on self-interest, and the uniform action of *motives* among the masses of mankind—of selfish motives reducible to system. Such philosophies and such sciences would but poorly explain the *rise* of Christianity, of Mahometanism, or of the Reformation. They belong to ages of comparative poverty of heart, when the desires of men are limited to material things; when men are contented to labour, and eat the fruit of their labour, and then lie down and die. While such symptoms remain among us, our faith in progress may remain unshaken; but it will be a faith which, as of old, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

ART. V.—THE SCHOOL CLAIMS OF LANGUAGES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

1. *The Rationale of Discipline, as exemplified in the High School of Edinburgh.* By Professor Pillans. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1852.
2. *Language as a means of Mental Culture and International Communication; or, Manual of the Teacher and the Learner of Languages.* By C. Marcel. Two volumes. Foolscape. London: Chapman and Hall.

IN an article by the Rev. Sidney* Smith, which appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" in the year 1809, and which, in his collected works, bears the title, "TOO MUCH LATIN AND GREEK," the following passage occurs:—"We are well aware that nothing very new can remain to be said upon a topic so often debated. The complaints we have to make are, at least, as old as the time of Locke and Dr. Samuel Clarke; and the evil which is the subject of these complaints has certainly rather increased than diminished since the period of those two great men. A hundred years, to be sure, is a very little time for the duration of a national error; and it is so far from being reasonable to look for its decay at so short a date, that it can hardly be expected, within such limits, to have displayed the full bloom of its imbecility." The four and forty years that have elapsed since these words were

written have not diminished the importance, any more than they have increased the novelty of the subject. It has been ere now, and it will, doubtless, be again discussed in this Review; for we are not sanguine enough to expect any speedy, practical, or final solution of the great questions which it involves. Meantime, for the remarks we wish now to offer, we gladly take, as our starting-point, the recent work of Professor Pillans, which presents at once a temperate, clear, and, in the main, judicious theoretical defence of "classical" instruction, and an admirable practical exposition of its capabilities, when wisely used—at least in the upper classes of a school. The main body of the book is a record in detail of the writer's experience during his rectorship of the Edinburgh High School, from the year 1810 to the year 1820, when he was transferred to the Chair of Humanity—i.e., Latin, which he still holds in the university of that city. Appended is a set of three lectures, delivered by him in advocacy of "classical" instruction. Regarding the volume as one work, we may say that it consists of three distinct, or, at least, distinguishable parts: 1st, the statement and illustration of fundamental principles of education; 2nd, the detail of various means for the efficient conduct of "classical" instruction in harmony with those great principles; 3rd, the formal defence of "classical" instruction, as pre-eminently adapted for the exercise and development of the youthful mind. As to the *first* part, we have little important difference of opinion to urge. The *second*, with which chiefly the *first* is interwoven, deserves, we think, the best attention of every teacher of the youth of either sex, in schools "classical," or non-classical. It is a valuable storehouse of ingenious method and fruitful suggestion, from which no discerning reader, to whom education is in any way a matter of interest, can fail to profit. Under the heads—Monitorial Discipline—Abolition of Corporal Punishments—Private Studies—Exercises in Prose—Teaching of the Alphabet—Quarterly Examinations—Geographical Discipline—Repetition by Heart—Correction of Written Exercises; and, indeed, throughout the book, teachers especially, however different their position from that of the author, will find many most useful hints,* as well as noble thoughts, which gain weight from the consideration that, as a teacher, he exemplified what, as a writer, he commends.

* Not the least interesting or important is his innovation in the teaching of geography. We have heard that the heir of an old Scottish family, who went from the Edinburgh High School to Spain, afterwards said to his old teacher: "I fear I have forgotten most of the Latin and Greek you taught me; but I have never crossed a river in Spain without thinking of your black board." The book, throughout, reminds us of the saying of an intelligent quaker lady, that "the two secrets of education are *chalk* and *kindness*."

Appointed in his thirty-first year to the head mastership of a large school, without previous personal experience of public teaching, and with no profound scholarship, according to the Porson standard, he organized a system of discipline and instruction which, in ten years, raised the number of his pupils from 144 to 288, and which was retained almost unaltered for a quarter of a century longer by his excellent successor, Dr. Carson, who preserved its spirit, while he adopted its form. We do not scruple to ascribe much of his success to the very deficiencies, as they would commonly be regarded, which we have here noted. Hackneyed in no slavish routine, or habitual over-estimate of trifles—being no inveterate “gerund-grinder,” or “hide-bound pedant,” he faced, and overcame the difficulties of his position with a rare union of sound sense, strong feeling of duty, firmness, kindness, and tact. It was not merely an intellectual, but a moral transformation that he wrought; and to his honour be it recorded that, at a time when, on both sides of the Tweed, the rod was regarded as a quite indispensable “instructing-tool,” he had the boldness to forego its use, though without assistant in so large a class, relying wholly, and, we are well pleased to add, safely on moral means. It suits, however, neither our limits nor our intentions to dwell on this record, instructive though it is. It deserves to stand in the annals of education beside Mr. Stanley’s delightful account of the Rugby life of Dr. Arnold, whom it has been Professor Pillans’ lot both to precede and to survive;* and few, we think, can read it without the conviction that he has nobly earned the title of “the Scottish Arnold.” Though the professor has extended more than threefold the Horatian period for the suppression of manuscript, he still seems, from his preface, to deprecate expected censure for allowing the publication of this work. When we think, however, of the good that it might have effected during the many years it has passed in obscurity, we can only regret that it has been so long delayed. Its present opportuneness, in spite of all our progress, is sufficient proof that it ought to have been published long ago.†

* Dr. Arnold entered on his duties, as head master of Rugby School, in the year 1828, and in the thirty-third year of his age. He died in the year 1842, alas! too early for the world, though not for his own fame.

† Though this veteran educationist is the hero of his own unvarnished tale, he has not been left his own sole witness. On the 1st of June last, he was entertained at dinner by upwards of one hundred gentlemen, many of the highest professional and social rank, who had been his pupils between the years 1810 and 1820, from thirty-three to forty-three years having thus elapsed since they passed from under his care. The chairman, Mr. Neaves, the late Solicitor-General for Scotland, while he declared that “whatever share of far more than

It is, however, with the *third* division of the work—the defence of "classical" instruction—that we are here specially concerned; and the points on which we dissent, with our reasons, will appear as we proceed. At the outset, we may say that it is not easy for an impartial person to find a *locus standi* among those who take either side on the great question of the "classics" and their teaching. Unreasonable pretensions breed unmerited depreciation; and unjust disparagement provokes exaggerated claims. On both sides there is much with which we cannot sympathize, much that we consider unphilosophical, or irrelevant where not unsound.*

On one hand, we would declare sincerely our reverence for the great master-pieces of antiquity; and far from wishing to banish their study from a liberal education, we hold that, without it, the highest liberal education must be incomplete. We are of opinion that, while all teachers of Greek and Latin ought to be acquainted with the chief modern languages, every teacher of the modern languages ought to be versed in Greek and Latin.

mere prosperity or success, of mental happiness and mental worth, of intellectual energy or power, is possessed by him or his fellow-pupils, is in an eminent degree to be traced back to Mr. Pillans' admirable precepts and admirable training,"—might well add: "what we are now doing comes from us not in the mere ebullition of youthful enthusiasm, not upon the impulse of fresh recollection alone, but as the well considered, and equally well merited verdict of matured deliberation." Such a meeting, in its circumstances probably unexampled in the history of education, is the best comment on the book. The teacher declares his aims; his pupils, in their mature age, bear voluntary testimony to his success.

* It is not unsuggestive to note the shifting estimate of "classics," as the point of view shifts from lapse of time, or other causes. "Julian, the Apostate, and subtlest enemy to our faith, made a decree forbidding Christians the study of ancient learning; for, said he, they wound us with our own weapons, and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us."—(Milton, *Areopag.*) Paine says, in his "Age of Reason:" "It became necessary to their purpose (the advocates of Christianity) to cut learning down to a size less dangerous to their project, and this they effected by restricting the idea of learning to the dead study of the dead languages." The Rev. Sidney Smith says something not unlike this: "There is a timid and absurd apprehension, on the part of ecclesiastical tutors, of letting out the minds of youth upon difficult and important subjects. They fancy that mental exertion must end in religious scepticism; and to preserve the principles of their pupils, they confine them to the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning."—(*Edinburgh Review*, 1809.) Of late, however, the Abbé Gaume, in his "*Ver Rongeur*," maintains that the ancient classics are the bane alike of Christian faith and morals; and many side with him who do not hold with him in theology. What a change, from Julian to Paine, from Paine to the Abbé Gaume! So in politics as in religion. It has been objected to the "classics" that they tend to train aristocratic politicians, of the Mitford school, whose motto is "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*;" while Bastiat, in his ingenious pamphlet, "*Baccalaureat et Socialisme*," recently endeavours to trace to the same study the prevalence of Socialistic views in France!

We are glad to observe that the study of Latin, if not of Greek, is being gradually introduced into the upper classes of even young ladies' schools, and that the stronger sex is not likely to retain a monopoly of a study so useful and refining.* As regards our own sex, we would have the ancient classics taught, if, not more extensively than now, at least more profitably where they are taught.

We have no sympathy with those who seem to fancy that they have sneered off the whole controversy by the contemptuous phrase, "dead languages," and whose view may be best expressed in the words of the parson's son, in Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall:"—

"What can men worse for mortal brain contrive,
Than thus a hard dead language to revive?
Heavens! if a language once be fairly dead,
Let it be buried, not preserved and read,
The bane of every boy to decent station bred;
If any good these crabbed books contain,
Translate them well, and let them then remain;
To one huge vault convey the useless store,
Then lose the key, and never find it more."—(B. 16.)

Too many need to be reminded that the term *dead*, as applied to language, is not equivalent to lifeless, or barren. It is not always true that "a living dog is better than a dead lion;" and the solemn words, "he being dead yet speaketh," are true scarcely more of the great departed, than of the language he spoke or wrote. We even see no small gain in the possession of a language undefiled by the vulgarising associations,—the cant, and slang, and gossip of daily life.

We cannot allow that a language deserves to be studied solely on account of the "information" its writers may afford.† The study of language, besides being a very wholesome mental exercise, yields in itself a class of knowledge second to none in interest

* "There is a class of pedants who would be cut short in the estimation of the world a whole cubit, if it were generally known that a young lady of eighteen could be taught to decline the tenses of the middle voice, or acquaint herself with the *Æolic* varieties of that celebrated language."—Rev. S. Smith, "Edinburgh Review," 1810.

† We are well aware that Milton has said something very like this: "Language," he says, "is but the instrument of conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the *solid things* in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only." But the question remains, what are *solid things*, and things useful to be known? In any case, "nullius in verba magistri," we claim the right to think for ourselves.

or value. Language is not only the organ of thought, the medium of communication between mind and mind; but so inseparable is word from thought, so instantaneously does each suggest the other, that it has been forcibly contended that without *words*—not necessarily written or even spoken, but conceived—*thoughts* would be impossible. It is by no accident that the Greek *logos* expresses both. “Thought,” says Plato, “is the soul’s hidden speech;” and to this it has been well added, “Speech is the soul’s open thought.” “Language,” says Mr. Carlyle, “is called the garment of thought; however, it should rather be, Language is the flesh-garment, the body of thought.”* It is simply untrue that “words are mere arbitrary sounds invented to express ideas and emotions, and have no natural connexion with the things signified.”† Language is the gradual outgrowth of our nature in obedience to profound laws of our mental constitution, to whose nature and operation the study of language is the best key; and just in proportion as it is studied, traced back to its sources, and decomposed into its elements, does the domain of the seemingly arbitrary and capricious contract, and give way before the widening empire of fixed and certain law. Just as in the physical universe, when the student loses the trace of law, he doubts not its presence, but his own power of vision. We have, assuredly, no wish to set up the study of *words* in hostility to that of *things*. It is too true that the latter has been unduly neglected for the sake of the former; and we

* “Sartor Resartus,” b. i. c. 11.

† The same writer thus proceeds: “This fact is palpably demonstrated by the difference of the words invented by different nations to express the same object, or desire. Trite and obvious as this remark is”—we would add—it is not just. The more these differences are examined, the less arbitrary do they appear. “It is curious to observe,” says Dr. Whately, “what different ideas originally suggested the words which now mean precisely the same thing in different languages. The word *heaven*, for instance, conveyed with it the idea of something *heaved*, or *lifted up*, as also the old word *lift*, and the German *luft*. *Cælum*, again, referred to something hollowed out, or vaulted, being derived from the Greek word *koilon*, hollow.”—(“English Synonymes.”) Even where similar words in different languages mean opposite things, the contrast is no more arbitrary than the difference. Our sailors have corrupted the French name of a cape, *Blanc Nez*, into *Blackness*, *black* and *blanc* being so closely alike in sound and appearance, if contrary in meaning; but—“lorsque l’affinité entre deux racines est établie par leur construction, mais que néanmoins leurs significations présentent une opposition dans les idées, il ne faut pas en conclure que l’affinité soit illusoire. Chacun sait que les notions mêmes du bien et du mal se touchent par quelque endroit. Ainsi on peut admettre qu’il existe une affinité réelle entre *bleich*, pâle, (Alem.); *black*, (Ang.), noir; *φλεγω*, briller; *flagro*, brûler; Sanscr. *bhlae*, luire, resplendir, d’abord parceque tous ces mots ont pour base la racine l—k,—puis parceque tous les effets de la lumière peuvent se manifester à l’œil avec une égale intensité.”—Schœbel, “Anal. Constit. de la Langue Allemande.” Introduction, xvii.

would correct the evil, even while we maintain that in no mean sense, words too are things. Mr. George Combe says very truly, in his first lecture on Popular Education, that a monk who has only seen a horse from the window of his cell, and who knows the different names by which the animal is called in English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and Italian, knows less of the animal itself than a youth trained in a stable-yard. If, then, there be any so deluded as to fancy that by the study of language any knowledge of horse-flesh may be acquired, we would earnestly dissuade them from its further prosecution, and recommend instead a course of veterinary lectures. But surely language is something more than a mere heap of names; and this argument, however strong against a Tartar who swallows the prescription with the same faith as the drug,* is wholly powerless against the philosophical study of language—that most marvellous manifestation of the human mind. If aimed against this, as it would seem to be, and as it has been, (though we do not charge the intention on this clear and able writer,) it is worthy to rank with an argument which we have heard jocularly urged in support of “classical” instruction,—that it promotes honesty by teaching the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

Neither can we admit that translations can, to any important extent, fitly supersede the study of languages themselves. Where mere fact is concerned, as in physical science, translations may serve the student's purpose; but wherever *manner* enters into the question as well as *matter*, that is, in almost every case; in poetry, fiction, oratory, even history and philosophy, in the whole range of literature, translations can never be more to the original than a woodcut is to a picture, a substitute of some value, but only where the original is not to be obtained. Even if we were to grant Mr. Cobden's memorable assertion, that a newspaper contains more useful information, that is “facts,” than all Thucydides; and though we were further to admit, as we do freely, that those facts may all be learned from a translation, the reasons which justify some labour for the sake of reading Thucydides in the original would remain intact. Were even a translation superior to the original, for that very reason it would be different; and the earnest student would not escape the duty

* “If the Lama doctor happen not to have any medicine with him, he is by no means disconcerted; he writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down with the same perfect confidence as though they were genuine medicaments. To swallow the name of a remedy, or the remedy itself, say the Tartars, comes to precisely the same thing.”—Huc's “Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China,” i. 75.

and necessity of judging for himself. Persons who scorn the idea of reading Shakspeare in French, or Milton in German, are quite content to receive Tacitus in Murphy's version, and Homer through the medium of Pope. Besides, when the main question regards the mental discipline afforded by the very study of languages,—to speak of translations, is as if one were, as a substitute for the exercise of swimming, to propose conveyance in a canal boat, or to recommend a dish of mock-turtle instead of the bracing labours of the chase.

On the other hand, we are constrained to reject as invalid not a few of the arguments employed in defence of "classical" instruction. We hear much of the great benefit which the revival of ancient literature rendered to the world in the middle ages, a benefit which has been transmitted even to our time, and which, it would seem, requires us, if we would not be ungrateful, to maintain the study of the ancient classics as thoroughly and extensively now as then. The argument may not be put precisely in this form; but it really comes to this: else, what avails the declamation about the classic sun scattering the darkness of ages, and much to a similar effect? With equal force and justice does the Rev. Sidney Smith say: "Nothing will do in the pursuit of knowledge but the blackest ingratitude; the moment we have got up the ladder, we must kick it down; as soon as we have passed over the bridge, we must let it rot; when we have got upon the shoulders of the ancients, we must look over their heads. . . . If mankind still derive advantage from classical literature proportionate to the labour they bestow upon it, let their labour and their study proceed; but the moment we cease to read Latin and Greek for the solid utility we derive from them, it would be a very romantic application of human talents to do so from any feeling of gratitude."*

Again, if we grant that the study of the Greek and Roman languages and literature ought to be maintained, and that some members of the community ought, for admitted reasons, to attain proficiency therein,† it surely does not follow, by any simple and

* "Edinburgh Review," 1809.

† At a recent educational conference, at the Mansion House, London, Dr. Russell, head master of the Charterhouse, begged to remind Mr. S. Gurney, (who had complained that young men, who spent years on Latin and Greek, at Oxford or Cambridge, "when they went on the Continent were unable to join in the most common conversation,") "that Latin and Greek were the basis of much of our modern English, and that, if a *body of men* were not educated with the knowledge necessary to keep these sources of our language pure, our noble English tongue would soon, in the hurry and excitement of commerce, run away into a dialect at once barbarous and irregular, to the speakers of which our great literary works would be incomprehensible."

unquestionable inference, that the whole body of our "educated" youth ought to devote themselves to that study,—especially if, as is alleged, so many years of severe labour are required for their tolerable mastery,—a period, moreover, through which, from the nature of things, so few can pass, as the large majority of pupils leave school at an early and imperfect stage of "classical" attainment. If this be right, it must be justified on other and quite independent ground. And yet those two things, so widely different, are perpetually confounded. There are, in fact, four questions or theses which it is indispensable to disentangle and to keep distinct:—1st, The obligations of our modern literature to the ancient; 2nd, The importance of preserving the ancient languages and literature from neglect and oblivion; 3rd, The utility of subjecting all our youth above the lower ranks of life to a course of "classical" discipline; 4th, The utility or necessity of their devoting from six to eight years mainly to this study, exclusive of subsequent attendance on college. Too often have we occasion to observe that arguments in favour really of the first, and still oftener of the second, of these positions, are perverted to the support of the third and fourth.

Again: it seems to us that too much weight is laid on the argument in favour of an extended course of "classical" instruction, drawn from its alleged necessity for a clear insight into the grammar, and especially the etymology, of our own language. Modern English grammarians concur in thinking that the English grammar has been too long twisted and crushed into conformity with the Latin; and in the exposition of its rules more regard is now paid to the character of quite other languages, such as the Teutonic and Scandinavian, with which it has more in common. If, however, a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek be requisite for learning the origin and primitive meaning of a large number of our English words, it is not a little singular that in our "classical" schools this department of study is so generally and so sadly neglected,* and that if we wish to find pupils well instructed in the derivation of their own language, we must visit classes either in well-conducted schools for

* On one occasion, when urging the importance of etymology on the attention of the principal of a most respectable school, we said that a boy ought not to pass through his Greek studies, without knowing the derivation of such a word as *sarcasm* (the word which occurred to us at the moment). His answer was: "I am not ashamed to confess that I myself do not know it." Yet he was a superior scholar, and a man of great intelligence. An eminent Hellenist, now dead, whom we knew, in like manner did not know the derivation of *paraphernalia*. How many classical scholars are there, who could not tell the real meaning of so common a word as *squirrel*, detect *cura* in *proxy*, or show that *galaxy* and *lettuce* are at base one word!

young ladies, or in non-classical schools for boys of a lower rank. Further, the same argument applies in one respect with scarcely less, and in another with still greater, force, to the quite neglected study of Anglo-Saxon. In truth, a skilful teacher, especially if he himself be a good "classical" scholar, as he ought to be, needs no more than an ordinary manual of etymology to convey an ample fund of well arranged and suggestive knowledge to his pupils. What is true of Latin applies still more strongly to Greek. The Greek words in our language, which do not come to us through the Latin, are for the most part technical terms, which a very slender knowledge of a few Greek roots suffices to explain.*

Again: we cannot grant the monopoly of *æsthetic* culture, so often claimed for the ancient classics. The very word "classics" itself is a sort of petrified expression of this fallacy. At the time when the title was bestowed, its appropriateness was beyond a doubt; but since the whole wealth of modern literature has been created, the title has ceased to be exclusively applicable, and ought no longer to be exclusively applied. Of our English authors we need not speak; but when we have such writers in German as Lessing, Wieland, and Goethe, Richter and Schiller; in French as Bossuet, Voltaire, Moliere, and Corneille; in Italian as Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Machiavelli:—the term "classics" ought never to be applied even to the immortal productions of Greek or Roman fame, without the word "*ancient*" prefixed, by way of a saving clause in favour of the *modern* classics, which also well deserve the name. It is wonderful how far our thoughts and acts are influenced unconsciously by mere

* We cannot but regard the tendency to form scientific names from Greek, instead of English elements, as a misfortune alike to our languages and to the sciences themselves. It is too late, however, to protest. Still, we are glad to see noticed in the journals a lecture on "Plain English," by Mr. Rushton—a scholar who is no pedant. We are somewhat surprised that one who—like Professor Blackie, is scholar enough to know, poet enough to feel, and orator enough to expound, the highest uses of Greek literature, should seem to lay so much stress on this to us very small matter. He says: "were there no better reason, a scientific man in these times would be forced to learn a scantling of Greek, only that he may not look stupid when naming his own tools, and labelling the articles of his own cabinet. The student of medicine, indeed, and of natural science in all its branches, who refuses to pick up a little Greek when it is thrown in his way, can be likened only to a foolish pedestrian in a mountainous country, who, in setting out on his tour, will not spare time or money to buy a pocket compass. *When the white mist comes down on the black moor, he will wish for some safer guide home than his own eyes.*"—"Inaugural Lecture," p. 10.) Shall nothing be said of the shop and other signs, which perplex the unlearned in our public prints and places? Perhaps *Œdipus* himself might be a little at fault among such hideous compounds as *Pantechnececa*, *Kosmocapeleion*, *Pan-klibanon*, *Catagloseum*, and *Choretikopas*!

verbal fallacies. Professor Pillans, in denouncing a fancied abandonment of "classical" instruction, which would discard from the senate the ornament of "classical" quotations, and render those already recorded a dead letter, exclaims:—"Introduce such a change in the training of our ingenuous youth, and we shall soon justify the bitterest taunts of our enemies, by degenerating in the worst sense of the term, into a nation of shopkeepers." (Lect. iii. p. 63.) This burst of enthusiasm comes naturally enough from a professor, the very title of whose chair, "Humanity," (though it embraces only Latin, and not Greek, to which the title "*Literæ Humaniores*" is surely not less due,) embodies the very fallacy we would resist. But in the same lecture the professor more justly remarks:—"I claim for the ancients no faultless excellencce, no immeasurable superiority. The raptures which some people seem to feel in perusing Homer and Virgil, Livy and Tacitus, while they turn over the pages of Shakespeare and Milton, Hume and Robertson, with coldness and indifference, I hold to be either pure affectation, or gross self-delusion; being fully satisfied that we are in no want of models in our own English tongue, which, for depth of thought, soundness of reasoning, for truth of narrative, and what has been called the philosophy of history, *nay, even for poetical beauty, tenderness, and sublimity,* may fairly challenge comparison with the most renowned productions of antiquity." (p. 57.) If, then, those models of "poetical beauty, tenderness, and sublimity," which our own language affords, and which the too exclusive study of ancient models has tended to throw into unmerited neglect, were studied as they ought to be, there need be no fear of our becoming "a nation of shopkeepers," in any sense in which that title may justly be a term of reproach. But the usual course of reasoning on this subject, is to draw a striking contrast between the expanding, elevating, and refining influences of a so-called "classic" culture, and the narrowing, depressing, and hardening tendencies of a so-called merely "utilitarian" training, from which the graces and the muses are assumed to be banished, and in which the multiplication table, Gunter's sliding rule, and lists of chemical equivalents take the place of Homer and Virgil—as if these alternatives exhausted the whole chapter of educational possibilities! To argue thus, is to endanger even a good cause by provoking hostility to its more legitimate claims. In truth, it is not merely in general literary beauty, or in the "romantic" graces, that modern literature may court the severest comparison with the ancient. Even in the charmed circle of "classic" inspiration itself, more of the divine *aura* is to be caught from such poems as the "*Laodamia*" of Wordsworth, the "*Endymion*" of Keats, the "*Orion*" of Horne,

the "Ænone" and "Lotos Eaters" of Tennyson, the "Dead Pan" of Mrs. Browning,* than is ever dreamed of by many a laborious searcher of lexicons and collator of various readings in "classic" texts. If the "Andromache" of Racine, and the "Cinna" of Corneille, be thought by any to be more French than Greek or Roman; of Goethe it has been said that he was more Hellenic than Teutonic, less Christian than Pagan. There is much truth, as well as beauty, in the words of Professor Blackie: "Milton who learned from Homer, has become a Homer to us; and not to us only, but to the right-minded of the whole Christian world, he stands where Virgil stood in

* The concluding stanzas of this poem are in their moral so much in harmony with our purpose, and, besides, so beautiful, that we cannot deny our readers, or ourselves, the pleasure of their quotation here :

"Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth :
And those debonaire romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot-course is run !
Look up, poets, to the sun !
Pan, Pan is dead.

.

"Truth is fair, should we forego it ?
Can we sigh right for a wrong ?
God himself is the best poet,
And the real is his song.
Sing his truth out fair and full,
And secure his beautiful !
Let Pan be dead.

"Truth is large. Our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
Shame ! to stand in His creation,
And doubt truth's sufficiency !
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling—
When Pan is dead.

"What is true, and just, and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure—
All of praise that hath admonisht,
All of virtue shall endure,—
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the Muses—
Ere Pan was dead.

"O, brave poets, keep back nothing ;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole !
Look up Godward ! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul !
Hold in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth is fairest Beauty.
Pan, Pan is dead."

reference to Dante, and much more fitly. Many persons there are, in these days, who assert that the famous chorus of Aristophanes, descriptive of the clouds (ἀέται νεφέλαι, &c.), is a poor specimen of the poetic art compared with Shelley's Ode on the same subject; that John Keats, in his 'Hyperion,' sees deeper,—certainly with a more tender clearness and a severer purity—into the soul of Greek mythology, than Bœotian Hesiod did in his 'Theogony'; and that Roman Horace is but a dull singer in presence of the sparkling Moore, and the combination of nice artistic touch with the most subtle and delicate sentiment in Tennyson.* Still, however, are there too many teachers whose admiration is merely conventional, or rather traditional, and confined to what is not only foreign but old,—like that worthy Professor (Lanzi), of whom Lorenzo Benoni says; "He was exclusive in his admiration of the classics, and he would positively work himself up to the point of weeping over '*Fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro*,' while the beauties of Shakspeare and Schiller left him quite unmoved." Yet such men do but illustrate in practice the absurdity which others maintain in theory.

The argument that "classical" knowledge is the badge of "a gentleman" is already answered, so far as that much abused word is employed in any worthy sense. The "gentleman" is the man of refined and cultivated mind, from whatever sources he may have derived his culture and refinement. If it mean, however, that a smattering of Greek or Latin quotation is the conventional pass-sign among persons of a certain rank and breeding, it simply notes a fact, but furnishes no reason. If the Chocktaw tongue were studied by "our ingenuous youth," as Latin and Greek are now, doubtless a few Chocktaw phrases would be the Shibboleth indispensable for "the freedom" of their favoured society; and tuft-hunting *amateurs* of Chocktaw would not be wanting. But fashion passes, reason remains. Why appeal to the former, if the latter be not likely to give a favourable verdict? By all means let a coat be cut after the taste of the season; but let the mind seek some more enduring model.

Nor can we allow any weight to the argument, founded on the number of men eminent in every walk of public life who have been subjected to the "classical" system of instruction. If the great body of the youth of the upper and middle classes of a country be subjected to any system whatever, not thoroughly mischievous, it is inevitable that a portion of the youth will dis-

* "Inaugural Lecture in the University of Edinburgh," by J. S. Blackie, Professor of Greek, 1852.

tinguish themselves: but, surely, it is neither fair nor logical to attribute to the system the splendid success of the rare exceptions, and to pass over in silence the dull obscurity of the mass. Under every system, in spite of every system, without any system, have great men asserted their greatness; and it would be easy, with no small show of reason, to get up against all schools a case founded on the number of highly eminent men who have received no—what is called—teaching at all. Mr. Gladstone, we hear it sometimes said of late, received a thorough "classical" education, and is an admirable chancellor of the exchequer, and a wise statesman; *ergo*, a "classical" education is the best school even for statesmanship and financial skill. That a man may be a good chancellor of the exchequer, and a good "classical" scholar, or a good musician, we do not deny; but that he is the former in virtue of his being the latter, we cannot admit. We do not think it at all derogatory to "classical" instruction to maintain that, however useful in other ways, it is rather an impediment, than a help, to the peculiar sort of capacity needed for finance. "Do not," says Mr. Gilbert, in his book on Banking, "choose a clerk, because he has studied for one of the learned professions, for that is no advantage." But, even if the habits of attention and application now displayed were fostered by devotion to "classical" studies, it may still be inquired whether those same habits might not have been as well or better fostered under some other system,—better fitted, at the same time, to convey knowledge available in the actual business of life. The question is—not is the system productive of, or rather perhaps, compatible with, a certain amount of good; but is it the best system that can be adopted in this nineteenth century, for the mental development of the community at large? Is it in harmony with the wants and with the lights of the age? The fact of its having taken rise at a time when the state of knowledge was so widely different; before the creation of our modern literature—home or foreign; before the vast discoveries of modern science; before the extensive division of human pursuit to which these have led; before men had our better insight into the nature and operations of the mind itself; all this is *prima facie*, a strong argument against it,—an argument too strong to be rebutted by the enumeration of a few honoured names, whose greatness the system has cherished, or, it may be, failed to crush.

A more serious and practical argument in favour of the prevailing system still remains. Professor Pillans says in his second lecture, "*It seems to have been taken for granted*, in all speculative discussions of the subject, that among the various subdivisions of human knowledge through which the pupil must

pass before he be accomplished for the business of life, there must be one which is to serve for the common access and high road to them all," (p. 33.) This principle (which is, in fact, Jacotot's second principle, "learn one thing thoroughly, and refer all other things to that,") having been assumed, the question arises, where can such a subject be found? None such can be even suggested, we are told, except "classics" and mathematics. The latter, we are further told, is, for reasons we need not here examine, obviously unfit. "Classics," therefore, alone remain from this exhaustive process of elimination. Then follows, as in this very case, an exposition of the many advantages such a training may confer, credit being given to the "classics" for every kind of knowledge, however remote, that can possibly be attached to them, and the argument is complete. We might object that the word "classics," even in its restricted sense, means Latin and Greek, and that Latin and Greek, to our feeble understanding, are not *one* subject, but *two*. We might ask,—if two widely-different languages form one subject, would the addition of a third, or even of a fourth language, scarcely more unlike to Latin and Greek, than Latin and Greek are to each other,—make two subjects? Waiving all this, however, for the present, we remark that the whole argument rests on an assumption which were we even to grant, we think we could offer a solution more comprehensive and satisfactory. But we are disposed to question the fundamental proposition itself, which, as the Professor well says, "seems to have been taken for granted." It is obvious enough that, in many respects, it is better to learn one subject thoroughly, than many subjects superficially. But it is both possible, and, in our times, necessary to learn even at schools many subjects thoroughly, as thoroughly as is compatible with the inevitable limitation of a school. The great business of education, as the Professor himself maintains, is "to bring out in orderly and healthful succession the several mental faculties, to give to each its appropriate nourishment and invigorating exercise, and to teach the possessor the free and dexterous use of them all," (p. 17;) and again: "It is the gradual development of the faculties, and their simultaneous training to healthful and vigorous exercise, that ought to constitute the main design of education," (p. 23.) Now, every subject or class of subjects contributes its portion to this great end. Literature and science, languages and mathematics, all take their place within the circle of a liberal education; and analogies from the government of states, backed by quotations from Homer, in favour of monarchy, and against divided rule, prove absolutely nothing against the equal claims of those subjects each within its sphere. We readily grant that

a certain "unity and uniformity" (to quote again the Professor's words,) ought to pervade the whole system of instruction; and we maintain that no branch of knowledge should be left in barren isolation in a corner of the mind, but that the intimate relations and reciprocal bearings of all subjects learned are scarcely less important to be taught than the separate subjects themselves. But this end (so far as it is attainable in school, and there are chasms, as between literature and science, not easy to bridge over) is to be attained, not by the subjection of all other subjects to one, with which many must have only a very remote connexion, but by having as teachers of even the separate subjects men of general information and culture; and above all, by the wise efforts of the principal or head-master, whose special duty it is to blend and harmonise the detached portions of instruction, so that the pupil shall feel ever more and more that knowledge, however diverse in its branches, is at root one. True it is that in the after pursuits of every man, all subjects must be subordinated to that one which forms his especial calling; but not only is this subordination an affair of later life, it varies in each case; and the business of a school, we hold, is not to anticipate in any case this subordination, but to carry on as far as possible abreast the long line of general culture; and so most efficiently to prepare for the subsequent more restricted direction of the individual mind. Education might thus be compared to a pyramid, of which the base is broad, as well as the foundation deep, but whose mass narrows as it ascends, every stone in the lowest structure still giving, even to the crowning point, its portion of support. There are schools, indeed, which *profess* to guide the whole instruction of the pupil in each case with a constant reference to his future supposed vocation in after life; but for such schools we have little more respect than for those shop-like schools in which any one may purchase a few guineas' worth of languages, or of science, of geometry, or of music, at their free option to take or leave, just as one may buy from a grocer coffee without sugar, or sugar without tea. Once more, the great purpose of a school, it appears to us, is not to fit for any special vocation in the actual world, but to supply such general culture and knowledge as are valuable—or rather invaluable—for all, whatever their vocation. The "subordination" theory now in question recognises formally this great end; but it errs in deciding alike for all what the other system seeks to decide differently for each. The former seems to us tyrannical; the latter anarchical; both we deem unwise.

Having thus partially cleared the ground, we are prepared to enter on the closer consideration of the question before us. The

great subject of inquiry, be it ever clearly remembered, is not how far our modern literature and mental progress are indebted to the ancient classics—a question of purely historical interest; or even whether the system of classical instruction now prevailing do or do not produce some good results by the mental discipline to which it subjects the young, if not by the actual knowledge which it conveys—a position which needs not to be disputed: but whether, regarding the state of present knowledge and the character of the times in which we live, it be necessary or desirable that “classical” studies should absorb so large a portion of the school-years of all, or even any of our youth. On this subject, the conclusions to which our reflection and experience have led us, are—1st, that the “classics” are taught at far too early a period of life, and that hence arise at once the necessity and the unproductiveness of so vast an expenditure of time and toil—2nd, that they are taught far too indiscriminately to boys of various ranks and conditions of life. These convictions have been forced upon us by our respect alike for the other branches of instruction which “classics” have hitherto too much excluded, and for the “classics” themselves, and by our consciousness of their educational value. We cannot too carefully distinguish the ancient classics themselves and their uses, from any system of teaching which may now prevail. We object to the present system that in the great majority of cases neither the ancient languages nor literatures, certainly not the latter, are really learned; that so little knowledge of the inner life of the ancient nations, of their philosophies, their economics, of aught beyond their outward history is conveyed; that the taste for knowledge is too often destroyed by the process of its acquisition; that so few after leaving school ever voluntarily open a Latin or Greek book; that so few have any acquaintance with any authors beyond their class-books; that even in these most have so much difficulty in reading any passage not previously learned; in short, that their study engrosses needlessly, if not uselessly, the largest portion of the whole school-life of thousands; excludes, or almost excludes, other subjects of equal or greater importance; while it does not produce, even within its own sphere, the results that might be attained by greater economy of time, a stricter selection of pupils, and a wiser distribution of the school-course.

Two leading principles will probably not be questioned—1st, that there are certain subjects which all, whether high or low, male or female, absolutely ought to learn; while other subjects, however useful or refining, being relatively less important, may not unreasonably be postponed in favour of those indispensable;—2nd, that there are certain subjects which the young mind is

better fitted to appreciate and acquire than others which may still have very great attractiveness and fitness for a mind more mature. Now, we believe that, by a happy provision of our constitution, the same range of subjects precisely answers to both those preliminary conditions; that is, that the subjects universally necessary are, in their elements, the best adapted to the young mind. Thus, the knowledge of external nature, our body itself being to the mind external, is at once the most practically necessary for all classes of society, and the most attractive to the young. It is at a much later period that the mind turns inward on itself, and *reflects* on its own consciousness. Nature does not more surely direct the child's lips to its mother's breast, than she directs the child's opening mind to observation and imitation of surrounding objects, to experiment upon them, and to the tracing of relations between them and its own being. But these same studies, for such they really are, widening their range with the child's widening faculties, are also the most necessary; or, if the phrase may be pardoned, the most indispensable, for the future lawyer as for the future mechanic, for the future ploughman as for the future prince, for the youth and for the adult of either sex. Were we even wrong, however, in our belief of this coincidence, and we have not time here to explain and justify our view, it would still be wise to adopt in the choice of subjects taught, the order which Nature dictates in the development of the child's faculties. Now the fundamental error of the present system lies in its departing in this respect from the order of Nature, and in withdrawing prematurely the attention of the young from sensible realities to abstractions,—from objects, animate or inanimate, of nature or of art, to nouns, pronouns, and verbs. Professor Pillans tells us, indeed, in his third lecture, that “of all the faculties of the mind memory is that which admits of being earliest exercised, and trained to habits of susceptibility and retentiveness.” (p. 47.) But, not to say that this is much like asserting that an echo is the earliest sound, memory is only the power of retaining and recalling impressions made upon the mind; that power, *ceteris paribus*, is proportioned to the susceptibility of impression; and that impressibility, again, depends on the affinity between the mind and the thing sought to be impressed. The liveliness of attention is thus the measure of the power of memory. It is a fallacy to regard memory as a vessel which receives and retains impartially what may happen to be poured into it: it is only what has awakened a child's interest that it remembers tenaciously, and recollects quickly; and only those impressions awaken a child's interest which are adapted to the stage and condition of its mind, which gratify, and excite while they gratify, its appetite for knowledge. Now, can

it be doubted that it is external objects which most attract and fix the attention of children, and which are consequently most naturally, easily, and permanently remembered? This vast field which has been partitioned among very many sciences, for which collectively we want an adequate title, and of which we would now mention only one, though a very comprehensive, division—natural history,—affords most ample materials through the longest school course, for developing as well as storing the youthful understanding, and for arousing the young wonder and sense of beauty. For we hold with the staunchest advocates of “classical” training, that the mind must be trained and cultivated as well as stored. But we believe that the subjects just hinted at fulfil both conditions, and that the course of nature is the wisest for the one end as well as for the other. The mind truly “grows by what it feeds on,” if the food be suited to appetite and digestion. Though we may, and indeed must, classify the sciences according to their leading characteristics, and call them sciences of observation, or of experiment, or of calculation, pure or mixed, it ought ever to be borne in mind that the division is by no means strict, and that each partakes more or less of the nature of the others; that in all observation suggests experiment or inference, while inference stimulates and guides observation. Beautiful as are the harmony and mutual dependence of the mental powers, not less beautiful are the correspondence of the outward with the inward, and the gradation and interlacing of means, whereby rising from the easy to the difficult, from the concrete to the abstract, from the individual to the general, from the physical to the *metaphysical*, the faculties are enabled to give and to receive mutual aid. But this beautiful progression of culture, the steps of which we cannot here attempt to trace, which Nature has ordained, and for which she has so abundantly provided, is either never begun farther than by chance, or it is rudely broken off from the moment the pupil crosses the threshold of an ordinary “classical” school.* Professor Pillans complains that evils arising from injudicious “classical” instruction are charged upon “classical” instruction itself; but in the strictures he makes in his first lecture on school teaching of the natural sciences, he seems to us to fall into precisely the same error, and to a much more serious extent. He speaks con-

* We once saw a boy in the lowest form of a “classical” school flogged for asking his neighbour, if he thought that the sun’s rays, in a burning-glass, would set fire to gunpowder! Compare with this the following:—“On the texture, colour, names, and uses of the silk, half silk, and linen garments of antiquity, see the profound, diffuse, and obscure researches of the great Salmasius, who was ignorant of the most common trades of Dijon, or Leyden.”—Gibbon, “Decline and Fall,” &c c. 40.

temptuously of "excursions to the flowery fields of natural history and elementary physics:" "a chaos of ill-assorted facts in the memory;" "this kind of pastime;" "a top-dressing of facts;" "ministering to a vain and idle curiosity;" and throughout assumes that the natural sciences are not to be systematically and seriously taught and learned, but are to be made from time to time the subject of flashy lectures, which require from the pupil no mental exercise beyond a languid and intermittent attention, which cease to interest so soon as they cease to amuse, and which leave no trace behind but mental bewilderment, and false conceit of knowledge. This style of remark may be very effective against certain unfortunate educational experiments which the professor has in view, but it has no application whatever to the real teaching of the elements of such science to the young, as exemplified in many schools of sufficient standing to give value to their experience. The professor most justly says: "The pupil should not be tempted to take all upon trust on the *ipse dixit* of a lecturer, but put through such a course of mental gymnastics as should enable him to climb the tree and gather the ripe fruit for himself, rather than have it tossed into his lap in an indigestible state by another." (Lect. i. p. 22.) But this doctrine is true of all teaching or of none; and the judicious teacher of natural science, far from recognising in it the condemnation of his efforts, will gladly accept it as a fair statement of his aims. A recent reviewer, adopting a widely different order of objection, says: "The physical sciences dry up the soul of the spiritual system; and, unless we wish to begin life as animated fossils, the less we have of them up to the age of sixteen the better." The apprehension here expressed can have no grounds except where the physical sciences are taught at once exclusively and badly. We are very far, however, from maintaining that this branch of school-instruction has as yet been reduced to a perfect method. Very much remains to be done to digest the comparative results of recent experience, and to elaborate therefrom a system neither too technical nor too superficial, progressive in its arrangement, and comprehensive in its scope.*

* The following passage from Mr. Faraday's recent letter on Table-turning, cannot be too often quoted:—"By the great body I, mean such as reject all consideration of the equality of cause and effect—who refer the results to electricity and magnetism—yet know nothing of the laws of these forces—or to attraction, yet shew no phenomena of pure attractive power—or to the rotation of the earth, as if the earth revolved round the leg of a table—or to some unrecognised physical force, without inquiring whether the known forces are not sufficient—or who even refer them to diabolical or supernatural agency, rather than suspend their judgment, or acknowledge to themselves that they are not learned enough in these matters to decide on the nature of their action:

But it will be said: Surely, language, too, claims an early place in a child's studies, both for its own sake, and as a mental discipline. In the early stages of instruction, however, language, just in proportion as it is needed, is learned unconsciously, and is an instrument for acquiring other knowledge, rather than to be regarded as itself a branch of knowledge. Doubtless, a time comes when language must be looked at as an outward thing, be made a subject of actual study, be examined and taken to pieces, and its structure explained and traced to its principles. But this time is far too generally anticipated even as regards the child's own mother tongue. "Grammar," it has been said by Horne Tooke, and the saying is worthy of him, "is among the first things taught, but the latest understood." Even when this time may be admitted to be fully come, the mother-tongue not only suffices, but is the natural and best medium for the inculcation of all the principles of general grammar, in so far as they are fit or useful for a child to learn. It is a terrible aggravation of the difficulty and the distastefulness of a foreign tongue, to make it, at the very outset, the vehicle of any grammatical instruction not peculiar to itself. The basis must be laid in the vernacular, and on that must be erected the standard for future comparison with other tongues. One result of the too early initiation into the mysteries of Latin, has been the undue neglect of English as a means of instruction in grammar and in the philosophy of speech; and hence it is in non-classical schools for either sex, that we must seek examples of the rich uses to which it may be turned. But it will be further argued that the study of a language cannot be carried on efficiently without a second, or even a third, language, wherewith the mother-tongue, so unconsciously learned, may be compared, and whereby it may be illustrated. We readily grant that this is true in the more advanced stages of the study; and further, that the more unlike (within limits) those other languages are to the mother-tongue, the greater is the advantage. But this single consideration of unlikeness on which the advocates of early "classical" teaching so strongly insist, is clearly not sufficient to determine the choice of a language for comparison or contrast. No one has yet suggested the study of Chinese as an admirable means of mental discipline for the young. Other considerations, then, come into view in deciding the selection. Of these may be stated three which are perhaps the most important: first, the utility of the languages themselves to the future man in the intercourse of life;

I think the system of education that could leave the mental condition of the public body in the state in which this subject has found it, must have been greatly deficient in some very important principle."—"Athenæum, 2nd July, 1853, p. 801.

second, the value of the literature locked up in the stranger tongues; third, the degree of their etymological relation to the mother-tongue,—an advantage not incompatible with that arising from diversities of construction and of idiom.

If tried by the first of these tests, it will not be denied that French, German, or Italian, but especially the two former, bear the palm over Latin and Greek. No one who has travelled on the Continent can have failed to deplore, even if he do not, in his own person, exemplify, the neglect of modern languages in the training of his countrymen, a neglect which shuts them out from innumerable occasions of pleasure and improvement. Correspondence by letter is alike precluded; and all conversation with foreigners who may visit this country reduced to the baldest chit-chat.* It may be true that as yet the French are, as a nation, below even our level in this respect,† but assuredly, for one Englishman who can speak or even understand German, there are at least ten Germans who understand and can speak English, and possess, besides, a respectable knowledge of its literature. The great Exhibition of 1851, among its many good results, has been of eminent service in calling attention to our great national deficiency in this respect, and in stimulating efforts for its removal. Whether this can be effected without a most serious inroad on our “classical” systems we shall inquire hereafter. In any case, though many would go beyond, few will gainsay the declaration of Sir Robert Kane, “That the interchange of ideas with the contemporaneous world is of as much importance as the preservation of the ideas of the past; and that the tongues which men now speak are those which men should learn to understand.”‡

If tried by the *second* test, the question is, doubtless, of somewhat more difficult decision. It is not to be decided by compa-

* At the Educational Conference before referred to, Mr. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow, said, that he “had been recently much impressed with observations made by two of the highest personages in the realm. One of those distinguished personages had expressed his sense of the value of our public schools, in forming that type-character—an English gentleman; but added a desire, that the modern languages, and a more extended acquaintance with science, might be inculcated. Another personage, *still more illustrious*, had honoured him, on the same occasion, by observing that, having often the most distinguished persons in the realm at *his* table, along with equally distinguished foreigners, it was absolutely mortifying to find that the former were not able to open their mouths in conversation during the whole evening.” (Hear, hear, and *cheers*). Groans would have been more appropriate.

† “Le Français qui passe pour bien élevé connaît peu les autres peuples, leurs mœurs et leurs institutions; *il est étranger à leur langage*, et c’est pour nous une grande cause d’infériorité, car nous avons ainsi moins de facilité pour nous approprier leurs découvertes et leurs progrès, qu’ils n’en ont pour s’emparer des nôtres.”—Michel Chevalier, (ex-Professor of Political Economy in the Collège de France), “Lettres sur l’Organisation de Travail.” 1848.

‡ “Inaugural Address,” at opening of Queen’s College, Cork, 1849.

[Vol. LX. No. CXVIII.].—NEW SERIES, Vol. IV. No. II. 11

relative estimates of their respective masterpieces, or master-minds. Whom among the moderns shall we weigh against Homer and Plato? Whom among the ancients against Goethe and Jean Paul? Nor is it easier to balance accurately, *en masse*, the literatures, say, of Germany and France against those of Greece and Rome. Without any disparagement of the ancient literature, however, we may maintain, on the whole, the superiority of the modern. In so far as the modern may have caught inspiration from the ancient, all honour to the "classic" tongues that they have so greatly helped to make the modern literatures richer than their own. "They have laboured, and we have entered into their labours;" and though the servile imitation of ancient models may have done much to stunt or to distort modern talent (we will not say genius, which is ever original and fresh) the stimulus and the direction which "the grand old masters" have transmitted to modern European literature of every tongue, ought ever gratefully to be acknowledged, even while we exalt the new above the old. As Chrysoloras said of Constantinople and the parent Rome: "The perfection of the copy still redounds to the honour of the original; and parents are delighted to be renewed, or even excelled, by the superior merit of their children."* But the modern literature is not a mere copy of the ancient: it has a stamp and flavour of its own; in the multifarious and ever-changing phases of our social state, it has assumed a corresponding diversity and flexibility; and while the ancient literatures are now fixed and limited, the modern are ever progressive, becoming more abundant and more various with lapsing years. The former are as a lake, beautiful, but motionless and unchanging; the latter are as a river, which, swelled as it advances by tributaries on either hand, rolls on in ever more majestic volume. The spirit of the old has permeated our modern literatures, and can never perish, even were we to cease from its study. But neglect of the new cuts us off from the ever-flowing stream of contemporaneous thought and life, fed, too, as it is, from distant fountains in the ancient hills.

As regards the *third* test: not to say that there is relationship between brothers, as well as between son and father, between cousins as well as between grandmother and grandson, it may be affirmed that mere chronological order cannot be allowed to rule the course of our linguistic studies. Few indeed would be disposed to follow whither this sole principle would lead. A river may be traced from its mouth to its source as pleasantly and as profitably as from its source to its mouth. It is as improving a discipline to trace French into Latin as Latin into French; just

* Gibbon, "Decline and Fall," &c., ch. lxvii.

as we usually, in "classical" schools, trace Latin upwards into Greek, in so far as Latin words may be derived from Greek,—not Greek downwards into Latin. But to look into the matter more closely. A large portion of our language is derived to us from Latin, while a larger portion (how much larger is a subject of dispute) comes from the Teutonic, principally the Anglo-Saxon, as it is called. Leaving out of view this latter portion, with which Latin is not concerned, by far the greater part of the former comes to us through the French. Now it seems even more natural, as we must of necessity begin with English, to trace back our words through French to Latin, than to leap over French, returning to it only after we have learned Latin.* It is true that Latin well prepares the way for the study of French, which, as Professor Pillans says, is, in common with "the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese,—the more immediate descendants of the Latin,—little else than a corruption of the parent stock, altered in shape, and frittered down in the parts, but the same in substance."—(p. 60.) But it is equally true that a knowledge of French, or of any of the cognate tongues, greatly facilitates the acquisition of Latin; and we cannot think that the historical order of precedence is sufficient to outweigh the many solid reasons for placing the modern languages before the ancient in the order of study. As to German, the case is still stronger; for there neither Latin nor Greek is of much more service than any one language must always be in the study of any other. To delay the study of German, therefore, till Latin and Greek, either or both, have been acquired, is simply to lose

* "Benjamin Franklin, who had only one year's instruction in Latin, when very young, acknowledges that he afterwards neglected that language entirely; but having in manhood gained an acquaintance with French, Italian, and Spanish, he was surprised, he says, to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that he understood it better than he had imagined. He adds: "I would offer to the consideration of those who superintend the education of youth, whether, since many of those who begin with the Latin quit the same after spending some years without having made any great proficiency, and what they have learned becomes almost useless, so that their time has been lost, it would not have been better to have begun with the French, proceeding to the Italian and Latin. For though, after spending the same time, they should quit the study of languages, and never arrive at the Latin, they would, however, have acquired another tongue or two, that, being in modern use, might be serviceable to them in common life."—"Autobiography," edited by Sparkes. c. 7. "Marcel on Language," vol. i. p. 131. 1852. We have not time to characterize this work as it deserves. In spite of its title, it is one of the most comprehensive treatises on the whole subject of education that have ever appeared in English. So far as we have read it, (for it has only fallen into our hands very recently,) we consider it as judicious as it is comprehensive. We were surprised, however, to fall on the following sentence in a work like this:—"Two years' study of Greek would then suffice, as that language is not so difficult (?) nor its literature so extensive (!) as the Latin."—Vol. ii. p. 307.

time, without any of that advantage which is plausibly, we think delusively, urged in favour of postponing the study of French to that of Latin. It may truly be added, that the pupil who has mastered the inflexions and syntax of German, has acquired a power which will help to render his after progress in Latin or Greek at once easy and rapid. It is so common to throw together under one common title of "classic tongues," the languages of Greece and Rome, that one is ever apt to lose sight of the vast differences between them in their structures, their sources, and consequently in their relations to our mother-tongue, and to the other languages of Europe. If, however, we have disposed of the claims of Latin, no argument whatever is necessary as regards Greek; for in the case neither of German nor of French,—of the modern Teutonic nor of the Romanic tongues—can it put in any claim to precedence such as may be pleaded, in the case of the latter at least, in favour of Latin; unless, indeed, its advocate insist, as some scholars do, not without force, that the study of Greek should precede that of Latin itself—a notion which, however just, is too far at variance with long established and universally-prevailing custom to need discussion here, though it deserves notice as showing that existing plans are not unassailable on their own ground, and with their own weapons.

We are of opinion, then, that as regards whether their utility in the intercourse of life,—the wealth of the literature which they contain,—or their etymological relationship to the mother-tongue,—the modern languages, and especially French and German, ought, in all school studies, to precede the ancient languages of Greece and Rome. Their superior utility cannot be denied; the value of their literary and scientific contents, already greater, is in rapid and continual increase; and our language being of twofold origin—Latin and Teutonic—French serves admirably to illustrate the former part, and German the latter; while their unlikeness to each other prevents confusion in the learner's mind.

But the argument is by no means exhausted here. Various as are the contrivances and helps in teaching languages, it may be said that there are two chief methods—one by dictionary and grammar, as Latin and Greek are usually taught; the other by oral communication, somewhat as the child learns its own language, the voice being encouraged to imitate and repeat the sounds which the ear receives, and the mind gradually apprehending their meaning more and more fully as experience extends or limits their use. It may not be desirable that either method should wholly supersede the other in the learning of a foreign language; and probably the best course is a judicious blending of the two in varying proportions, according to the cir-

cumstances of the case. But there can be no doubt which is the more suitable for the young. Accordingly, the experiment has sometimes been made, and with great success, as in the case of Montaigne, to teach a child Latin by surrounding it with attendants who could speak that language. But this method, which will be admitted to be commonly impracticable with Greek or Latin, is much more easily realized in the case of French or German; the correct pronunciation and the free use of which in speech could be acquired (up to the measure of his growth) from his teacher, at an age much earlier than that at which any use of dictionary or grammar would be beneficial, if possible. At a much more advanced stage, the pupil would be well prepared to enter on the study first of Latin, and afterwards of Greek, in the teaching of which the former method, or that least suited to the young, can solely, or almost solely, be employed.

Again, every teacher, especially of the younger divisions of a "classical" school, knows well that not the least of his difficulties is to meet the ever-recurring question—"What is the use of all this Latin?"—a question which, even if the pupil seldom venture to propose it openly, is, nevertheless, ever present to his mind; and so long as it is unanswered, (and answered it never can be to his satisfaction,) checks all effort, and makes him an unwilling learner. Nor is it to the dull, but rather to the acute and inquiring pupil, that this *cui bono** difficulty chiefly presents itself. The incorrigibly stupid boy, or the boy hopelessly confused, to whom (in the phrase of Mr. Dickens) "whether twenty Romuluses make one Remus; hic, hæc, hoc, is troy weight; or three times four is Taurus, a bull, are open questions," may plod on doggedly through the mist—"no questions asked;" but the intelligent boy, who likes to know "the why and the wherefore" of everything he does, seeks vainly to be enlightened on this head. Hence in great measure the need for violent artificial incentives, and for degrading punishment in schools. In the case of the modern languages, however, no such doubt or misgiving is likely to occur; if it do, it is easily dispelled, and a cordial co-operation takes the place of a reluctant or unsteady obedience—

"Not unresisting when that cursed Greek

Asks so much time for words that none will speak."

Another argument is suggested by Professor Pillans' own preface to his *Eclogæ Curtianæ*, which commences thus:—

* The phrase *cui bono*, which properly means, *for whose benefit* (V. Cicero, *Pro Milone*, c. 12) is so universally used to mean *for what benefit*, that we suppose we may follow the crowd.

"The works commonly called the Latin Classics" (and the same remark holds true of the Greek) "were all composed by men, and mainly intended for adults of their own sex. In the literature of ancient Rome, that is now extant, there is nothing which was written expressly for the young—no author, or class of authors, corresponding to our Barbaulds, and Edgeworths, and Marcets, who wrote books adapted to the earlier stages of the human understanding, with the view of assisting in the development, and directing the application of the youthful faculties. Hence arises the difficulty of finding compositions fit to be read and expounded in beginning a course of classical learning; and hence also the obligation which every conscientious teacher feels himself under of selecting, as far as he can, what may be at once level to the comprehension, and not inconsistent with the purity of the youthful mind." We cannot follow the professor through his amusing exposure of the absurdity and utter unsuitness of the compilations, which, under such titles as *Delectus*, *Lectioes Selectæ*, &c., are commonly used in the lower divisions of "classical" schools. While, however, we cordially concur with him in the severity of those strictures, we would remark that, in the case of the modern languages, the difficulty is quite of the opposite kind, and arises from the very abundance of excellent juvenile works—books for children, and yet not childish books, from which selections may be made.

Again, much more thorough proficiency is both attainable and desirable in the modern than in the ancient languages; and yet we act as if the reverse were the fact. While the test of knowledge of the modern languages is much more frequent and severe than it can usually be in Greek or Latin, we have far too low an estimate of what constitutes a real acquaintance with them. It is not enough to be able to read ordinary books with tolerable facility, and a vague notion of their meaning, or to carry on fragmentary conversations about the weather, or the dishes at a dinner-table. Fluency both in writing and speaking on subjects grave and various—a full appreciation of the genius and idiosyncrasy of the language, as well as accuracy in its details—an extensive knowledge of its literature—a feeling of being at home in it, if we may so speak, are acquirements which, while they richly repay the labour that they cost, are unattainable except by long years of study and continuous practice. The spasmodic efforts of a few months, under strong pressure, may do much; but it is by steady, moderate exertion, year after year, that we best become familiar with a language. Without any painful sense of drudgery, it grows gradually upon us, and becomes "part and parcel" of our mental being. With a language as with a friend, intimacy is eminently the work of time. Do free-

dom and skill in the use of our own knowledge "come by nature," or are they "the gift of fortune?" From the earliest to the latest year of the school-course, there is need, as well as room, for progressive exercise in modern tongues. It is scarcely desirable, besides, that French and German, however dissimilar, should (any more than Latin and Greek) be commenced precisely at the same time; and this fact is an additional reason why the language, whichever it may be that is first begun, should be begun early. Still further, though we have spoken solely of French and German, far be it from us to exclude from a later period of the school-course, Italian, or any other language that may be thought important, or practicable.

It is often said, however, that the thorough grammatical "drilling" in Latin and Greek, to which a boy is subjected in the early years of his school-course—the parsing of words—the analysis of the construction of sentences—the comparison of idioms and methods of expression, form an unequalled mental training, and that not merely as a preparation for the more advanced study of the "classic" authors, but wholly apart from any subsequent practical application. In reply, we would ask—1st, is not an equally thorough "drilling" possible in French and German? 2nd, if possible, would it not be productive of equally good results? To these questions we have never seen or heard any negative reply which was not opposed alike to reason and to fact, so far as experience has been attainable in this matter. We do not hesitate to affirm that, in so far as thorough "drilling," in all the departments of grammar, tends to sharpen the faculties, to fix the attention, to strengthen the memory, or to produce any other intellectual advantage, the result would follow equally, *in equally able hands*, whether the subject language be French or Latin, Greek or German. We wish our limits would enable us to quote at length an admirable passage, in which Professor Pillans dwells on the kind and amount of mental exercise afforded by the analysis of one of Livy's sentences, so long, so complicated, and involved, (page 50). We admit all that he affirms; but we would observe that it applies solely to the later stages of the school-course, in which alone such an exercise is practicable, and from which we do not wish to have it banished. Besides, if the genius of our own language forbid constructions so involved and inverted (though the analysis, grammatical and logical, in truth the same, of English sentences, affords an exercise, alas! too much neglected) themes not dissimilar, if less difficult, may be found, if not in French, at least in German. So is it with all the other advantages which the professor proceeds to enumerate in evidence of the utility of "classic" studies:—"The allusions to manners, customs, laws;

institutions civil, military, and religious; geographical allusions; the fitting of the several parts into a whole, and connecting the several links in the chain of ideas, whether the work under examination be that of an orator, a poet, or a historian; the comparison of parallel passages either from the same writer or from other writers of the same, or of different age, country, or language; written exercises, abstracts, and translations; excursions into the field of general criticism." All this is within the means, nay, the duty of every teacher, be the language of his text-book ancient or modern. A teacher, who deserves the name, is not like the *cicerone* of an old castle, or cathedral, who can tell his story only in one order, and who, if interrupted by a question, must return to the beginning of his droning task; he must be able to turn his knowledge many ways, throw it, on the instant, into very various shapes, combine, and illustrate, and enforce it with all but endless diversity of association. Such a teacher (though he may not adopt to the letter Jacotot's third principle, *Tout est en tout*, or believe that all possible knowledge may be educed from the *Telemague* of Fenelon) will not confine himself to the language which is his main subject, ancient or modern, but suiting his lessons to the stage of his pupils' progress, and to the time at his disposal, will point attention to the facts of other languages, and, by these, illustrate his teaching in the way whether of difference or of resemblance. It is natural that men who have devoted their lives to the study and the teaching of one subject, and who have long been accustomed to view all things in relation to it, should have acquired great facility and dexterity in associating with it all sorts of knowledge. But they err, and the error is honourable to their modesty, in ascribing to the subject much that is really due to themselves. Given an Arnold or a Pillans, (the magnitude of the postulate does not affect the conditions of the question,) it is of quite secondary importance what language they make the basis of their teaching. Whether it be Greek or German, French or Latin, English or Italian, such men will not fail to edify and delight their pupils with the same clearness in explaining, the same skill in combining and grouping, the same felicity in illustration. As teachers, however, of the most advanced classes, we would rather widen than change their sphere. The ancient classics would not be worse, but better taught, in the highest forms, did the pupil receive a more general culture in his early course; and were even a larger part of the elementary teaching of the "classics" left to those masters who are qualified to conduct the highest, it would be largely to the pupils' gain.

It is often said, however, and here we quote the Rev. Sidney

Smith, that—"The two ancient languages are as mere inventions, as pieces of mechanism, incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe: their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this, the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, majesty, and harmony of its compounds; and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them, merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill-contrived, and barbarous."* We are disposed as little to admit this sweeping declaration of the inferiority of the modern European languages, as to demur to the praise here bestowed on Greek. But were it just, it has no real bearing on the question now before us, which involves precedence, not exclusion. It may be our misfortune that the languages most important for us to learn are not so beautiful as some others, but we must accept the fact, if such it be. If the ancient languages surpass the modern in beauty—and surely it will not be denied by any that the modern have points of superiority as well as of inferiority—by all means let the superiority be indicated by comparative notices during the study of the modern languages themselves, and by a more thorough study of the ancient at a later time. From such comparisons, on whichever side lie the superiority, only good can result.

We have sought in vain through these lectures for a single sentence on the school claims of the modern languages in comparison with the ancient, though we find many paragraphs in which we might read "French and German" for "Greek and Latin," without any further change being needed. We turn, then, to "Four Lectures on the Advantages of a Classical Education, as an Auxiliary to a Commercial Education," by the Rev. Joseph Angus, which a few years ago gained one of the Beaufoy prizes for the best set of lectures on the subject. Of the four lectures, exactly seven lines are devoted to this question. We may, therefore, transcribe the whole passage without serious encroachment on our space:—"Modern languages are too like

* But Southey, who was a better judge of both ancient and modern languages than the Rev. S. Smith, says: "They may talk as they will of the dead languages; our auxiliary verbs give us a power which the ancients, with all their varieties of mood and inflections of tenses, never could attain. 'It *must* be written in a book,' said I, encouraged by her manner (she had previously said *ought*). The mood was the same, the tense was the same; but the gradation of meaning was marked in a way which a Greek or Latin grammarian might have envied as well as admired."—"The Doctor," c. 7. — "Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?"

our own in their characteristic features to call forth and exercise the faculties in the same way; while the fact that the classical languages are now unchangeable, that they contain enough for the purpose, and not too much, point them out as most suitable for thus disciplining and strengthening the mind of our youth." (Lect. iii., p. 42). We have already noticed sufficiently the consideration of unlikeness; and without arguing as to the exact comparative degree of likeness or unlikeness, we content ourselves with affirming that French and German are so far unlike our language and each other as to furnish abundant matter of comparative illustration. There are innumerable points of difference on which to fasten useful and miscellaneous philological disquisitions. The assertion that "the classical languages contain enough for the purpose and not too much," (especially if we connect it with the former that they differ more from our language than do the modern) is one with which we confess our inability to grapple. What is the precise limit between enough and too much? How is it proved or proveable that "the classical languages" contain just enough, while the modern languages contain too much? If it be not meant that the modern languages contain too much, what is it to the question between them and the ancient, that the latter contain just enough? But the argument of *unchangeableness* is so common a fallacy that it merits a brief notice. It is a mere truism to affirm that the "classic" tongues are "now," that is, henceforward, unchangeable, while the modern tongues are liable to future change; but changes which have not yet occurred are clearly no more to us than changes which never can occur. A language at any given point of its history is just as much fixed as the "classic" tongues are now, that is, as they were when they ceased to be spoken.* Our own language, for example, is to us at this moment something equally fixed, whether it shall be exactly the same, or widely different a century hence. On the other hand, the "classic" tongues, no more than any modern language, are free from the changes which time has wrought in everything human. Is there no change in the Latin tongue perceptible in Tacitus or Juve-

* We must crave the forgiveness of Professor Blackie for so far yielding to custom as to speak of Greek as a *dead* language. He says: "This vulgar notion, like many others, has grown out of pedantic prejudice, and is supported by sheer ignorance;" and again—"The present practice of teaching Greek in our schools and colleges altogether as a dead language, can be regarded only as a great scholastic mistake; and it may be confidently affirmed by any person who has reflected on the method of nature in teaching languages, that more Greek will be learned by three months' well-directed study at Athens, where it is spoken, than by three years' devotion to the language under the influence of our common scholastic and academic appliances in this country."—Pp. 71 & 81, "The Pronunciation of Greek." 1852.

nal as compared with Ennius or Plautus? Is the difference much less than that between Chaucer and Cowper? If there be still a classic standard of good Latinity among scholars, so that they can at once distinguish an archaism or a neologism, is there not a similar standard of good "classic" English, or French, or German, at any point of those nations' progress, for example, at this day? Have our educated neighbours across the Channel any difficulty in determining that such or such a phrase which an Englishman may use "is not French," though with their characteristic politeness they may soften down the correction by adding, "but it deserves to be?" If it be said that the travels of at least the young pupil are confined within the middle zone of "classic" or Augustan Latin, and that he has little concern with the barbarisms of an earlier, or the corruptions of a later, age; so is it precisely with every modern tongue, especially at school. We read Goldsmith, not Gower; Fenelon, not even Montaigne; Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," not the "Lay of the Niebelungen." Besides, there are other changes than those which time introduces. Place, also, has its influence, combined with time, or apart; and when we think of Greek with its Æolic, Doric, Ionic, and Attic dialects, all of which, and especially the latter two, require the careful attention of even the youthful scholar, we can scarcely escape the conclusion that *unchangeableness*, in any practical sense, is not one of the recommendations of the "classic" tongues.

Now that we have stated at some length our reasons for demanding in favour of modern languages precedence over the ancient in the school course, we may consider the obstacles to the recognition of their claims to a position superior, or even equal, to that now held by the ancient. First and chief comes the organization of our "classical" seminaries, which is, with rare exception, based on a quite exorbitant estimate of the value of "classical" compared with all other instruction. We have already spoken of the "subordination" theory; let us see how it works in practice. Not long ago, we heard a zealous and high-minded teacher, a man of considerable intelligence as well as scholarship, the head master of a classical school of some repute, maintain that two-thirds of the school-time must be devoted to the "classical" department of the course. Let us see what this arrangement involves: we do not think the case at all exceptional. Admitting that ancient geography and history, with Greek and Roman antiquities, come strictly within the "classical" department, let us ask what branches remain which either come, or ought to come, within the programme of every good school:—1, English Language and Literature; 2, Modern History; 3, Modern Geography; (if the last two subjects be

said to form part of the "classical" teaching, we ask, 1st, by what right are they to be "credited" to "classics"? 2nd, why should the modern be taught as an adjunct to the ancient, and not *versâ vice*, as Dr. Parr says the phrase should be?) 4, French; 5, German; 6, Writing; 7, Arithmetic; 8, Geometry; 9, Algebra (not to name any other than those three divisions of the wide range of mathematics); 10, Natural History; 11, Elements of Physical Science (though this subject, too, might fairly be subdivided; think of Chemistry alone!); 12, Human Physiology (a subject so important as to merit separate mention); 13, Social Economy (which, like human physiology, is now taught most efficiently in the Birkbeck schools in and near London, and which cannot much longer be neglected in any); 14, The elements of Mental Philosophy; 15, Vocal Music; 16, Drawing.* In this list, which we do not offer as in any sense complete, there appears no subject either unimportant or unfit for the study of the youth of our upper and middle classes; few which are not fast being introduced into the schools for the children of the lower classes; none which, for one or other reason, does not deserve attention as much as "classics" themselves. Yet all these subjects are left to struggle and scramble for the crumbs of time which may fall from the "classic" table. Every day adds to the store of things to be known, and to the necessity for knowing them; every day renders time more valuable, as the field of labour widens; but time must be saved from anything but "classics;" they at least have none to spare. Have they not already given up a third of their right? They will not listen to further proposals of "short-time." But, reduce the list as we may, we still ask, if two-thirds of the whole school-time be necessary to impart a satisfactory training in Latin and Greek, how is it possible that French and German can be satisfactorily learned in we know not what fraction of a third of the time, and that, be it added, during only a portion of the school-period? Surely, surely, if too much time be not devoted to the ancient tongues, too little is reserved for the modern, especially

* We have recently observed in the journals an advertisement for a teacher of drawing, in the High School of Edinburgh—an innovation due, no doubt, to the rector, Dr. Schmitz, whose eminence as a classical scholar is not his sole claim to respect. But the lessons will, of course, be given out of school hours; the class will, of course, be optional, and at an extra charge; and, of course, it will not succeed. It will probably share the fate of the lectures on physical science, which were introduced into that seminary on the school-holiday, some years ago, and which were speedily abandoned by the projectors, but previously by the pupils. It avails little, we think, that some half-dozen boys learn drawing within, instead of without, the walls of the school. What is wanted is, that all the pupils should learn, as a regular part of their school course, as in many schools that we know. Still, we suppose, a beginning must be made.

if we remember what has been already said as to the more perfect mastery of them, which is both attainable and needful to be attained, as well as the greater length of time which is accordingly required. In point of fact, never have we seen a "classical" school in whose upper forms (we speak of the most advanced boys who are too often taken by "a discerning public" as samples of their whole class) the knowledge of either tongue was not widely disproportionate to the extent and accuracy of attainment in Greek and Latin. A minute acquaintance with the subtle distinctions of the one has ever contrasted painfully with a confused and blundering superficiality in the other, except, indeed, where little real progress has been made in either. Be the teacher's talent and industry what they may—even if the principal do not sneer (and we have known such a case) but cordially encourage—so long as the most prominent place, the longest time, and the highest rewards (the "scholarship prizes," as they are sometimes called) are assigned to the ancient tongues, it is impossible that the modern can secure from the pupils the respect and studious attention which are indispensable for their acquisition. The undue exaltation of the one involves the undue depression of the other. In some schools, again, modern languages, instead of being regarded as a constituent portion of the course, are made optional and "*extras*," as it is called, in time and in charge. We have heard of one such school, numbering some four hundred boys, in which there were four students of German, or exactly one per cent.

But it is said, and we quote, in substance, the same authority to which we have just referred, that "education consists of two parts—instruction and training; it being the office of the former to impart knowledge, and of the latter to impart mental discipline. It is only the latter that in strictness deserves the name of education; and while all other subjects—a slight exception being made in favour of mathematics"—(though the very title might suggest a more liberal and Plato-like estimate)* "belong to the instructional division, it is the classical course alone which ranks as educational. Both must, doubtless, be carried on side by side; but still a decided predominance must be awarded to the latter." It seems to us that this is a mischievous perversion of a distinction which, in itself, has been long and universally admitted to be just. In the *first* place, it

* "Doctors differ." Dr. Whewell says. "No education can be considered as liberal which does not cultivate the *faculty of reason* and the *faculty of language*, one of which is cultivated by the study of *mathematics*, and the other by the study of the *classics*. To allow the student to omit one of these is to leave him half educated."—"Principles of English University Education." Here *reason* is affirmed to be cultivated, not by classics, but by mathematics.

is, in truth, a theoretical distinction, and one which regards the *ends* and the *method* much more than the *means* of education. A subject may be studied either for its practical uses, or as a discipline; but every subject or set of subjects brings, in one or other direction, in greater or less degree, its advantage as an exercise of mind. Is the study of arithmetic, for example, when properly taught, less a mental exercise in its peculiar way because its lessons are of practical service in daily life? Is utility sufficient to exclude a subject from the category of "educational" influences? This were an error akin to that of ancient political and economic writers who made productive industry the doom of the slave, idleness the honourable badge of the free man. Let us take a case. A merchant ought, on one hand, to discharge his business duties, and, on the other, to preserve his health by bodily exercise. But, if his business itself require him to walk ten or twelve miles a day, is he to be told that this walking cannot be counted as exercise, and that he must walk other ten or twelve miles for the sake of exercise, and for that alone? We declare our inability to see wherein this supposed case differs from the theory which would range on one side the practically useful, and on the other the educational, and build high and broad between them a partition wall.

But, in the *second* place,—granting that subjects differ greatly in the degree, as well as in the kind of their educational influence, that that subject is entitled to the highest place which exercises in the best way the greatest number of our mental powers, and that neither physical science, nor, as Professor Pillans tells us, mathematics can claim to take the lead, from want of power equably to develop and harmoniously to combine the majority of our faculties of mind, while yet some one subject *must* predominate,—we most strenuously contend that it is not to the "classics," that is to the languages and literature of ancient Greece and Rome, but to language and literature at large that this predominance is justly due. This, it seems to us, is the true answer to the question which the Professor raises; this is the true solution of the difficulty—on the "predominance" theory—to which we before adverted. A part has been too long allowed to usurp the rank and the honour due only to the whole. In the infancy of modern literatures all literature was represented, and nobly too, by the ancient classics; the one was co-extensive—nay, identical with the other, but now the position is widely changed; the relative proportions of the ancient and the modern literatures are precisely reversed; still the ancient asserts its old prerogative; it would "lay its ineffectual finger on the spoke of time"; it refuses to believe that

the child has grown into a man.* "In the hopeful meantime," (to use a phrase of Mr. Dickens) the native tongue is neglected, the fellow-tongues of Europe are but superficially taught, and at odds and ends of time. Far be it from us to divorce the new from the old; we would give to each a place, gladly acknowledging that each is beautiful in its season. To exclude either, is to condemn the higher study of literature to partiality and incompleteness; still, each must take place according to its relative importance, that being determined by the widest comparison of things, not as they were three, four, or even a hundred years ago, but as they are now. If comparison must be instituted, we maintain that there is no advantage, *intellectual*, *moral*, or *æsthetic*, that the study of the ancient languages can confer, which may not to an almost if not strictly equal degree, be derived from the study of the modern, while the modern yield peculiar advantages, to which the ancient can make no claim.

To what we have already said of the *intellectual* advantages alleged to follow from the usual course of "classical" instruction, we have nothing to add.

We pass hastily over the *moral* aspect of the question. Not that we deem it of light importance, but the subject is too extensive for full discussion here, and we have no wish to echo the outcry which has been raised against the "classics" on this ground. Suffice it to say, that whatever lessons of virtue and of nobleness an earnest and a discerning teacher may draw from the precepts of ancient literature, or from the examples of ancient history,—and they are not few,—not even equality to the modern in this respect can possibly be claimed. Were it otherwise, Christianity would indeed have done little for the world. On the other hand, while the moral harvest of antiquity is scantier, and too often of a coarser grain, the tares are more abundant. A stricter selection and a care more anxious, are, therefore, needful; for the mental torpor, which is a sevenfold shield against good, is a poor protection against evil; and what teacher, who cares for the heart and the soul, as well as the head of his pupils, has not been dismayed to mark with how

* If it be allowed to enliven a serious subject by a humorous illustration, we may say that the position of the ancient towards the modern languages, reminds us forcibly of an anecdote told by the late Principal Baird, of the Assembly Schools in the Highlands of Scotland. Old and young were gathered together—alike in ignorance and in desire to learn, however unlike in years. On one of his visits, the principal observing a little boy crying at the foot of the class, asked him what was the matter. He replied, in a voice broken by sobs, "I have trappit (corrected) my grannie (grandmother), and she winna (will not) let me up;" i.e., take her place!

prompt avidity precocious vice seizes on what is congenial to itself!

We have already said somewhat of the comparative excellence of the ancient and of the modern literature, from an *aesthetic* point of view. But the question must be narrowed and looked at in relation to the youthful mind, as well as in connexion with prevailing practice. It can scarcely be denied that the modern literature contains more than the ancient of what is at once beautiful, and level to the comprehension, and apt to the sympathies of youth. The reading of the ancient classics is, accordingly, best deferred to an age later than that at which works of equal merit in modern languages can be read with profit and enjoyment. The reading of any books before the taste is sufficiently developed for their just appreciation can serve only to make the subject tedious, the pupil dull and apathetic. "Persons," says Professor Blackie, "are often sent to study the classical languages, and to read the works of the highest classics, at an age when it is impossible even for clever boys—not to mention the slow majority—to read them with intelligence and sympathy."* We have too much respect for Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, to believe that an immature mind can appreciate their excellence.† Neither do we think that early and engrossing study of the rudiments of Latin and Greek tends to make the mind either early or healthfully mature. Whatever else the system may do, it does not quicken appreciation, or develop taste. If men of poetic genius, like Scott, and Byron, and Lamartine, have recorded their inability in after life to divest the ancient classics of the associations of ennui, satiety, and disgust caused by their premature study, can it reasonably be hoped, that boys of mere ordinary capacity will be more successful? The perception of beauty is quenched in the stupor of irksome drudgery; and like Tarpeia beneath the bracelets of the Roman soldiery, even talent is crushed under a mass of ornament and wealth, of which it feels only the weight. To school-boys it is the sting, and not the honey, that proclaims the Attic bee!

But the exaggerated estimate of "classics," which now pre-

* On the "Studying and Teaching of Languages."

† "If the dead have any cognizance of posthumous fame, one would think it must abate somewhat of the pleasure with which Virgil and Ovid regard their earthly immortality, when they see to what base purposes their productions are applied. That their verses should be administered to boys in regular doses, as lessons or impositions, and some dim conception of their meaning whipt into the tail when it has failed to penetrate the head, cannot be just the sort of homage to their genius which they anticipated, or desired."—Southey. "The Doctor," p. i. c. 13.

vails is not the sole obstacle in the way, though to that every other may ultimately be traced back. Not to speak of the pride, the self-interest, the indolence, the force of habit, the general *vis inertiae* which resist all innovation, and which unconsciously do good service to some extent, by preventing ill considered change, no slight difficulty is the present want of teachers qualified as they ought to be. The practice of long years has raised up hundreds, perhaps thousands, of respectable "classical" teachers; while in this country no *body* of well qualified teachers of the modern languages as yet exist. The demand, however, would very soon create the supply; and should the English people once begin to think that a ballad of Schiller, or a tragedy of Racine, may furnish to a wise teacher as good a text for exposition, and critical disquisition, and for every kind of collateral information, as an ode of Horace, or a comedy of Terence, teachers would, doubtless, be found with the knowledge and skill required. We have the high authority of Dr. Arnold in favour of teaching French and German in schools by means of the ordinary school teachers;* and though we cannot here go into details of school-management, we may briefly hint that regular lessons from natives of France and Germany, to as great an extent as are anywhere given now, might be advantageously superadded to the ordinary class-teaching, so that pronunciation, or rather accent, as well as grammatical structure, might receive due attention. In France, after the year 1855, a thorough knowledge of German and English will be imperatively required in every teacher of a certain grade.† Have we not in this country Germans, who are principals of schools, who, in mastery of English, in both writing and speech, and skill in teaching English, may bear comparison with Englishmen themselves? In this case, as in most others, "where there's a will, there's a way."

A question of great practical importance still remains. Can the "classics" be taught efficiently, if delayed to a later period of the school-course, precedence being given to the modern languages? We do not hesitate to reply, that the efficiency would be in-

* For his doubts and difficulties on this subject, however, see "Life," c. iii. p. 107. Note. Edition in one volume. 1846.

† So loathsome is the mass of moral putridity which now floats on the stagnant surface of French politics, that it is cheering to see any sign of educational progress. We are patriotic enough to believe that a more general knowledge of the English language, and, through that, of the English literature, history, and constitution, might have saved that great nation from much past suffering and present humiliation. Be that as it may, nations seem to us more likely to realize unity, as well as progress, by the study of each other's languages, than by their common study of any one, and that an ancient language.

creased, not diminished, by the delay. It is, doubtless, a paradox to contend that the time may be abridged, and yet the result not lessened, but augmented; but every one knows how much more can be effected by the well-directed energy of a day, especially when the mind is somewhat mature, than by the half-hearted dawdling of a week, especially in earlier and more careless life. If this seem to any inconsistent with what we have before said about long time being required for attaining perfect familiarity with a modern language, let them remember what we have also said first about the greater fitness of modern languages for early study, and secondly, about the quite different manner and kind of proficiency which, in a modern language, is both to be desired and to be obtained. We do not conceal our conviction, that even in the higher teaching of "classics" in school, there must be a wiser direction of the pupils' energies than now prevails; that, for example, the painful composition of Latin and Greek verses (such as they are) ought to be wholly left to college; and that the same thing holds true, to a less extent, of even prose composition, the time thus saved being much more profitably employed in a more extended, but not less careful, study of the "classic" authors. But on the whole, it is not the higher "classic" teaching that ought to be curtailed; it is the rudimentary drudgery that ought to be abridged and condensed by better methods, and above all by waiting nature's time. It is the early age at which "classical" studies are begun, that—rendering the work at once tedious and unprofitable—necessitates so terrible an expenditure of time, and prevents their successful prosecution. Difficulties which are now surmounted, if at all, with infinite labour and many tears; details which are now mastered, if at all, by children who can have so little comprehension of their meaning and purpose, and so little motive to mental effort, would afford only an easy and a pleasant exercise to minds more mature and better prepared.

The "classics" have been too long worshipped as an Ortygian goddess, at whose shrine boys must be whipped that they may learn fortitude and patience. Difficulty is still too much wilfully preserved, as if there were any real danger of difficulties running short, after we have done all that can be done to facilitate the pupil's progress. "Can aversion be the parent of memory—impediment of perfection?" "Where," as it has been pertinently asked, "is the love of difficulty to end? Why not leave a boy to compose his own dictionary and grammar? Are there difficulties enough in the old way of learning languages? Would it be better if the difficulties were doubled, and thirty years given to languages instead of fifteen?"* The prejudice against

* Rev. Sidney Smith, "Edinburgh Review," 1826.

labour-saving, or rather labour-shifting, methods in instruction, is akin to that against machinery in manufactures. We do not find that human labour is superseded; it is only better directed; men work as hard as ever—only they produce ten times more. We would advocate no dispensing with the pupil's own exertion, and no cramming at the expense of digestion. But, surely, there never can be any lack of exercises well fitted at once to increase his knowledge, and to brace his mental sinews, by labour suited to his strength. If his work be easier, he must work the more. So far as our own observation has gone, we can confidently affirm that a youth of average ability, previously well trained, with faculties whetted, not blunted, by the knowledge he has acquired, and especially if he be familiar with one or two modern languages besides his own, with their principles as well as practice, will, from the age of fourteen, or say thirteen, to that of sixteen, learn more of "classics" better and more easily, than another can between the years of eight and fourteen,—wanting, as he must do, the necessary preparation and maturity of mind. We know that we are not alone in this conviction; and that it is shared by not a few "classical" teachers, who yet strive faithfully to make the best of the present system. Let us hear the evidence borne before a Committee of the House of Commons, by the late Dr. J. H. Jerrard, formerly classical lecturer at the University of Cambridge, since principal of Bristol College, and more recently classical examiner in the London University,—surely no mean authority. We regret that the whole passage is too long for quotation here.

"I am strongly opposed," he says, "to what I conceive to be a most false application of a true principle—namely, making children learn Latin at a very early period of life, particularly in the way in which it is ordinarily taught, through the medium of technical grammar. This, instead of naturally and healthfully exercising the verbal memory of a child, tends to overload it with a weight of barbarous terms, all explanations of which imply a power of abstraction quite beyond his years. . . . Many persons, who have proved themselves to be possessed of great abilities, have informed me that they looked back actually with horror at the intellectual drudgery of their early school-boy days; and that they imbibed at that time a disgust of all knowledge, which they afterwards found it very hard to get over, in consequence of being forced to work at what they could not comprehend. . . . My experience at Bristol College has convinced me, that even looking no further than to the mere acquisition of the learned languages, that object may best be attained by deferring the commencement of them till at least ten years of age. Such of my pupils as had not begun till then, have almost uniformly overtaken, or even passed, at fourteen or fifteen, those who had started at seven. I must say, that in fixing upon ten as the earliest age at which they can commence

with us, I am by no means convinced in my own mind that it is best for them to begin so young; but I have drawn the line there, in order to meet, as far as I could, the popular prejudice upon this subject. Judging from several instances which have come under my own observation, *I am strongly inclined to believe that twelve, or even fourteen, would be a better period for commencing Latin.*”*

No other explanation do we need of the sad disproportion, even where no incompetency on the teacher's part can be alleged, between the time consumed and the result accomplished, in the early school-years. But, if the result be unsatisfactory as regards those who prolong their school studies sufficiently to enter on the perusal of the higher authors, and to obtain a glimpse, however faint, of the purpose and the reward of their previous toils, how fares it with those

“Quos

Abstulit atra (?) dies, et munere mersit acerbo,”

with the great majority who are removed early from school to enter on the serious business of life, or to begin an arduous process of strictly professional training. Four or five of the most precious years of life—those years on the use of which turn mainly the future character and destiny,—have been spent chiefly in declining, and conjugating, and parsing, and scanning, and translating into very meagre English a little Latin, and less Greek. The pupil,—we should say the successful pupil,—has accumulated a considerable store of “vocables:”† he can defy reproach as to his genders, numbers, and cases, tenses and moods; he is expert in distinguishing *cado* from *cædo*, *cecidi* from *cecidi*, *queror* from *queror*: immaculate in the quantities of Latin syllables and the Latin rules therefor; impeccable in the augments and reduplications of the Greek verb; and he moves serenely amidst the most anomalous inflexions. We will not deny that all this “drilling” has its modicum of use, though we repeat that we cannot see why a like drilling in French or German should not be equally productive; but are we to be seriously told that, even if “classical” studies go no further, and the whole be forgotten of what has so laboriously been acquired—this is an

* A similar opinion was expressed before the same committee by Mr. James Simpson, whose writings, and still more whose lectures, have greatly helped to diffuse rational notions, and to awaken interest in education. See his “Philosophy of Education.” With his views regarding the living languages, however, we regret that, for reasons that need not be here repeated, we cannot quite concur.—Even since this note was written, Mr. Simpson has ceased from his labours! “Sublatum ex oculis querimus invidi!”

† We observe that the professor apologises for the use of this word, as not being found in Johnson's Dictionary, or acknowledged south of the Tweed. It is in Walker's Dictionary, however, if not in Johnson's. It occurs several times in Southey's “Doctor.”

adequate preparation,—we will not say for the duties of life, but for the training of mind and heart which is to form the future man, and to fit for those various duties? Knickerbocker tells of a man who, having resolved to leap over a hill, took a race of three miles to gain impetus for the leap; but who, being quite exhausted by this preliminary exertion, on arriving at the foot of the hill, sat down to rest, and afterwards walked over it quietly at his leisure. But he did walk over it. To make the story quite applicable to this case, he ought not to have walked either over it, or even round it, but have gone off abruptly to right or left. We would avoid unfairness. Let us not leave out of sight the lessons in writing, in arithmetic, in geometry or algebra, in history or geography, modern or ancient, that may have been given in the intervals of time. But how much more, and how many greater things, have been omitted? English has been left almost to chance; the modern languages, if even begun, have been most imperfectly learned; drawing and vocal music wholly neglected; the physical sciences, whether of observation or experiment, are quite unknown; the mind is a blank on subjects so important as the structure of the human body, the nature and action of the mental powers, and the laws of social economy, which, it has been practically proved, have as much interest for the young as they have value throughout life; though many (so thick is our darkness) will not be able to suppress a smile at the bare notion of such things being taught at school.* Still more, the faculties neither of observation, nor of reflection, nor of

* The classification of sciences with a view to education, is no easy task. We subjoin two recent attempts, each of which has its own merit, though they differ so widely:—"He (man) would look round him upon the world without, and the thought would arise in his mind—'Where am I?' He would contemplate himself, his form so curious, his feelings so strange and various; he would ask—'What am I?' Then reflection would begin to stir within him, and reviewing the world without and within, and pondering upon the mystery of existence, he would exclaim—'Why am I?' And the replies to these three questions compose the entire circle of human knowledge, developed in its natural order."—"The Advocate, his Training," &c. By W. Cox. vol. i. 1852. "The topics usually embraced in the better class of primary schools may be reduced to *four*: First, the knowledge and application of *signs*, which includes the capacity of reading, writing, and spelling correctly, and of indicating numbers by their proper symbols; secondly, the knowledge of *facts*, under which may be included geography and astronomy, natural history, and the history of mankind, particularly in our own country; thirdly, the knowledge of abstract *relations*, and of fixed or arbitrary *laws*, to which we may refer the principal points in the science of mathematics and of grammar. And lastly, the inculcation of *sentiment*, which embraces reading, (in the higher sense,) poetry, music, together with moral and religious education."—General Report of Mr. Morell, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools for 1848-9. Vol. ii. p. 467. The whole passage, in its connexion, is much too valuable to deserve a grave in "a blue book."

taste, have been quickened and strengthened by their appropriate exercise. The instruction would almost seem to have been arranged so as to touch, at the fewest possible points, the great circle of human life and duty. It is often said that still a foundation has been laid; but it is a foundation not adapted in either extent, or form, or materials, to the proposed superstructure. And, in the case to which we now especially refer, "it is a foundation," to quote the Rev. Sidney Smith, "so far above ground, that there is absolutely no room to put anything upon it."* Time, which is the wealth of the young, has been exhausted in building the substructions. We do not, however, expect those of but moderate means to live in the unfinished, unroofed ground-floor of a stately palace, but in houses suited to their means, weather-tight and comfortable, and not without their fitting ornament. And so the classes for whom a few years' schooling is the utmost they can attain, ought not to be deluded and mocked with the rudiments of "classical" instruction which they can never carry onward to utility and enjoyment, but to acquire a solid groundwork of practical, useful knowledge, a work quite compatible (as, we trust, has been abundantly shown) with the development of refined taste and feeling.

The evil is beginning to be acknowledged; or rather, the difficulty of maintaining the system intact, is beginning to be felt; and various modifications have been suggested. In some schools, two divisions—a classical and a practical, commonly called the "commercial,"—have been instituted from the first stage, and maintained throughout; one school being thus, in fact, made into two, which coincide, perhaps, in a few points. It is not necessary that we should dwell on the defects of this plan, which is, indeed, a virtual abandonment of the whole "classical" ground in the case of all but those who have some special reason for "classical" study. It leaves the "classical" student where he was; it cuts off the "commercial" from "classics" altogether; and it deprives both of the advantage of a joint training. In other schools, after all the pupils have been subjected, for a certain number of years, to the "classical" routine, a division is made between those who wish to carry on further their "classical" studies, and those who wish to confine their attention to the scientific or commercial branches of the course, the previous training being thus, in the case of the pupils of the second division, as we believe, virtually thrown away. It is the obstinate adherence to the practice of beginning the "classical" instruction so early which gives form to both those sorts of schools. In the former, it is this supposed necessity for an early com-

* "Edinburgh Review," 1809.

mencement that separates, throughout the whole course, those who do learn from classics from those who do not ; in the latter, it is this that inflicts on one half of the school (probably more) the serious loss of much of their early training, the seed having been sown, though the harvest is never to be reaped. If “classics” were delayed entirely to the more advanced school-stage, the pupils would be taught together, in their earlier years, all those subjects which are of common importance to all, whatever be their destination in life: the structure and literature of their own language, its sources and history, with continual *practice* in English composition ;* the French and German languages, with abundant exercise in both writing, speaking, and *hearing*, as well as reading ; the various branches of mathematics ; the elements of physical science,—in short, all the subjects which are now taught in any—or which ought to be taught in every—respectable school. Every pupil would thus, even in the earlier portion of the school-course, receive a valuable mental training, and make substantial acquisitions, which he could turn to account alike in the further prosecution of his studies in any direction, or in the business of the world, should necessity unfortunately require his premature removal from school. An elementary knowledge of the natural sciences renders every field-walk profitable as well as pleasant, and “the snowball gathers as it rolls.” In their knowledge of modern tongues, especially, all would have acquired an instrument of ever fresh attainment, from literature current as well as past, and from association with living men. The interesting and truly valuable, but less useful and important, study of the ancient languages and literatures would be reserved for those who should have the blessed privilege of a prolongation of their school-course. Our complaint was twofold ; that the “classics” were taught too early and too indiscriminately. By the same simple means both objections are removed. The postponement of “classical” studies would virtually settle the question—who ought to learn “classics?” The answer is : those whose means enable, or whose prospects require, them to remain at school during the later years of the course. All would learn together, or alike, the things needful for all ; the favoured

* One of the leading Manchester journals, in a recent article on the Owen's College, lately founded in that city, says of the accomplished principal, Mr. Scott : “ His prelections on comparative grammar and English literature are most valuable, and ought to be attended by those who desire to know something of the structure and history of their own language, and to be able to write a letter with more accuracy than is displayed by not a few whose worldly position is evidently higher than their educational attainments.” Surely this is not the summit of Manchester literary ambition ! Is this the business of a college, or of a primary school ?

minority alone would learn later those things needful, useful, or possible, for them alone. In this way, if fewer persons were taught the elements of "classics," more would learn their use; if fewer learned the letter, more would imbibe the spirit. In this way, those who should still learn classics, would have the immense advantage of not having sacrificed, for their sake, things much more important, while those who should not, might well congratulate themselves on having acquired much valuable knowledge, and excellent mental training to boot, in exchange for a pittance of Latin and Greek, fast forgotten, and, to them, almost useless while remembered. Nor is this plan the less worthy of consideration because it would powerfully tend to promote, in the earlier course, a greater mingling of ranks than is now possible in schools, public or private,—and without sacrificing the interest of any to that of others, nay, to the great and mutual benefit of all.

The "favoured minority," however, of which we have spoken, would not be small. All destined to "the three learned professions," as they are called, would learn "classics" as now. To these would be added all, we trust, who aim at the fourth learned profession (may the presumption be forgiven!)—the *educational*. For we would fain hope that ere long teaching will be regarded as a distinct profession, second in dignity to none; and that, as we have now teachers for the lower classes well trained and specially trained, we shall by-and-by have well and specially trained teachers for the middle and upper classes also. Teaching will not always be a sort of house of refuge for the incompetent or unfortunate of other callings, or a preserve for the priesthood, callow or full-fledged. The "stickit minister" will not always be the stick-like dominic; nor will successful teachers always look forward to deaneries or bishoprics as their fit reward. The school must cease to be a hall of waiting for expectant parsons, or a workshop for piecing out a scant clerical income. As the Archbishop of Canterbury is no longer chancellor of the exchequer, so teaching and preaching (with its allied duties) must, some time or other, take separate courses, each having its separate honours, as well as duties and qualifications, and each claiming for itself the undivided devotion of a life. The editorial profession, too, may not impossibly come to be regarded as a worthy aim for a noble ambition, and as deserving, for its own sake, the highest literary, if not scientific, training. There is, further, a class, ever, we trust, increasing in this country, of youth, whose parents are rich enough to be able to afford, and enlightened enough to desire, for their sons, the richest mental culture, not instead of, but supplementary to, the solid, practical, and sensibly useful knowledge which, as the first necessity, all

men ought undoubtedly to possess. To sum up all in the words of Professor Pillans:—

"Though the number of persons subjected to this higher species of discipline be comparatively limited, yet in that small part of the whole mass of the population are contained the surest hopes of the nation—the true aristocracy of every civilized community. It is the fund upon which the country must draw for its legislators, its divines, its public teachers, its physicians, its gentry, its nobility. They constitute that least numerous, but most influential class of persons, who impress their character on the age they live in, of whom what is called good society is composed, and on whom the community at large depends both for embellishment and for impulse."—(Lect. i. p. 13.)

And here we take our leave of the professor and his book. It has been our endeavour to make known to our readers the value of the work, even while we contest some of its positions. Between the professor and us, we are inclined to think, that the difference of opinion is really less than it appears. Not many persons are better qualified than he to appreciate the literary value of modern languages; and no one has exposed more boldly the abuses and shortcomings of our "classical" schools. We may wish that his pleading for the "classics" had been less special; but we admit absolutely most of what he urges in their favour, though our admiration is probably more temperate, and, practically, much less exclusive. If it be true, as we have been told, that when asked sometimes what he taught in his class, he would, after mentioning various subjects, add, by way of supplement—"and a little Latin," it is not surprising that we decline to ascribe the whole, or the main efficacy of his teaching, to the "little Latin," to which, as to a nucleus, it was attached. Besides, as it is of the higher classes in school that he has chiefly spoken, and as we have declared our reluctance to deprive those classes of the benefits of "classical" instruction, the question is reduced to this very narrow compass—how, on the whole, can those benefits best be realized? In this controversy, the warmest admirer of the "classics" may side with us. But, in any case, if we accept the professor's concluding simile, and grant that "classical" learning is in education the "Corinthian capital," or "graceful shaft," he must not blame us if we reject its claim to be regarded also as the *base*.

We can now touch but lightly some considerations with which we would conclude. In very many of the schools for the children of the lower classes, such an amount and such a variety of knowledge are now communicated, with such an admirable discipline of the understanding, of the powers whether of observing or of reasoning, as well as of the taste for what is beautiful in literature and art, that the middle and upper classes

must take serious heed lest their sons be sadly beaten in the educational and social race. It would be indeed a national calamity, if those who should be the leaders of social progress were dwindling into literary *dilettanti*, while sound knowledge, clear and vigorous thought, and practical sagacity, were left the exclusive portion of the comparatively poor. Yet we must confess it is in this direction that our thoughts tend when we compare our "higher" with our "lower" schools. We rejoice in progress wherever it may be made; and most where it is most needed. But greater advantages bring greater responsibilities; and here, it seems to us, it is the owner of the one talent that puts it out to usury, and converts it into ten; it is the owner of the five talents that wraps them in a napkin, and buries them in the ground.

Woman's education, again, is fast ceasing to be the tawdry, flimsy, superficial thing it once was. Our young ladies' schools now embrace so many subjects which were heretofore confined to boys, and are producing results so excellent in the way of solid acquirement, without any sacrifice of "accomplishment," which used to be their staple, that here, too, comparison with our boys' "classical" schools is not often or much to the advantage of the latter. Superiority in "classical" attainment will be but a poor compensation for inferiority in most beside; and even this distinction future years may do much to lessen.

From both those sorts of school our upper-schools for boys are slowly borrowing. Some subjects are now being gradually introduced which formerly were confined to schools for the gentler sex,—for example, vocal music and drawing; or which have too long been almost abandoned to lower schools for boys, such as physical science, and especially, perhaps, natural history. A greater saving of time is thus more than ever necessary. Without this, a mere extension of the school programme can do little good, but much harm. It may unsettle and cripple what exists, without any equivalent gain from what is new. The multiplication of subjects to be taught, without a proportionate redistribution of all the school hours, can only bewilder the pupil, and retard, if not prevent, his progress in any one direction. Look, at the case, then, from what point and in what light we may, we come ever to the same result; the necessity of a wiser arrangement of our "classical" studies in upper schools, in order, were there no other reason, to effect the quite indispensable economy of time. On the one side, the physical sciences, and on the other the modern languages, have their several wedges inserted into the "classical system." Both must be driven home. Of the former, we say nothing here. Their claim to a higher place in the schools of this country has found an advocacy alike ener-

getic and judicious. It is the latter with which we are here concerned. Their claims can be treated only in one or other of three ways:—1st, As is usually done, they may be postponed till near the completion of the “classical” course; 2nd, As is now sometimes done, they may be taught more or less simultaneously with the “classics,” the latter however being always begun from the very first moment of the school-course. Strict simultaneousness may be said to be impossible. As it is undesirable to begin two languages together, *e. g.*, Latin and Greek, it is more so to begin three by adding French, still more to begin four by adding German to the former three; 3rd, As we recommend, they may take precedence of classics, be carried on throughout the whole duration of the school-course, while classics are wholly deferred to its more advanced stage. We need not recur to the reasons already given against the first and second, and in favour of the third of those solutions. We have said enough, we trust, to enable the candid and impartial to judge for themselves.

We have hinted that such a change as is here proposed would not be unacceptable to many teachers, to whose ability the present system owes much of what vitality it has. In public schools, however, teachers are bound by the law, and long established practice, of their foundation; in private schools, teachers must sail with the stream of general opinion and habit. Teachers of the former class grow tired (no wonder) of ineffectual attempts to change what defies their efforts, and sink down into a round of routine labour. Teachers of the latter class cannot afford to try experiments, which might be ruinous, and let well alone. Home prejudices are too strong. If the gifted Thomas cannot decline *penna*, a feather, (or *pen*, as the grammars wrongly call it,) while the neighbouring and less gifted Walter, who attends some other school, can blunder his way through Virgil, with the fond mamma or proud papa of Master Thomas no amount of solid acquirement will weigh against this *ignotum pro magnifico*: they cannot, and they will not wait. From teachers of neither kind do we expect any speedy or effectual reform. Even if they are wholly averse to change, they are less to be blamed than pitied. They are themselves the victims of the system which it is their doom to carry on. Nor is it surprising that they estimate too highly what alone they know. So excellent is knowledge of every kind, that in general it is only what a man does not possess that he is likely to despise. With what he does possess, the danger is quite the other way. Here were a cause well worthy of the interposition of the merchants and manufacturers of our large towns whose interest it surely is to have a truly liberal education

provided for their sons. But, alas! many have but a low notion of what constitutes education. With many, reading, writing, 'rithmetic, and book-keeping, form an ample *quadrivium*. "With these," it is sometimes said, "I have made my way in the world, and so must my son. He has, besides, my capital to back him. Bookish tastes only spoil a man for business." Others copy their "superiors," and, "regardless of expense," resolve that their sons also "shall have Latin and Greek, too, with the best." Ignorant contempt, and ignorant admiration, of the classics are alike to be deplored. Others, again, not without some countervailing disadvantages, send their sons to Germany in search of advantages too rarely to be found here. But by too many parents of every kind the age of fourteen is regarded as the very latest age at which "business" ought to be commenced. An error not more common than pernicious! It is not a little strange that proprietary schools should have so generally copied the very errors which they were, in some measure, established to remove. Minor improvements they may have; but too often their leading aim is identical with that of the older foundations, with which they carry on a rivalry that ought from the outset to have been resolutely declined. Their masters must, of course, be graduates of one or other university; and they, also of course, can teach only what they know. Still, common sense must work its way amidst all the quackery, and conventionalism, and cant, of our British education. Light is breaking in. There will be a time, doubtless, of patching, and mending, and putting new wine into old bottles, preliminary to the inevitable change. "Classical" schools will be made to move on, though it be with their face turned, not eagerly forward to the future, but regretfully backward to the past.* Come the ultimate solution how and when it may, we feel assured that our prevailing system of "classical" instruction is doomed, and cannot, in its integrity, much longer be upheld.

* Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton represents Frank Hazledean as "cursing his Eton education, that had neglected, for languages spoken by the dead, of which he had learned little, those still in use among the living, of which he had learned nought." "My Novel," vol. iii. p. 137. The prizes given by Prince Albert for proficiency in the modern languages have since, we believe, not been without effect at Eton.

ART. VI.—GERMAN MYSTICISM IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Angelus Silesius, eine literar-historische Untersuchung. Von Dr. August Kahlert. (Angelus Silesius, an historico-literary Inquiry.) Breslau. 1853.

IN the earlier half of the seventeenth century, Silesia was, above all other districts, the seat of polemical warfare. The religion of that period generally was not distinguished by a predominance of Christian love, and a pretty good stock of theological hatred might have been gleaned anywhere. But Silesia had the peculiar facility for keeping up religious discord, that the discordant parties were packed close together, so that difference necessarily implied collision. Comparing small things with great—that is to say, the intolerance of the nineteenth century with that of the seventeenth—the contentions of Silesia, compared with those of the rest of Europe, were as the squabbles of a country town compared with the varieties of a large metropolis.

In the first place, there was the good substantial hatred between Catholic and Protestant to begin with. Upon this was raised a superstructure of detestation, no less intense between the followers of Luther and those of the Swiss reformers. In our degenerate, unwarlike age, the followers of a Calvinistic preacher look up to Luther, as their proper patriarch; the great doctrine of “salvation by faith alone” is the common tie which unites “Evangelicals” in general against Papists, Unitarians, and *high-and-dry* moral-discourse men of the Church of England. But it was not so in the seventeenth century. Then the distinctions, now called trivial, between the Lutherans and the Calvinists were such as to cause important political difficulties. Nor was the difference merely doctrinal. The Lutherans were the most *respectable* party among the Anti-catholic Germans. They alone had been recognised when the religious troubles of Germany in the reign of Charles V. were settled by the Treaty of Passau in 1552, so that while they were admitted to the same privileges, civil and religious, as their Catholic fellow-citizens, all other sects were excluded. Thus in the period which followed the Treaty of Passau and preceded the Thirty Years’ War, the Augsburg Confession, which embodied the Lutheran belief, stood as a kind of second-class orthodoxy, with all the respectability of state-sanction. That this respectability now degenerated into dryness and empty formalism, was a phenomenon by no means peculiar to the Lutheran Church in particular.

In this state of things the Calvinists of Silesia formed the

undermost party. They were the heterodox, the followers of new-fangled notions, the shakers of quiet belief, who from some inscrutable design of Providence were numerous and active notwithstanding. They were not satisfied with disbelieving the doctrine of "Consubstantiation" in private, but they tried to propagate their disbelief with the most provoking assiduity. It was of little moment that a man dared not openly profess his adhesion to Calvinistic tenets, when every opportunity was taken to smuggle heresy even into the city schools in the shape of school-books. And this was done under the very nose of a severe censorship. The Catholics had their printing presses, in certain appointed towns, and the Lutherans had theirs in other towns, and each of them was under the immediate inspection of the chief preacher of the spot, who exercised his office with all vigilance. In putting down Calvinism they could both unite, and doubtless many a worthy Silesian citizen, in the year 1600, thought that if people were but satisfied with the Catechism of Trent and the Augsburg Confession, without inquiring further, the perfection of theological comfort would be obtained.

There is always in Protestantism a section which is determined to stop, and a section which is determined to move on. The Catholic Church, which denies the right of private judgment, enjoys at any rate the possibility of a perpetual peace;—but Protestantism, which was based on the admission of the right of private judgment, always has an element of restlessness in its very bosom. There will ever be a party blessed with worldly opulence, and so immersed in the affairs of practical life as to have little leisure for philosophical inquiry, who will like to see theology in a settled state, and there will always be a party, with whom love of truth, zeal for inquiry, or religious fervor, outweighs every other consideration. With a Protestant of the former class, "private judgment" is a mere unexercised privilege, to be compared with the vote of a freeholder who is too lazy to go to the polling-booth; while with a Protestant of the latter class, private conviction, whether it agrees or not with the establishment of which he is a member, will be essential to his very existence. As soon as the convictions of such a man no longer harmonize with those of a constituted sect, a certain uneasiness arises, which it is very difficult to overcome, consistently with the principles of Protestantism. The Catholic, from the summit of the "only true Church," looks down exultingly on a phenomenon of this kind, and tells the would-be-quiet Protestant that such aberrations are the inevitable consequences of admitting that fruitful source of heresy—the right of private judgment. The quiet Protestant—good man!—scarcely knows what to think of it. He is sure that his erring brother is

going too far, and yet he does not exactly know how to stop him. He would fain believe that the mischief arises only from a private "want of judgment," but perhaps the wanderer argues too well to favor this supposition. One resource is still left—dropping all reasoning about the subject, he can still hate heartily—and, avoiding subtle distinctions, sum up all the causes of his disapproval, in the one word "Socinian," or "Neologist,"—words which, uttered under such circumstances, are by no means required to bear a precise signification.

At the particular period and place, which we have now more immediately in view, the hard word used to embrace heresy in general, seems to have been "Calvinism." Yes, we grieve to record it, the most orthodox and rigid of Protestant sects, so famed for the acuteness with which it detects and the severity with which it judges the slightest deviation from the narrow Augustinian path, once had the mortification of seeing its awful name bestowed on all those—(we quote Dr. Kahlert's words)—"who pursued every independent inquiry into the nature of the Christian religion, or only endeavoured to examine anew, or to put a new interpretation on certain propositions of the Augsburg Confession." This is a large category, large enough to comprise every sort and shade of abomination, and in the present case it included the members of that invincible sect, which, identifying itself with no church or country, springs up in the bosom of every church and every country, and the members of which are sometimes worshipped as saints, sometimes burned as unbelievers. To every visible church the Mystics—for they constitute the sect to which we refer—are a perpetual puzzle. The peculiarity which is common to them all—whether they be Catholic or Protestant—nay, whether they be Christian or Mahometan—is the result of an extremely religious temperament, and yet no sooner does it find a voice, than it lays itself open to a charge of infidelity, if not of Atheism. When Dr. Henry More attacked the famous German Theosophist, Jacob Böhme (or, as he was improperly called, "Behmen"), he gave him the name of the fanatic Atheist.

The friends and adherents of Jacob Böhme were among the Silesian mystics. There are, doubtless, very few of our readers who have not heard the name of Jacob *Behmen*, and, doubtless also, very few who know anything of him beyond his name. Reverenced by a party of religious enthusiasts in the seventeenth century, he was treated as an absurd maniac in the eighteenth by the cold theologians of the Mosheim school, though he still had a select body of admirers even in our own country, at the head of whom may be placed the estimable William Law. The more modern German philosophers have dug him out of the dust

which had collected over him, and he now holds a respectable rank, not only as a religious enthusiast, but as a speculative thinker of boldness and originality.

William Law's English edition of Jacob Böhme, in four volumes quarto, with curious plates which open backwards and forwards, being constructed precisely like the tricks of a pantomime, and show the mystical doctrine of regeneration by an ingenious sort of hocus-pocus, is, at first sight, a very attractive book to those who love oddity for oddity's sake. To the generality of English readers, however, the good old theosophist does not improve on closer acquaintance. The pictures, which are not by him, but are peculiar to the English edition, are far more intelligible than the text which they illustrate, while the hardness of the text frequently seems to arise not so much from theological profundity as from a want of coherence in the author, and still more from a strange admixture of alchemy and Cabalism. When passages of the following kind are not uncommon, a work is not pleasant reading:—

"Understand rightly the manner of the existence of the *Mercurius*. The word MER is first, the strong, tart, harsh attraction; for in that word (or syllable *mer*) expressed by the tongue, you understand that it jars from the harshness, and you understand also that the bitter sting is in it; for the word MER is harsh and trembling, and every word is formed from its power or virtue, and expresses whatever the power or virtue does or suffers. You may understand that the word (or syllable) CU signifies the willing or unquietness of the sting, which makes that the harshness is not at peace, but heaves and rises up; for that syllable thrusts itself forth with the virtue (or breath) from the heart or out of the mouth, &c. &c."—*The Three Principles*.

We are in no want of materials to construct a satisfactory and tolerably intelligible account of Böhme's views in considerable detail, but such an attempt would be far from our present purpose. We will, however, quote his account of his own enlightenment, since this is a good illustration of mysticism in general:—

"I never desired to know anything of the divine mystery, much less understood I the way to seek and find it. I knew nothing of it, as it is the condition of poor laymen in their simplicity. I sought only after the heart of Jesus Christ, that I might hide myself therein from the wrathful anger of God and the violent assaults of the devil. And I besought the Lord earnestly for his holy spirit and his grace, that he would be pleased to bless and guide me in him, and take that away from me which turned me from him; and I resigned myself wholly to him, that I might not live to my own will, but his, and that he only might lead and direct me, to the end I might be his child in his son Jesus. In this my earnest Christian seeking and desire (wherein I suffered many a shrewd repulse, but at last resolved rather to put

myself in hazard than give over and leave off) the gate was opened to me, that in one quarter of an hour I saw and heard more than if I had been many years together at an university, at which I exceedingly admired, and thereupon turned my praise to God for it. For I saw and knew the Being of all Beings, the Byss* and the Abyss, and the eternal generation of the Holy Trinity, the Descent and Original of the world, and of all creation through the Divine Wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three worlds, namely, the divine, angelical, and paradisaical; and the dark world, the original of the nature to the fire; and then, thirdly, the external and visible world, being a procreative or external birth from both the internal and spiritual worlds. And I saw and knew the whole uniting essence in the evil and the good, and the original and existence of each of them; and likewise how the fruitful bearing womb of eternity brought forth. So that I did not only greatly wonder at it, but did also exceedingly rejoice."

With Jacob Böhme himself that immediate communication with the Deity, which is the grand foundation of all mysticism, was always accompanied by a reference to positive Christianity. The early part of the above quotation, for instance, might almost have been written by John Bunyan; and it is not till he states the nature of his revelation that a specific difference between him and any other saint is manifest.

But while Jacob Böhme was a positive Christian, at least in his language, there are passages to prove that he did not at heart sympathise strongly with any existing sect. Though he was, at least in his youth, a regular church-goer, he was soon persecuted as a heretic by the Lutheran clergy; and there is a sentence in his writings which is to the effect, that a Christian *may* indeed go to church, but should take care not to identify himself with the particular tenets.

And herein lies the danger of mysticism to every religious establishment. The religion of the mystic consists in his immediate communication with God, who is to him either a source of science, as to Jacob Böhme, or merely of a moral change, as in the Spanish monk, Michael de Molinos, the originator of the Quietists several years afterwards; and this communication with the Deity being established, the value of ecclesiastical forms, and of the historical part of religion, becomes exceedingly doubtful. It is not by an adherence to a prescribed ceremonial, or by a belief in a historical event, that the mystic attains his state of beatitude, but by the negation of his own individuality, and his absorption into the Deity. The fact that he thinks with his heart, not with his head, chiefly distinguishes him from the disciple of Spinoza. The Spinozist, by a series of deductions in

* This odd word is formed from the Greek *Byssos*, employed in a similar sense by the Valentinian Gnostics.

geometrical form, arrives at the conclusion, that there is only one substance ; the mystic, in an ecstasy of seraphic love, merges all specific difference in the essence of his Deity. Leibnitz clearly saw the affinity, when he said in his "*Considerations sur la Doctrine d'un Esprit Universel*"—

"Many persons have believed, and believe to this day, that there is only one spirit, which is universal, and which animates all the universe and all its parts, each according to its own peculiar structure and organization, just as the same blast of air produces different sounds from the various pipes of an organ. Spinoza, who only admits a single substance, is not far removed from the doctrine of a sole universal spirit, and it seems that Molinos, and some other modern Quietists, as well as a certain author, named J. Angelus Silesius, who wrote before Molinos, and whose works have been lately reprinted, have embraced this opinion of the Sabbath, or repose of souls in God."

That this sort of non-sectarian religion should have found a fruitful soil in Silesia was natural enough. Not only was the commanding genius and alluring eccentricity of the inspired shoemaker, Jacob Böhme, sufficient to produce a large number of disciples, but the contest between religious sects is, to some minds, such a revolting spectacle, that they readily flee to an internal peace to escape the storm without. A dry thinker, who does not sympathize with any one of the contending parties, may look down upon the strife with self-satisfied contempt; but the man in whom the religious sentiment exists as an essential element of his nature cannot be contented with cold scepticism, and to such a man mysticism offers a refuge, appealing as it does to religious fervor, and denying or ignoring religious differences. Silesia, the great land of theosophy, was the birthplace of Angelus Silesius—a poet who may be called the Martial of mysticism.

According to the narrative which Dr. Kahlert, of Breslau, has compiled with great diligence and acumen, John Scheffler was born at Breslau in the year 1624. His father, who was a Polish refugee, was a member of the Lutheran church, and he himself was educated at the Elizabeth Gymnasium, where he gave early indications of practical talent. His schoolfellow, Andreas Scultetus, (properly Schultz) whose name is still respected by the students of that not very inviting branch of literature—the German poetry of the Opitz-period—rushed early into print; but Scheffler, as if to give an earnest of his internal tendency, contented himself with manuscript, shewing his productions to a chosen few. In 1643, he was matriculated as a student in the university of Strasburg; and in 1647, the acute investigator of his biography may find him at Amsterdam, though why he went thither is not so clear. Important, nevertheless, is the fact that, while at Leyden, he was on terms of close intimacy

with good Abraham von Franckenberg, a Silesian patron of mysticism, who, shunning controversial theology, loved mathematics, and medicine, and physical science, (such as it was,) and, above all, loved the writings of Jacob Böhme, with whom he had the honour to become acquainted in 1624 (the year of the sage's death), and a copy of whose works he took to Amsterdam. The Amsterdam edition of Böhme's works, it should be known, is the *editio princeps*, to which other editions are referred, and this is prefaced by a biography, written by this same Abraham von Franckenberg.

The zealous Abraham was, evidently, a sort of rallying point to the holders of strange doctrines in Holland; and we may fancy that he held *réunions* something like those which the famous French mystic, Anne Bourignon, held long afterwards. Students of the Cabala, Millenarians—in fact, every one who believed in something not to be found in the creed of the majority, found favour in his eyes, though he was little esteemed among the orthodox. As for his own creed, it seems to have been contained in those famous lines which his departed teacher, Böhme, once wrote in an album:—

“ Wenn Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit,
Und Ewigkeit wie die Zeit,
Der ist befreit im allem Streit.”

A maxim thus translated by some English mystic, perhaps Law himself:—

“ Whose Time and Ever are all one,
His soul's at rest, his warfare's done.”

Nor could a better mystical motto be devised. Here is the sinking of the definite into the indefinite strongly recommended, and the freedom from all contest at full is the reward. In fact, with the jingle of the German words—that jingle which Martin Luther would like—it is, in its way, a little gem; and if Jacob Böhme had always expressed himself with equal clearness, his works would have been more attractive.

That these famous lines were well known to John Scheffler there is no doubt; for when Franckenberg died, in 1652, he wrote a poem, which is given entire in Dr. Kahlert's biography, and the four concluding lines of which are almost a paraphrase of Böhme's motto:—

“ Who takes time without time, and sorrow without sorrow,
To-day as yesterday, and as to-day to-morrow.
• Who values all alike, while yet in time shall be
A dweller in the state of blest eternity.”

Dr. Kahlert calls attention to the fact that, in this poem,

which is full of religious fervour, there is not a single allusion to positive Christianity, but that the sole themes are the love of God, and the contempt for worldly possessions.

Before the death of Franckenberg both he and his friend Scheffler had returned to their own Silesia, the latter having, in the meanwhile, graduated as a doctor of medicine at Padua, and obtained the post of court physician to Sylvius Nimrod, Duke of Württemberg, who had recently acquired, by marriage, the principality of Oels. This new prince of Oels was a fine specimen of a "serious" Lutheran of the day. He founded a pietistical order, the members of which were bound to abstain from dancing, banqueting, gaming, &c., and gave it the imposing title of the "Order of the Death's-head," said title being selected for the purpose of edifying mankind by keeping a perpetual "memento mori" before them. The "Calvinist" Scheffler (in the broad sense of the word) had no great chance of a peaceful life at the severe Lutheran court; he only held his office for three years, and, in 1653, we find him turning Roman Catholic. The cause of this step seems to be veiled in the same mystery as that of his previous journey to Holland. We can say, however, at any rate, that when he did become a Catholic, there was no mistake about his calling. Violent as a polemic writer, he drew upon him the violence of the Protestants, and the remainder of his life was passed, more or less, in a squabble.

The controversies of Scheffler, the polemic divine, we do not intend to follow. Our business on this occasion is merely with Scheffler the mystical poet,—or, as he called himself, "Angelus Silesius,"—nay, merely with one of his books, the "*Cherubinischer Wandersmann*," for though he wrote several other religious works, it is this which gives him that distinctive character which makes him the spiritual kinsman of Böhme and Molinos. We have already styled him the "Martial of the mystics." The "*Cherubinischer Wandersmann*" is, in fact, a collection of theosophic epigrams, to which, probably, no precise parallel could be found in the compass of literature. Religious poems were pre-eminently abundant in Germany at the time he wrote; indeed, a survey of the German poetry at the time of the Thirty Years' War would almost induce one to think that fighting and psalm-singing were the two chief pursuits of life throughout the entire country. Epigrams, too, spiced with worldly wisdom, were also in vernacular existence. But the combination of the theological with the epigrammatic seems to have been peculiar to Angelus, and another mystical Silesian (cited by Dr. Kahlert), named Czepko, and to have answered its purpose exceedingly well; for while the extreme brevity of Scheffler's enunciations of doctrine appealed with an irresistible charm to short memories; there was

something in the jingling Alexandrine, then prevalent in Germany, and akin to the old "Niebelungen-lied" measure, which pleasantly tickled the ear. The epigrams were, to be sure, 1500 in number, but then a single epigram was rarely above two lines long, and as they were for the most part pregnant with meaning, he who committed one to memory before breakfast, had matter for reflection to last him all the day long.

We cannot fall into raptures about the poetical merit of the "Cherubic Wanderer," which, in spite of the evident facility with which Angelus wrote verse, we might often rank with that of such inspired strains as—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise;"

but, as an exposition of mysticism, in the purest sense of the word, we do not know where we should find a better book. We do not mean that Angelus was not a poet,—on the contrary, he has left a song about the spring which might worthily find a place in any anthology, and even in these epigrams there is often a fervour which shows the possibility, if not the fact, of a poetical source. But when a man is labouring to set forth his paradoxical views, and to combine contending attributes, we must not be surprised if the muse occasionally puts on a hard countenance. Scheffler, who writes in verse, has evidently less flow about him than Böhme, who wrote in prose. Diffuseness was no bug-bear to honest Jacob, but he dashed on whithersoever his exuberant fancy, or his biblical reminiscences, or his alchemical erudition, or his big thoughts might lead him, little caring for the comfort of the reader who was to follow him in his eccentricities. Angelus, on the other hand, was much more cognate to Spinoza. His creed was mystical, but he wished at once to express it with geometrical precision and epigrammatic point. There is not an axiom in Spinoza's first book of ethics, that Angelus Silesius could not have converted into a distich, without any detriment to its perspicuity.

Through this combination of thoroughly mystical views with remarkable clearness of expression, the "Cherubic Wanderer" will always command a certain amount of attractiveness, while more ponderous enthusiasts repose on the book-shelves. Angelus is one of the very few cotemporaries of Opitz who still have a living value, and certainly his short, vigorous aphorisms, stand out in singular contrast amid the flatness and dulness with which they are surrounded. His name, and even his peculiarities were, as we have seen, familiar to Leibnitz, and though he was almost forgotten in the pre-revolutionary part of the eighteenth century—that era of prosaic rationalism—he has since found

admirers in the most distant regions of literature. Hegel and Frederic Schlegel both united in admiring the old Silesian poet, and Arthur Schopenhauer, who respects little that is European in religion, devoutly quotes the old-fashioned epigrams of the "Cherubic Wanderer" as oracles of theological truth.

Dr. Kahlert has done much towards the appreciation of Angelus Silesius, by selecting and arranging such of the epigrams as give the most definite notion of the author's views. For clear as the little poems are in themselves, their order as they stand in the "Cherubic Wanderer" is the reverse of systematic; they seem, indeed, to have been written down at isolated moments of reflection, and to have been retained in their original places, having neither the sequence resulting from continuous thought, nor that which is produced by careful re-arrangement.

When these epigrams are properly digested, it is easy to extract from them a complete enchiridion of mystical theology. In the first place, the deity of Angelus Silesius is that absolute being with contrary attributes, which may, with almost equal propriety, be called an absolute nothing,—that residuum which is found when every distinctive quality is abstracted, and which is the profound object of adoration among so many oriental races.

"God never yet has been, nor will he ever be,
But still before the world, and after it is He."

"No work is done by God, and no repose he knows,
His rest his labour is, his labour his repose."

"Lovest thou *something*, man, so is thy love as nought,
God is not this, or that—let *something* be unsought."*

"What God is, no one knows; nor spirit nor light is He,
Nor happiness, nor One, nor e'en Divinity.
Nor mind, love, goodness, will, nor intellect all-seeing,
Nor thing, nor nought, nor soul, nor yet essential being,
He is what I and thou may vainly strive to learn,
Until to Gods like him, we worldly creatures turn."

• The world itself is eternal, according to Scheffler's view, and it is only the particular modifications of it that are transient. It is, moreover, undefined, and hence it is absurd to confine it within geometrical limits:—

"As little as by thee, the world of God is found,
So little is the world, as thou believest, round."

* The original will show that this strange distich is correctly translated:—

"Mensch so du etwas liebst, so liebst du nichts fürwahr,
Gott ist nicht diess und dass, drum lass das Etwas gar."

"Eternity and time—time and eternity
Are in themselves alike—their difference lies in thee."

"'Tis thou thyself mak'st time—the clockwork is thy sense,
If thou but stopp'st the spring, the time will vanish hence."

"You think the world will fade? The world will not decay.
The darkness of the world alone is swept away."

Here we are plainly in the region of the old Eleatics. Abstract Being is the only real entity, and all else is but a changeable illusion. Probably Scheffler himself, taught in theological schools, had assumed at once that God is one thing and the world another; but the reader of Spinoza will perceive at a glance, that the two batches of epigrams cited above, treat both of the same ~~one~~ substance, to which we may indifferently give the name of God and the world. So certain is it that that attempt to flee from the worldly, which marks the saintly character, has a tendency to identify itself with Pantheism.

The perfection of man, in Scheffler's system, is to become one with the Deity, as he hints in the longest of the epigrams we have quoted. As an earthly individual, man is simply contemptible, and he is to strive not to be a better man, but actually to become a god. Nor is this a mere unattainable goal held up to stimulate to spiritual exertion, but it lies within the human capacity.

"Nay, what dost thou desire, when all depends on thee,
Thou canst both heaven and hell, nay, countless angels be."

Indeed, it is nothing but a man's own self that hinders him from soaring into absolute divinity.

"The world contains thee not—the world itself art thou,
Which in and through thyself so firmly binds thee now."

As for salvation being obtained by a belief in the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, as an historical event, Angelus Silesius repels the idea almost with indignation:—

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem is born,
But not in thee thyself,—thy soul will be forlorn."

"The cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
Unless within thyself it be set up again."

Nay, more than this, he does not even attach pre-eminent importance to the crucifixion itself:—

"Think'st thou that God first died upon the cross?—not so,
He let himself be slain in Abel long ago."

This sort of doctrine must have been a grievous offence to the Lutherans of Scheffler's day, with whom a dry admission of

certain doctrinal and historical propositions was the *ne plus ultra* of orthodoxy. He admits that the death of Christ worked out the salvation of man, but it is not so easy to see how this accords with the rest of the system. At all events, the crucifixion does not accomplish much, unless the believer also raises himself into a state of divine contemplation, and abjures all selfish interest in the transient things of the world. Startling as Scheffler's epigrams may appear, the exaltation of the doctrine of regeneration above the necessity for historical belief was the grand bond of union between the mystics of all ages. It is in the negation of self that regeneration consists, or, as Spinoza might say, the negation of the accident and the acknowledgment of the substance alone.

As a pendent to the above-cited epigrams of Angelus Silesius, we may give an extract from the work of another student of Böhme, the Rev. William Law, for a more perfect identity of doctrine (setting aside the last epigram) cannot be conceived:—

"There is and can be but one true religion for the fallen soul, and that is the dying to self, to nature, and to creature, and a turning with all the will, the desire, the delight of the soul to God. Sacrifices, oblations, prayers, praises, rites and ceremonies, without this are but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals . . . nay, zeal and constancy, and warmth and fervour in the performance of those religious practices is not the matter, for nature and self-love can do all this. But these religious practices are then only parts of true religion, when they mean nothing, seek nothing, but to keep up a continual dying to self and all worldly things, and turn all the will, desire, and delight of the soul to God alone. Lastly, there is and can be only one salvation for the fallen soul, and that is heaven opened again in the soul, by the birth of such a life, light, and spirit as is born in angels. For Adam was created to possess that heaven from which the angels fell; but nothing can enter into heaven but the angelic life, which is born of heaven. The loss of this angelic life was the fall of Adam, or that death which he died on the day he eat of the earthly fruit; therefore, the regeneration or new birth of his first angelic life is the only one salvation of the fallen soul. Ask not, therefore, whether we are saved by faith or works, for we are saved by neither of them. Faith and works are at first only preparatory to the new birth; afterwards they are the genuine fruits and effects of it. But the new birth or life from heaven; the new creature called Christ in us, is the only one salvation of the fallen soul."

Now William Law was a man of indubitable piety—a high churchman, and in these days would probably have been a Puseyite. Still, who does not see in the above extract—which, extract though it be, contains a complete confession of doctrine,

—the possible destruction of every visible church? The rites and ceremonies are nothing, and the historical facts are nothing, the new birth is everything; nay, though the author professes to set forth the one true religion, the historical Christ is not so much as named, for the “Christ within us” is avowedly no more than the “new creature,”—that is, the soul in its regenerate state. The confession is a broad outline, which may be filled up with the historical figures of any religion you please,—it is as liberal as Pope’s Universal Prayer, which is equally applicable to “Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,” but its liberality with regard to the various sects will be rather that of general contempt than of large sympathy.

In some of his aphorisms, Scheffler went so far that he afterwards became frightened at his own utterances; for it should be observed that though the “Cherubic Wanderer” did not make its appearance till after his conversion to Catholicism, it had its origin at different periods of his life, and the first book was clearly written in the days when Böhme stood high in his estimation. The terrible aphorisms are these:

“Not for a moment God could without me endure,
But if I cease to be, then he to cease is sure.”*

“I am as great as God—he is as small as I,
He cannot o’er me be, nor I beneath him lie.”†

“I am as rich as God, there is no grain of dust,
But, (man! believe me well), partake with him I must.”‡

As a good Catholic, Scheffler writes a weak explanation, saying that these epigrams do not mean this or that—naming the only thing they possibly can mean, but something perfectly harmless. Such explanations are to be ranked with the little protest often appended, by the philosophers in Catholic countries, to the end of their treatises, that if any of the preceding matter is against the principles of the Church, it is to be considered null and void. In the sentences just quoted we can see nothing but mysticism, pushed to its extreme result. After the individual has stripped off all his individuality, what does he contemplate at last but his own consciousness?—a sublime non-entity, with precisely the same attributes, or rather, non-attributes, that have

* Ich weiss dass ohne mich Gott nicht ein Nun kann leben
Werd ich zu nicht, er muss von Noth den Geist aufgeben.

† Ich bin so gross als Gott, er ist als ich so klein
Er kann nicht über mich—ich unter ihm nicht seyn.

‡ Ich bin so reich als Gott, es kann kein Stäublein seyn,
Das ich—Mensch glaube mir—mit Ihm nicht hab’ gemein.

previously been assigned to God and the world. The mystic, in a state of perfection, is his own deity,—so that the deity and his new self are controvertible terms, of which the same things, or nothings, can be predicated. If the epigrams previously quoted referred to the Absolute Substance of Spinoza, the last three obviously belong to the Absolute Ego of Fichte—that is, if we translate the language of mysticism into the language of philosophy. And, as Frederic Schlegel observed long ago, nothing is more possible than to translate Spinoza into Fichte.

Taking up Scheffler as we have done, as an exponent of the Silesian mysticism of the nineteenth century, we do not, as we have said, follow him through those of his works which are, in this respect, less significant. We would briefly mention that a sort of idyllic epic, illustrating the love of the soul for Christ, and a poem in five books on the awful subjects of death, the last judgment, the damnation of the wicked, and the happiness of the righteous, are among the most celebrated. In them the old spirit of abstract mysticism is completely defunct. The tale of Psyche is meretriciously tricked out with heathen ornaments, after the bad state of the times, and the pains and delights of a future state are depicted in a tone of the vulgarest materialism. When we read of the New Jerusalem such stuff as this—

“The windows are of rock-crystal,
And polish'd very bright,
The window-frames are silver all
Adorned with gems of light;
The chambers, too, are hung around,
With handsome tapestry,
And there are choicest pictures found,
Which do one good to see,”

we can only hold up our hands, and say: “*Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!*”

There is one subject which we do not dwell upon, and that is, the conversion of Scheffler to the Roman Catholic Church. We have lightly passed it over, because it would lead us beyond our prescribed limits, not because it is foreign to the subject of mysticism. On the contrary, Scheffler, after rejecting Böhme as a teacher, has expressly said that the study of his works was one of the causes of his becoming a Catholic, and during the romantic period of German literature at the beginning of the present century, similar changes were too numerous to be ascribed to individual idiosyncrasy. The transition from the most negative to the most positive of religions, might be flippantly explained by the old adage, which declares that “*extremes meet*,”

but we would go deeper to solve the tendency of mysticism, to an union with the "only true Church." At present, wishing, as Coleridge recommends, to leave a sting behind, we would simply call attention to the facts, that the Catholic Church formally recognises an ascetic and contemplative state, which is foreign to the genius of Protestantism, and—what is more important—that it does not refer to an historical event as the means of salvation, but to something which is perpetually present—the Sacrifice of the Mass.



ART. VII.—THE UNIVERSAL POSTULATE.

1. *The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D., with Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations.* By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. MacLachlan and Stewart. Edinburgh. 1846.
2. *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive.* By John Stuart Mill. Third Edition. London: John W. Parker. 1851.
3. *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences.* By William Whewell, D.D., F.R.S. Two volumes. London: J. W. Parker and Son.
4. *The Works of George Berkeley, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne.* Edited by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. Two volumes. London: Tegg. 1843.
5. *A Treatise on Human Nature.* By David Hume. Two volumes. London. 1817.
6. *Critick of Pure Reason.* Translated from the Original of Immanuel Kant, by Francis Haywood. Second edition. London: William Pickering. 1848.
7. *Prolegomena Logica: an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes.* By Henry Longueville Mansel, M.A. Oxford: William Graham. 1851.

HAVE we not cause to think that there exists some unestablished principle of reasoning—some principle which, though instinctively acted upon, is not entered amongst our logical canons? That men should have constructed so many systems of thought which we hold to be irrational, yet cannot satisfac-

torily refute, is strong ground for suspecting this. The possibility of defending theories so utterly at variance with universal belief as Idealism and Scepticism, and the doctrines of Fichte and Hegel, implies one of two things; either that there is some fundamental flaw in the modes of argument pursued, or that reason necessarily leads to unreasonable conclusions. Can there be any doubt which of these is the more probable? It is much easier to suppose that particular thinkings are incidentally fallacious, than that all thinking is essentially fallacious.

The fact that even in those who draw these incongruous inferences the intellect unceasingly protests against them, would alone be good ground for assuming that its laws have been broken. The "natural propensity," as Hume styles it, to take a realist view of things, is one which no man ever rid himself of by proving Realism logically false. When we remember that in all other cases valid deductions eventually become beliefs—that though erroneous preconceptions may for a time shut the door on them, yet increasing knowledge by and by reverses this proceeding—when we remember this, it seems more likely that the incredible deductions of metaphysicians should be vicious than that they should form the only exceptions.

Regard the philosopher objectively. Is it not clear that the faculties he is now employing in reasoning about consciousness and ideas are the same faculties with which in childhood he drew his simplest inferences? Must not the action of these faculties follow throughout, the same law? Must not the results of their action be therefore congruous? And when they are not congruous, does not the fact indicate something abnormal—some nonconformity with the laws of their action—some error, as we say?

Indeed, on looking at the matter in the abstract, the logical impossibility of these theories that conflict with universal belief becomes manifest. For clearly, unless we can transcend consciousness, all metaphysics can be nothing but an analysis of our knowledge by means of our knowledge—an inquiry by our intelligence into the decisions of our intelligence. We cannot carry on such an inquiry without taking for granted the trustworthiness of our intelligence. How then can we legitimately end in proving something at variance with our primary beliefs, and so proving our intelligence fundamentally untrustworthy? Intelligence cannot prove its own invalidity because it must postulate its own validity in doing this.

There seems ample ground, then, for thinking that some logical vice underlies the incredible conclusions which metaphysicians arrive at—a vice manifestly both deep-seated and preva-

lent; and one that is therefore worth seeking out with wider views than the refutation of the conclusions themselves.

§ 2. Certain, however, as seems the existence of some fallacy, a distinct identification of it has been found by no means easy. Right as Reid may have been in his conviction, he cannot be said to have demonstrated that he was so. His "Inquiry into the Human Mind" contains no disproof of Scepticism, but is little more than an elaborate protest against it. Whilst now and again raising the hope that he is about to expose some fundamental error in his opponent's argument, he constantly disappoints by ending with another emphatic condemnation of the conclusion it leads to. "An absurdity too gross to merit confutation"—"palpable absurdities" which "with the adepts pass for profound discoveries"—"to reason against any of these kinds of evidence (of the senses, memory, &c.) is absurd"—such are the expressions with which he commonly winds up a paragraph; expressions that fall harmlessly on the sceptic who admits the seeming ridiculousness of his inferences, but asks how they can be untrue if logically drawn. In his later work, the "Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man," Reid still beats the air. He continues to assume all that Scepticism calls in question. In the chapter on "Principles taken for granted," he says:—"I perceive figure, colour, hardness, softness, motion, resistance, and such like things. But these are qualities, and must necessarily be in something that is figured, coloured, hard or soft, that moves or resists. . . . We do not give the name of mind to thought, reason, or desire; but to that being which thinks, which reasons, which desires." Thus he adopts as premisses what Hume rejects as conclusions. He finds no common ground on which he and the doubter alike stand, and standing on which they may try their strength; but having thrown down his gage, he remains outside the lists, and merely hurls at his opponent an occasional sarcasm. Regarded as contributions to psychology, his "Essays" have much merit; but as constituting an answer to Scepticism, they have none.

In the Dissertation appended to his edition of Reid's works, Sir William Hamilton places the Common-sense Philosophy on a more satisfactory footing. But though by the systematic coherence he gives to its doctrines, he makes it look more tenable, he does not render it criticism-proof. Unfortunately, some of his main positions are open to objection. Amongst the self-evident propositions with which he sets out, are these.

"Consciousness is to be presumed trustworthy until proved mendacious."

"The mendacity of consciousness is proved, if its data, imme-

diately in themselves, or mediately in their necessary consequences, be shown to stand in mutual contradiction."

Now a sceptic might very properly argue that this test is worthless. For as the steps by which consciousness is to be proved mendacious are themselves states of consciousness, and as they must be assumed trustworthy in the act of proving that consciousness is not so, the process results in assuming the trustworthiness of particular states of consciousness, to prove the mendacity of consciousness in general. Or to apply the test specifically—Let it be shown that two data of consciousness stand in contradiction. Then consciousness is mendacious. But if consciousness is mendacious, then the consciousness of this contradiction is mendacious. Then consciousness is trustworthy. And so on for ever.

Doubtless this merely goes to show that the mendacity of consciousness cannot be proved; and does not therefore diminish its credibility. But it is nevertheless true, that the offer of a valueless guarantee lays open to cavil that which it is put forward to insure.

A much more serious objection, however, may be raised to the proposition, on which turns the whole defence of Common Sense *versus* Scepticism. Sir William Hamilton says:—"In the act of sensible perception I am conscious of two things;—of *myself* as the *perceiving subject*, and of an external reality in relation to my sense as the *object perceived*. * * * * each of these is apprehended equally and at once *in the same indivisible energy*;" or as he elsewhere phrases it—"in the same indivisible moment of intuition."

Now this alleged simultaneity in our consciousness of subject and object, on which Sir William Hamilton relies for his proof of Realism, will not only be disputed by many as not being uniformly confirmed by their experience, but there would be no sufficient warrant for his conclusions, did experience invariably endorse his premiss. At a future stage of the argument, we propose to adduce evidence countenancing the belief, that in the act of perception our consciousness of subject and object is *not* simultaneous; but even were there no such evidence, this *apparent* simultaneity would be inadequate proof of *real* simultaneity.

For it must be remembered, that states of consciousness which originally occurred in distinct succession do by constant association come to follow one another so rapidly as to seem inseparable; and that in virtue of this law we ultimately unite a whole group of perceptions so instantaneously, that they appear as one perception. On looking at a book, we seem to take in all its leading properties "in the same indivisible energy." We cannot detect any lapse of time between our recognition of the book as a whole and our recognition of the parts we see: yet it is universally

admitted, that the unseen sides of the book are *inferred* from the seen sides. We cannot detect any lapse of time between our recognition of the solidity of the book and our recognition of its colour and extension: yet it is universally admitted, that the solidity is *inferred* from these. And as all inferred ideas must come after those from which they are inferred, it is clear that we do not recognise the various properties of the book simultaneously, though we seem to do so. Were apparent simultaneity in the acts of consciousness a proof of real simultaneity, nothing would be clearer than that we perceive an object and its distance from us "in the same indivisible moment of intuition;" for it is impossible to distinguish any interval between these perceptions. Yet no fact in psychology is better established than this,—that the perception of a thing's distance is *subsequent* to the perception of the thing itself—is a *deduction* from the mode in which the thing affects us; and that the apparent simultaneity is in truth a succession too rapid for detection.

Hence, as there is no obvious reason why the apparent simultaneity in our consciousness of subject and object may not be of like nature, the position that subject and object are apprehended "in the same indivisible moment of intuition," cannot be considered unquestionable; and is consequently not a fit basis for a refutation of Scepticism. Some other first principle must be found.

§ 3. When we try to reduce the genesis of our knowledge to scientific ordination, and when to this end we search for the fundamental fact—the fact on which all knowledge depends, we meet the difficulty that there are several facts apparently answering to this description. Personal existence, the existence of ideas, of consciousness, of beliefs—these look equally primordial. Each seems to pre-suppose one or more of the others; and yet each in turn may be assigned with some plausibility as the basis of the others. Personal existence may be held the most certain fact of all. Yet it may be argued, that personal existence is merely a belief; and that the existence of beliefs is, therefore, more certain than personal existence. To which again there is the reply that a belief implies something believed; and that this something believed must be antecedent to, and more certain than, the belief. All things are resolvable into ideas, is another position for which much may be said. But this position is liable to the criticism that ideas pre-suppose something to take cognizance of them—a consciousness; and that all ideas being states of consciousness, the existence of consciousness must be prior to the existence of ideas. In rejoinder to which it is urged, that we become conscious only by the reception of ideas; and hence that

there must be an idea before there can be consciousness. If it be said that ideas and consciousness must be classed amongst beliefs—that we have no other proof of their existence than that we believe them to exist—there comes the answer that beliefs are themselves ideas or states of consciousness; and this again may be met by saying that the conclusion that beliefs are states of consciousness is itself a belief. Thus we are driven from one position to another, only that we may relinquish that for a third; until there appears no alternative but to assume these facts to be equally fundamental—to lie on the same plane; either as mutually dependent facts, or as different aspects of the same fact.

On carefully reconsidering the matter, however, we may perceive that be the genesis of these facts simultaneous or successive, and if successive whatever be the order, there is still one of them which being unavoidably taken for granted, in every process of thought, must necessarily have priority of the others; namely, *belief*. Every logical act of the intellect is a predication—is an assertion that something *is*; and this is what we call belief. Each major premiss is a belief; each minor premiss is a belief; each conclusion is a belief. An argument is a series of dependent beliefs. Hence all connected thought being made up of beliefs, it is clear that be the propositions it embodies what they may—be they even the existence of consciousness, of ideas, of personality—they must be less certain than the existence of beliefs.

Or to state the matter in another form—Belief is the recognition of existence—is a knowing of the existent from the non-existent. All our reasoning is a distinguishing of truth from error—of that which exists from that which does not. Consequently upon the reality of the distinction we make between that which is, and that which is not; or, in other words—on the reality of belief depends the possibility of reasoning. We may deny all other things and yet leave our logical forms intact. But deny beliefs and not only do the things about which we argue disappear; argument itself disappears. Now the thing which being abolished carries everything else with it must be the fundamental thing.

It may seem very clear that in order of genesis, belief is not primary but secondary. It may be plausibly urged that it is a particular state of the *ego*, and must therefore exist subsequently to the *ego*; or that it is a complex idea, dependent upon, and arising out of, simple ideas; or that it is not an idea at all, but a peculiarity in certain of our ideas. But cogent as may be the arguments brought in support of these propositions, they cannot touch the conclusion above drawn. For each of these propositions is itself a belief; and each of the reasons given in proof of it is a belief. Dig down as deep as we may, we can never get to anything

more fundamental; seeing that the deepest thing we reach becomes a belief at the moment of its disclosure, and for logical purposes can never be anything else. Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that all our beliefs are predications concerning pre-existing things—sensations, ideas, consciousness; let it be granted that until these exist there can be no predications about them—no beliefs; let it be granted, that in reasoning, or in forming beliefs, we, as it were, look down upon and inspect these sensations and ideas, and observe certain of their properties, which we could not do unless they were previously there—let all this be granted; it nevertheless remains true, that as the reasoning faculty can deal with no facts until they are cognized by it—as until they are cognized by it they are to it non-existent—it follows that in being cognized, that is, in becoming beliefs, they begin to exist relatively to our reason. Whether really pre-existent or not they can have no logical pre-existence; since the being perceived to exist is the being believed.

Hence belief is the fact which, to our intellects, is antecedent to, and inclusive of, all other facts. It is the form in which every fact must present itself to us, and therefore underlies every fact. It alone of all things cannot be denied without direct self-contradiction. The propositions—there is no consciousness, there are no ideas, there is no personal identity, may be absurd; but they are not immediately self-destructive. To say, however, there is no belief, is to utter a belief which denies itself—is to draw a distinction between that which is, and that which is not, and at the same time to say that we do not distinguish between that which is, and that which is not.

Belief, then, being the ultimate fact which we can never transcend, there next come the questions—How do we class our beliefs? Why do we consider certain of our beliefs more trustworthy than others? What is the peculiarity of those beliefs which we never question, and to which all the rest of our beliefs defer?

To give any psychological answer—to discuss Hume's theory of belief or any other, would be beside the argument. No concrete analysis of belief is possible without taking for granted ideas, or consciousness, or personal identity; and to do this would be to involve in our desired test of credibility the very theories it is proposed to test by it. At present our assumptions are limited to three—existence, its correlative non-existence, and a cognition of the difference, that is—belief. The problem is to find a canon of belief without assuming anything further. For if in classing our beliefs according to their degrees of validity, some fourth thing should be taken for granted, the existence of such degrees of validity could have no greater certainty than the existence of this fourth thing.

Existence, non-existence, and belief, being thus the terms to which we are confined, there is clearly no alternative but to distinguish amongst our beliefs by qualities expressible in the other two terms. At first sight this appears hopeless; for whilst there can be existent beliefs, there cannot be non-existent beliefs. But though it seems paradoxical to say so, we may, by the union of the two terms existence and non-existence, obtain a third which describes the nature of some of our beliefs as contrasted with others. Here at least is the only possible classification—that into beliefs of which existence alone can be predicated, and beliefs of which partly existence and partly non-existence can be predicated—beliefs that *invariably exist*, and beliefs that *do not invariably exist*. That this division really corresponds with our experience scarcely needs saying. All know that, on the one hand, they have beliefs which are constant and which no mental effort can for a moment rid them of; whilst on the other they have beliefs which are not only changed by evidence but which can be temporarily suppressed by the imagination.

To say that as a corollary from this, the invariable existence of a belief is our final test of certainty—to say that where there are conflicting propositions, one of which corresponds to an invariably existent belief whilst the other does not, we must adopt the one that so corresponds, is needless—is in fact a truism. For an invariably existent belief is, by virtue of its being one, incapable of being replaced by any other. It is not that we *ought* to adopt that belief, but that we can do nothing else. In saying that it is invariably existent we say that there is no alternative belief.

That its invariable existence is the ultimate guarantee assignable for any belief, is indeed a conclusion which may be otherwise arrived at. For when we assign for any belief, a deeper belief on which it rests—when as warrant for some belief A, we cite some fundamental belief B which involves it, and say that we hold the belief A because it is implied in the belief B, it is manifest that the validity of the warrant depends upon the validity of the belief that B *does* involve A; and for this belief we have no other reason to assign but that it exists. So that supposing we knew the belief B to possess *absolute* truth, it could never give to the consequent belief A any higher guarantee than this of invariable existence; seeing that we can produce no higher guarantee for our belief that the one involves the other.

Or perhaps the fact may be more clearly shown thus:—If we assign as a reason for any belief the belief on which it rests, and then assign for that belief an anterior one, and so on continuously, it is clear that we must eventually come to the end of the series—must arrive at some primordial belief of which no

proof can be given. This remains true, whatever theory we hold respecting the origin of our knowledge. For if we say that all knowledge is organized experience, and that, in assigning one belief in proof of another, we are simply assigning a wider experience in proof of a narrower, it is clear that we cannot continue to assign wider and wider experiences in proof of each other, without arriving finally at the widest. As our experience had a beginning, it follows that, in tracing it backwards, we must ultimately come to our first or deepest experience—an experience which has no other to rest upon. Similarly with the hypothesis of fundamental ideas. An analytical examination of beliefs must eventually bring us down to these; and for these the hypothesis itself implies that no reason is assignable. Hence, whether our lowest beliefs be innate or derived from experience, it is equally clear that, as they do not admit of proof, we can but say that they invariably exist. And whilst this fact of their invariable existence is alone our warrant for them, it at the same time expresses the necessity we are under of holding them.

It results, then, from all that has been said,—first, that the existence of beliefs is the fundamental fact; and second, that beliefs which invariably exist are those which, both rationally and of necessity, we must adopt.

§ 4. The controversy that has lately been carried on respecting the nature and origin of necessary truths presents a fit field for initiating this doctrine.

In his “Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences,” Dr. Whewell defines necessary truths as “those in which we not only learn that the proposition is true, but see that it *must be* true; in which the negation of the truth is not only false, but impossible; in which we cannot, even by an effort of imagination, or in a supposition, conceive the reverse of that which is asserted.” Or, to quote the abridged form to which Mr. Mill, in his criticism, reduces it—“A necessary truth is a proposition the negation of which is not only false but inconceivable.”

The first thing to be said of this definition is, that it includes many other truths than those called “necessary.” His personal existence is a truth which every man can cite this warrant for. To his consciousness it is a truth of which the negation is inconceivable. That he *might* not exist he can conceive well enough; but that he *does* not exist he finds it impossible to conceive. The pain felt on plunging the hand into scalding water, is a pain which the sufferer cannot, “by an effort of imagination,” conceive non-existent. Were the existence of the pain a truth of which the negation was conceivable, he would quickly conceive the negation, and thus rid himself of the pain. But so

convenient a mode of obtaining relief, the sufferer finds, to his cost, impracticable. Unless, therefore, the propositions—"I exist," "I feel pain," and others like them, be classed as necessary truths, the definition will not hold. Doubtless there is a wide difference between the universal truths which Dr. Whewell has in view, and the particular truths here instanced; but the difference is not that implied in his definition.

This fact, that the truths of immediate perception have the same warrant as the so-called necessary truths, is quite in harmony with, and, indeed, serves to confirm, the arguments which Mr. Mill brings forward to disprove the alleged *à priori* character of these necessary truths. But whilst quite agreeing with him in the belief that axioms are simply "our earliest inductions from experience," it is possible to differ from him widely as to the worth of the test of inconceivableness. In attacking the theory we think he has needlessly undervalued the witness. He says:—

"I cannot but wonder that so much stress should be laid on the circumstance of inconceivableness, when there is ample experience to show that our capacity or incapacity of conceiving a thing has very little to do with the possibility of the thing in itself; but is, in truth, very much an affair of accident, and depends on the past history and habits of our own minds. . . . When we have often seen and thought of two things together, and have never, in any one instance, either seen or thought of them separately, there is, by the primary law of association, an increasing difficulty, which may, in the end, become insuperable, if conceiving the two things apart. . . . There are remarkable instances of this in the history of science: instances in which the most instructed men rejected as impossible, because inconceivable, things which their posterity, by earlier practice and longer perseverance in the attempt, found it quite easy to conceive, and which everybody now knows to be true." —"System of Logic," pp. 265, 266.

And he then proceeds to give sundry illustrations showing this dependence of conceivability upon experience — illustrations, however, which, as will hereafter be shown, are not altogether unobjectionable.

Granting, nevertheless, that the evidence assigned affords sufficient disproof of the doctrine that truths of which the negation is inconceivable are *à priori*, it does not really warrant Mr. Mill's inference that it is absurd "to reject a proposition as impossible on no other ground than its inconceivableness;" however much it may seem to warrant him. For the facts cited simply go to show that men have mistaken for inconceivable things, some things which were not inconceivable—a species of error which, if it vitiates the test of inconceivableness, must similarly vitiate all tests whatever. We consider an inference logically drawn

from an established premiss to be true. Yet, in millions of cases, men have been wrong in the inferences they have thought thus drawn. Do we, therefore, argue that it is absurd to consider an inference true "on no other ground" than that it is logically drawn from an established premiss? No; we say that though men may have taken for logical inferences, inferences that were not logical, there nevertheless *are* logical inferences, and that we are justified in assuming the truth of what seem to us such, until better instructed. Similarly, though men may have thought some things inconceivable which were not so, there may still be inconceivable things; and the inability to conceive the negation of a thing, may still be our best warrant for believing it.

Granting the entire truth of Mr. Mill's position, that, during any phase of human progress, the ability or inability to form a specific conception wholly depends on the experiences men have had; and that, by a widening of their experiences, they may, by and by, be enabled to conceive things before inconceivable to them; it may still be argued that as, at any time, the best warrant men can have for a belief is the perfect agreement of all pre-existing experience in support of it, it follows that, at any time, the inconceivableness of its negation is the deepest test any belief admits of. Though occasionally it may prove an imperfect test, yet as our most certain beliefs are capable of no better, to doubt any one belief because we have no higher guarantee for it is really to doubt all beliefs.

Or to state the case in another form—If all our knowledge is derived from experience, then our notions of *possible* and *impossible* are derived from experience. Possible means—not at variance with our experience; impossible means—wholly at variance with our experience. Clearly, unless we possess fundamental ideas, or can gain a knowledge of things in themselves, no logical process can give to the notion, *impossible*, any larger meaning than this. But if, at any time, the inability of men to conceive the negation of a given proposition simply proves that their experience, up to that time, has, without exception, confirmed such proposition; then when they assert that its untruth is impossible, they really assert no more than when they assert that its negation is inconceivable. If, subsequently, it turn out that the proposition *is* untrue; and if it be therefore argued that men should not have held its untruth impossible because inconceivable, we reply, that to say this is to condemn the use of the word impossible altogether. If the inconceivability of a thing be considered insufficient warrant for asserting its impossibility, it is implied that there can exist a sufficient warrant; but such warrant, whatever its kind, must be originally derived from experience; and if further experience

may invalidate the warrant of inconceivableness, further experience may invalidate *any* warrant on which we assert impossibility. Therefore, we should call nothing impossible.

It is, indeed, surprising that so acute a critic as Mr. Mill should not have seen that his own analysis supplies the best justification of this test of inconceivableness. What is the object of any such test? To insure a correspondence between subjective beliefs and objective facts. Well, objective facts are ever impressing themselves upon us; our experience is a register of these objective facts; and the inconceivableness of a thing implies that it is wholly at variance with the register. Even were this all, it is not clear how, if every truth is primarily inductive, any better test of truth could exist. But it must be remembered that whilst many of these facts, impressing themselves upon us, are occasional; whilst others again are very general; some are universal and unchanging. These universal and unchanging facts are, by the hypothesis, certain to establish beliefs of which the negations are inconceivable; whilst the others are not certain to do this, and if they do, subsequent facts will reverse their action. Hence if, after an immense accumulation of experiences, there remain beliefs of which the negation is still inconceivable, most, if not all of them, must correspond to universal objective facts. If there be, as Mr. Mill holds, certain absolute uniformities in nature; if these uniformities produce, as they must, absolute uniformities in our experience; and if, as he shows, these absolute uniformities in our experience disable us from conceiving the negations of them; then answering to each absolute uniformity in nature which we can cognize, there must exist in us a belief of which the negation is inconceivable, and which is absolutely true. In this wide range of cases subjective inconceivableness must correspond to objective impossibility. Further experience will produce correspondence where it may not yet exist; and we may expect the correspondence to become ultimately complete. In nearly all cases this test of inconceivableness must be valid now; and where it is not, it still expresses the net result of our experience thus far; which is the most that any test can do.

But the inconsistency into which Mr. Mill has here fallen, is most clearly seen in the second of his two chapters on "Demonstration and Necessary Truths."

He admits in this, the validity of proof by a *reductio ad absurdum*. But what is a *reductio ad absurdum* unless a reduction to inconceivableness? And why, if inconceivableness be in other cases an insufficient ground for rejecting a proposition as impossible, is it a sufficient ground in this case?

Again, calling in question the necessity commonly ascribed to the deductive sciences, he says:—

“The results of these sciences are indeed necessary, in the sense of necessarily following from certain first principles, called axioms and definitions ; of being certainly true, if these axioms and definitions are so. But their claim to the character of necessity in any sense beyond this must depend on the previous establishment of such a claim in favour of the definitions and axioms themselves.”—Chapter vi.

Or, as he previously expresses the same view:—

“The only sense in which necessity can be ascribed to the conclusions of any scientific investigation, is that of necessarily following from some assumption which, by the conditions of the inquiry, is not to be questioned.”—Chapter v.

Here, and throughout the whole of his argument, Mr. Mill assumes that there is something more certain in a demonstration than in anything else—some necessary truth in the steps of our reasoning, which is not possessed by the axioms they start from. How can this assumption be justified? In each successive syllogism the dependence of the conclusion upon its premisses is a truth of which we have no other proof than the inconceivability of the negation. Unless our perception of logical truth is *à priori*, which Mr. Mill will not contend, it too, like our perceptions of mathematical truth, has been gained from experience. In the one case, as in the other, we have simply an induction, with which no fact has, to our knowledge, ever conflicted. And if this be an insufficient warrant for asserting the necessity of the one order of truth, it is an insufficient warrant for asserting the necessity of the other.

How complete is the parallelism may indeed be best proved from Mr. Mill's own admissions. In an earlier chapter he has very clearly shown that by analysis of the syllogism we arrive at “a fundamental principle, or rather two principles, *strikingly resembling the axioms of mathematics*. The first, which is the principle of affirmative syllogisms, is, that things which coexist with the same thing, coexist with one another. The second is the principle of negative syllogisms, and is to this effect: that a thing which coexists with another thing, with which other a third thing does not coexist, is not coexistent with that third thing.” Elsewhere, if we remember rightly, he points out the remarkable analogy between this logical axiom—things which coexist with the same thing, coexist with one another—and the mathematical axiom—things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Analogous, however, as they are, and similarly derived as they must be, Mr. Mill claims for the first

a necessity which he denies to the last. When, as above, he asserts that the deductive sciences are not necessary, save "in the sense of *necessarily following* from certain first principles called axioms and definitions, of being *certainly* true if those axioms and definitions are so"—he assumes that whilst the mathematical axioms possess only hypothetical truth, this logical axiom involved in every step of the demonstration possesses absolute truth—that whilst the inconceivability of its negation is an imperfect guarantee for the one, it is a perfect guarantee for the other. Evidently this is an untenable position. Unless it can be shown that this truth—things which coexist with the same thing coexist with each other—has some higher warrant than the inconceivability of its negation, (which cannot be shown,) it must be admitted that axioms and demonstration stand on the same footing, and that if necessity be denied to the one, it must be denied to the other; and, indeed, to all things whatever.

Of objections to the test of inconceivability it remains only to notice the one pointed out by Sir William Hamilton in his edition of Reid (p. 377). In proof that inconceivability is not a criterion of impossibility, he cites the fact, that "we can neither conceive, on the one hand, an ultimate minimum of space or time; nor can we, on the other, conceive their infinite divisibility. In like manner, we cannot conceive the absolute commencement of time, nor the utmost limit of space, and are yet equally unable to conceive them without any commencement or limit." The implication being, that as there must be either minimum or no minimum, limit or no limit, one of the two inconceivable things must in each case be true. Exception might be taken to this argument on several grounds; on the ground that space and time are not strictly conceivable things at all in the sense that other things are; on the ground that the alleged inconceivableness of a minimum or a limit is not really of the same nature as those with which it is classed—is not due to an arrest of the conceptive power, but a baffling of it—is not an inability to get rid of a certain conception, but an inability to form any conception. Moreover, it might be urged that there is no true parallelism between these cases in which both alternatives are alike inconceivable, and all other cases, in which one alternative is conceivable and the other not. Passing over these points, however, and granting, as has already been granted, that conceivableness depends on experience, and that hence, in respect to all things beyond the measure of our faculties it must ever remain an inapplicable test—granting all this we say, Sir William Hamilton's argument may still be met. He says that inconceivability is no criterion of impossibility. Why? Because, of

two propositions, one of which must be true, it proves both impossible—it proves that space cannot have a limit, because a limit is inconceivable, and yet that it must have a limit, because unlimited space is inconceivable; it proves, therefore, that space has a limit and has no limit, which is absurd. How absurd? Absurd, because “it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be.” But how do we *know* that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be? what is our criterion of *this* impossibility? Can Sir William Hamilton assign any other than this same inconceivability? If not, his argument is self-destructive; seeing that he assumes the validity of the test in proving its invalidity.

§ 5. A right comprehension of this matter will now, however, be readily arrived at on recalling the propositions awhile since established; namely, that the existence of beliefs is the fundamental fact, and that beliefs which invariably exist are those which both rationally and of necessity we must adopt. For when, to the fact that the invariable existence of a belief is the deepest warrant we can have for it, we add the further fact that we consider those beliefs true of which the negations are inconceivable, it becomes at once obvious that *the inconceivability of its negation is the test by which we ascertain whether a given belief invariably exists or not.*

Instinctively we recognise the truth above demonstrated, that its invariable existence is the ultimate authority for any belief; or rather, we yield to the rigorous necessity of holding any belief that does invariably exist: the fact that it invariably exists being the obverse of the fact that there is no alternative belief. But how do we ascertain that a given belief is invariably existent—that we *have* no alternative belief? Evidently we can do this only by trying to make such belief non-existent—by trying to put some other belief in its place; or, in other words—*by trying to conceive the negation of it.* When, failing by any mental effort to make it disappear, even for a moment, we say that nothing else is conceivable, and that it is therefore unquestionably true, we practically say that it is true because it is a belief which invariably exists.

What we mean by this word, true—whether we express by it an assumed correspondence between some objective fact and our subjective state, or whether it really implies nothing more than the continued existence of the belief to which it is applied, it would be out of place here to inquire. At present we have to consider the contents of the intellect solely as a system of beliefs, with a view to determine their relative validity. We have seen that beliefs must be their own sureties—that an indestructible

belief can have no other warrant than its indestructibility; and what we have just found is, that the inconceivableness of its negation is simply an experimental proof of its indestructibility.

It results then that for our primary beliefs, the fact of invariable existence tested by an abortive effort to cause non-existence, is the only reason assignable. If in justifying those of our beliefs which rest upon other beliefs we must ultimately come down to this as the foundation of the series, it follows that all beliefs not based upon other beliefs must rest directly on this foundation. Such we find to be the case. The truths of immediate consciousness have no other warrant. For the proposition "I am," no one who utters it can find any proof but the invariable existence of his belief in it. And that he cannot for an instant displace this belief by any other—cannot conceive otherwise—is the only proof he can give of its invariable existence. So, too, is it with sensations. When cold, we cannot get rid of our belief in the feeling of coldness as long as that feeling continues—cannot while cold conceive that we are warm. Such belief, though not invariably existent in an absolute sense, is so in a relative one: it exists as long as the sensation exists. Whilst the proposition remains true, the negation of it remains inconceivable. Hence, properly understood, the belief in a sensation has the same warrant as belief in personal existence. In each case the belief invariably exists whilst its subject-matter exists—in the sensation whilst the sensation continues, in personal existence whilst personal existence continues.

And here we may recognise the real distinction between those universal truths which Dr. Whewell has supposed to stand alone in the inconceivableness of their negations, and those particular truths which we find to have the same guarantee. It is in the prevalence of the subject-matter that the difference consists. Whilst looking at the sun a man can no more conceive that he is then looking into darkness, than he can conceive the part greater than the whole. How then does the belief—this is sunlight, differ in nature from the belief—the whole is greater than its part? Simply thus; that in the one instance the antecedents of the conviction are present only on special occasions, whilst in the other they are present on all occasions. In either case subject the mind to the required antecedents, and no belief save the appropriate one is conceivable. But whilst in the first case only a single object serves for antecedent, in the other any object, real or imagined, serves for antecedent.

Not only, however, is the invariable existence of a belief our sole warrant for every truth of immediate consciousness, and for every primary generalization of the truths of immediate consciousness—every axiom, but it is our sole warrant for every

demonstration. Logic is simply a systematization of the process by which we indirectly obtain this warrant for beliefs that do not directly possess it. To gain the strongest conviction possible respecting any complex fact, we either analytically descend from it by successive steps, each of which we unconsciously test by the inconceivableness of its negation, until we reach some axiom, or truth which we have similarly tested, or we synthetically ascend from such axiom or truth by such steps. In either case we connect some isolated belief, with a belief which invariably exists, by a series of intermediate beliefs which invariably exist.

To prevent misapprehension on the part of those who have not much considered the matter, it may be well, as we have yet spoken only of beliefs which invariably exist, to contrast them with a belief which, though strong, does not invariably exist; especially as in doing this we shall have an opportunity of clearing up the seeming confusion which some may have perceived in the last few pages between beliefs and conceptions—a seeming confusion which the abstract nature of the argument has hitherto forbidden us to notice.

We commonly regard the belief that the sun will rise to-morrow as a constant one. It may, however, for an interval be destroyed. We find that by an effort of imagination, as we call it, the sun may be supposed to explode, burn out, or in some way be prevented from appearing to-morrow; and during the time in which we are figuring to ourselves the non-appearance of the sun to-morrow, the belief that he will appear is non-existent. It is very true that this belief is quickly reproduced; but it is none the less true that it is temporarily annihilated. Possibly, indeed, it may be alleged that the belief is never really absent, but that it remains even whilst we are conceiving the event to be otherwise. This, however, is an illusion consequent upon our habit of using words without fully realizing their meanings, and so mistaking verbal propositions for real ones. On taking care that our thoughts duly respond to the expressions, we shall find that the belief in the sun's rising to-morrow consists in a mental representation of the occurrence of certain phenomena at a certain time. And if so, it is clear that we cannot conceive the event otherwise — cannot represent to ourselves the non-occurrence of the phenomena, without abolishing the representation of their occurrence; that is,—without abolishing the belief. Though in common language we speak of a belief as something separate from the conception to which it relates, yet on analysis we find that we simply express by it a certain property of such conception—*its persistence*. When after given antecedents there arises a state of consciousness which we can change with very little effort, we have a weak belief; when the state of conscious-

ness is one which we can change with difficulty, we call the belief a strong one; when it is one which we find ourselves utterly unable to change, we consider it a belief of the highest order. As then in each of these classes the belief is not a something more than the state of consciousness, but merely expresses its persistence, it follows that in no case can the state of consciousness be changed, even temporarily, without the belief becoming non-existent for a corresponding period. The belief being the persistence, the persistence cannot be destroyed without the belief being destroyed. And hence the rationale of testing the invariable existence of a belief in a given proposition by the inconceivableness of its negation; seeing that the effort to conceive the negation of the proposition is the effort to change the state of consciousness which arises after certain antecedents; and could this be done—could the persistence of the state of consciousness be broken—the belief would be proved to be not invariably existent.*

Dismissing, however, all psychological explanations, which are allowable here only as being needed to meet a psychological objection, and returning to the purely abstract view of the matter, we see—first, that belief is fundamental, and that the invariable existence of a belief is our highest warrant for it; second, that we can ascertain the invariable existence of a belief only as we ascertain the invariable existence of anything else, by observing whether under any circumstances it is absent from the place in which it occurs; third, that the effort to conceive the negation of a belief is the looking in the place in which it occurs, (viz., after its antecedents,) and observing whether there are any occasions on which it is absent, or can be made absent, and fourth, that when we fail to find such occasions—when we perceive that the negation of the belief is inconceivable—we have all possible warrant for asserting the invariability of its existence; and, in asserting this, we express alike our logical justification of it, and the inexorable necessity we are under of holding it. Mean what we may by the word truth, we have no choice but to hold that *a belief which is proved, by the inconceivableness of its negation, to invariably exist, is true.* We have seen that this is the assumption on which every conclusion whatever ultimately rests. We have no other guarantee for the reality of consciousness, of sensations, of per-

* The reader must be warned against the confusion that may arise from the double sense in which the word belief is commonly employed, and in which we, too, have been obliged to employ it. Men habitually express a belief *in* a thing, and at other times they call the thing believed, a belief. We have given the word two parallel meanings; using it in the one case to describe the *persistence* of a state of consciousness, and in the other a *persistent state of consciousness*. The context will, in each case, show in which sense it is to be understood.

sonal existence; we have no other guarantee for any axiom; we have no other guarantee for any step in a demonstration. Hence, as being taken for granted in every act of the understanding, it must be regarded as the Universal Postulate.

§ 6. An appeal to this Universal Postulate as an absolute warrant for any conviction may still, however, be objected to, on the ground that as it has on past occasions proved an insufficient warrant, it may prove so again. Beliefs that once were shown by the inconceivableness of their negations to invariably exist, have since been found untrue. And as beliefs that now possess this character may some day share the same fate, the test is clearly not an infallible one.

There is, doubtless, force in this argument, though not so much as at first appears. As we hinted when commenting on his position, the evidence cited by Mr. Mill, to show that inconceivable things may yet be true, is not strictly applicable evidence. There is a wide difference in nature between the cases in which the test has been found fallacious, and those in which we may regard it as trustworthy—a difference arising from the relative complexities of the conceptions involved. When, on receiving a sensation, the subject of it finding himself unable to conceive that he is not receiving it, asserts that he is receiving it, it is clear that he deals only with one state of consciousness of which he simply recognises the continued existence. On the other hand, those Greek philosophers referred to by Mr. Mill, who “could not credit the existence of antipodes,” who “were unable to conceive, in opposition to old association, the force of gravity acting upwards instead of downwards,” and who, therefore, denied that there could be men on the other side of the earth—were dealing with many states of consciousness and with the connexions between them. There entered into their proposition the concepts, Earth, man, distance, position, force, and the various relations of these to each other. Evidently, then, these cases differ so widely, that what may be a legitimate test in the first, may be an illegitimate one in the second. We must distinguish between those appeals to the Universal Postulate in which the act of thought is *decomposable*, and those in which it is *undecomposable*. In proportion as the number of concepts which a proposition involves is great, and the mental transitions from concept to concept are numerous, the fallibility of the test will increase; and will do this *because the formation of the belief is separable into many steps, each of which involves the postulate*.

And here, indeed, we get hold of the clue which leads us out of this logical maze. Let it be granted, that a belief which invariably exists, though the most certain possible to us, is yet,

not necessarily true. Let it be granted, that either from insufficient experience, or from non-agreement between the subjective and the objective, the inconceivable and the impossible may not correspond even within our mental range. Let it be granted, that for the validity even of a single undecomposable act of thought, the Universal Postulate is an imperfect warrant. Let all this, we say, be granted. Still, be the test fallible or not, the probability of error in any inference will increase in proportion to the number of times the truth of the test has been assumed in arriving at it. If the postulate be uniformly valid, it must yet happen, that as we are liable to mental *lapses*, we shall occasionally think we have its warrant when we have not; and in each case the chances of our having done this will vary directly as the number of times we have claimed its warrant. If the postulate be not uniformly valid, then a further source of error is introduced, the effects of which vary in the same ratio. Hence, on either supposition, it follows that that must be the most certain conclusion, at which, starting from the postulate itself, we arrive by the fewest assumptions of the postulate.

We instinctively recognise this fact in our ordinary modes of proof. We hold it more certain that 2 and 2 make 4, than that $5 + 7 + 6 + 9 + 8$ make 35. We find that every fresh assumption of the postulate involves some risk of error; and, indeed, where the calculation is extremely intricate, and the assumptions therefore extremely numerous, our experience teaches us that the probability that there has been a wrong assumption is greater than the probability that there has not. So too in argument. We lose faith in a long series of steps, however logical they may seem, unless we can test the inference by appeal to fact—that is, *unless we can get at the inference by a single use of the postulate.*

Do we not here then discern a rigorous test of the relative validity of conflicting conclusions? Not only as judged instinctively, but as judged by a fundamental logic, *that must be the most certain conclusion which involves the postulate the fewest times.* We find that under any circumstances—whether the postulate be uniformly true or not, this must hold good. Here, therefore, we have a method of ascertaining the respective values of all inferences.

Let us by the help of this method examine some of the leading systems of philosophy.

§ 7. The Idealism of Berkeley, in common with all kindred systems of thought, is obviously, when regarded from our present stand-point, open to the criticism that it consists of a series of propositions, no one of which possesses greater certainty than the

single proposition which it sets out to disprove. Not to rest in this general statement of the objection, however, let us consider its application in detail.

It is an awkward fact, that Idealism cannot state its case without assuming Realism by the way. Erase from its argument all terms implying the objective reality of things, and its argument falls to pieces. Instance in illustration of this a passage from the first of Berkeley's Dialogues.

"*Philonous*. Then, as to sounds, what must we think of them? Are they accidents really inherent in external bodies, or not?

"*Hylas*. That they inhere not in the sonorous bodies, is plain from hence; because a bell, struck in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, sends forth no sound. The air, therefore, must be thought the subject of sound.

"*Phil*. What reason is there for that, *Hylas*?

"*Hyl*. Because, when any motion is raised in the air, we perceive a sound, greater or lesser, in proportion to the air's motion; but, without some motion in the air, we never hear any sound at all.

"*Phil*. And granting that we never hear a sound but when some motion is produced in the air, yet I do not see how you can infer, from thence, that the sound itself is in the air."

If now we demur to the many obvious assumptions of Realism which this reasoning involves, and insist on Berkeley re-stating it, without taking for granted anything save the existence of mind and ideas, he cannot do so. Let the words that stand for objective realities be supposed to stand for our ideas of them, and the argument becomes meaningless. If it be said that these objective realities are but hypothetically assumed for the purpose of meeting an opponent, it is replied that this cannot be, for Berkeley's reasonings are in truth his justification of Idealism to his own mind; and if he could justify Idealism to his own mind without making these assumptions, he could show us the way. How, then, can his argument be valid? An assumption may be legitimate if the reasoning based on it, by bringing out a result congruous with known truths, prove the assumption true. But what if the reasoning prove the assumption false, whilst the very terms of the reasoning presuppose its truth? We do, indeed, in mathematics assume a certain number to be the answer to a given question, and on this assumption legitimately base an argument which, by ending in an absurdity, disproves the assumption. In such case, however, the successive steps do not become possible only by the truth of the number assumed; for they may be as well gone through with any other number. But if the argument ended in proving that there was no such thing as number, it would do what Berkeley's argument does. It would base upon a thing's existence the proof of its non-existence. •

This reasoning in dialogue offers, indeed, great facilities for gaining a victory. When you can put into an adversary's mouth just such replies and admissions as fit your purpose, there is little difficulty in reaching the desired conclusion. Throughout the discussion, *Hylas* repeatedly assents to things which on his opponent's own principles he should not have assented to. Thus, shortly after the outset, *Philonous*, with the view of proving the purely subjective character of heat, obtains from *Hylas* the admission, that an "intense degree of heat is a very great pain." He then asks—"Is your material substance a senseless being, or a being endowed with sense and perception?" to which *Hylas* replies—"It is senseless, without doubt." "It cannot, therefore, be the subject of pain," continues *Philonous*. "By no means," rejoins *Hylas*. And *Philonous* then goes on to argue, that as an intense heat is a pain, and as a pain cannot exist in a senseless material substance, it follows that an intense heat can exist only in a perceiving mind. But what right has *Hylas* to make the answers he does? The argument sets out with the position that sensible things are the only things we certainly know; these sensible things are defined as "the things we immediately perceive by the senses;" and *Philonous*, resolutely ignoring everything else, says:—"Whatever other qualities, therefore, you speak of, as distinct from these, I know nothing of them." Had *Hylas*, as he should have done, taken the same ground, the dialogue would have run thus:—

Phil. Is material substance a senseless being, or a being endowed with sense and perception?

Hyl. I cannot say.

Phil. How do you mean you cannot say?

Hyl. I mean that, like you, "I know nothing" of any qualities of bodies save those I immediately perceive by the senses; and I cannot immediately perceive by the senses whether material substance is senseless or not.

Phil. But you do not doubt that it is senseless?

Hyl. Yes; in the same way that you doubt my external reality—doubt whether I am anything more than one of your ideas. Did we not, at the beginning, *Philonous*, distinguish between things known immediately and things known mediately?

Phil. Yes.

Hyl. Did you not make me admit that sensations are the only sensible things; that is, the only things immediately perceived; and that I cannot know the causes of these sensations immediately, but can only know them mediately by reasoning?

Phil. I did.

Hyl. And your whole argument is an attempt to show that

these things which I know mediately—these things, whose existence I infer as the causes of my sensations, do not exist at all.

Phil. True.

Hyl. How, then, can you put any trust in my reply, when I either say that matter is sensitive, or that it is not sensitive? The only sensitiveness that I can immediately perceive is my own.

Phil. You know that I am sensitive.

Hyl. Yes, but how? I see you turn when spoken to, and shrink when burned; from such facts, joined with my personal experiences, I *infer* that you are sensitive as I am; and if you must have an answer to your question, I *infer* that matter is not sensitive, because it shows no such signs.

Phil. Well.

Hyl. Well! do you not see that if you adopt this answer your whole reasoning is vitiated? You set out to disprove a certain portion of my mediate knowledge. To do this, you now ask from me another portion of my mediate knowledge, as you have already asked several, and will, I suppose, ask more. You are combining these many portions of mediate knowledge, and will draw from them a conclusion; and this conclusion—this piece of *doubly* mediate knowledge, you will, I suppose, offer to me in place of the mediate knowledge you would disprove. Certainly I shall reject it. I demand that every link in your argument shall consist of *immediate* knowledge. If but one of them is an inference, and not a thing “immediately perceived by sense,” I shall say that your conclusion has the same uncertainty with this that you combat, plus the uncertainty attendant on all argument. Nay, indeed, were every step in your demonstration a piece of immediate knowledge, I should argue that as the inference you drew was but mediate knowledge, it could have no greater warrant than the adverse one. As it is, however, your inference, as judged by your own principles, has incomparably less warrant.

Space permitting, it might be argued at length that Berkeley confounds the *having a sensation* with the *knowledge of having a sensation*. Unconsciously doing homage to the principle that the fewer times the Universal Postulate is assumed, the more certain is the conclusion, he professes to recognise that only which is immediately perceived—that which involves but one assumption of the postulate, and declines to recognise the mediate perceptions which involve it more than once. Yet what he starts with as primary and unquestionable facts belong to this last class. Whilst the reception of a sensation may be a simple undecomposable mental act, to observe the reception of a sensation

is decidedly a composite one. The knowledge of having a sensation, so far from being an act of immediate consciousness, presupposes a much involved process. It presupposes a synthesis of those ideas constituting the notion of personal identity, and then a recollection of how that personal identity has just been affected. Or, to state the position in another form—It is impossible for any one to know he has a sensation without self-consciousness becoming an element of his thought. Self-consciousness, however, can never be known immediately, but only by recollection. No one can be conscious of what he *is*, but only of what he *was* a moment since. That which thinks can never be the object of direct contemplation, seeing that to be this it must become that which is thought of, not that which thinks. It is impossible to be at the same time that which regards and that which is regarded. We never can be *literally* self-conscious, but can only know at each instant what we were the instant before; and can but *infer* present existence from the cognition of existence just past. And if self-consciousness cannot be immediate knowledge, nothing can be immediate knowledge into which self-consciousness enters as one concept. Therefore, the knowledge of having sensations cannot be immediate knowledge. Were the consciousness of sensations the same thing as the consciousness of receiving sensations, Berkeley's first step would be unassailable. As it is, however, the assumption on which his whole argument rests, is open to the same criticism that he himself passes on the adverse assumption; namely, that it is not a perception, but a synthesis of perceptions,

But the true answer to Idealism—the answer of which the foregoing must be regarded as adumbrations—is involved in the answer to Scepticism, to which let us now turn.

§ 8. Hume's doubts as to the validity of reason, should have led him not to a state of suspense, but to an entire rejection of all his conclusions. Such a course might be proved logically necessary, even from his own point of view. Let us, however, suppose him to be in possession of the views above advanced, and then observe the course his scepticism must take.

"I doubt whether my subjective beliefs have any objective basis; that is, when I have an impression, I have no proof that there is anything external causing it; that is, though I cannot for a moment rid myself of the belief that there is something, yet there may be nothing. But how do I know that there may be nothing?"

"Reason tells me so."

"But if, when I say—'It is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be,' I say so because I have an invariably existent

belief to that effect—a belief proved to invariably exist by my inability to conceive its negation; and if, when I draw a conclusion from this logical aphorism, I do so by saying that if the aphorism be true, I have a similarly indestructible belief that my deduction is true; then it follows that all my reasoning consists in concluding those things to be true in which I have an indestructible belief—a belief proved indestructible by my inability to conceive its negation.”

“But I have just this kind of belief in an external world. Now that I am looking at the table, I find that by no effort, however violent, can I conceive that the table is an impression in me and not a thing outside of me. I can make a verbal proposition to that effect, but I am quite incapable of making my thoughts respond to it. Whilst looking *away* from the table, I can vaguely conceive that the fact *might be* so; but whilst looking *at* the table, I feel it utterly impossible to conceive that the fact *is* so.”

“Evidently, then, my conviction that there is an external world has the same warrant as every step in my argument has—is simply arrived at by *an argument of one step.*”

“Hence to conclude that there is no proof of an external world is to reason my way to the conclusion that reason is fallacious. But if reason be fallacious, then the reasoning by which I prove the fallacy of reason is itself fallacious. Then reason is not fallacious. Then its inferences respecting the fallacy of reason are true. And so on perpetually.”

“It results, therefore, from my position, that it is impossible to decide whether reason is fallacious or not fallacious.”

“Be it which it may, however, it is clear that my scepticism is not logically justifiable. If reason be not fallacious, then is the single-stepped argument which proves the existence of objects, valid. If it be fallacious, then it is manifestly impossible to shake an argument of one step by an argument of many steps.”

Leaving general statements of the case, and setting ourselves to consider it fundamentally, we find that the whole question at issue resolves itself into this—Which is the more certain, the existence of objects or the existence of impressions and ideas? Possibly some of the foregoing considerations may have led the reader to suspect that Philosophy has after all given a wrong answer to this question. If so, they will have prepared the way for an examination into the relative validity of our beliefs in subjective and objective things, as tested by the number of times the Universal Postulate is assumed in arriving at each belief respectively. And, to avoid reasoning in a circle, he will see the pro-

priety of sweeping his mind clear of hypotheses, so that, freed from all disturbing influences, it may be brought to bear afresh upon the facts.

Having as far as possible done this, let him contemplate an object—this book, for instance. Resolutely refraining from theorizing, let him now say what he finds. He finds that his consciousness is filled with the existence of the book. Does there enter into this state of his consciousness any notion about sensations? No; he finds that such notion, so far from being contained in his consciousness, has to be fetched from elsewhere, to the manifest disturbance of his then state of consciousness. Does he perceive that the thing he is conscious of is an image of the book? Not at all; so little does his consciousness know of any image, that it is only by remembering his metaphysical readings that he can suppose such image to exist. So long as he refuses to translate the facts into any hypothesis, he feels that he is conscious of the book, and not of an impression of the book—of an objective thing, and not of a subjective thing. He feels that the sole content of his consciousness is the book considered as an external reality. He feels that this recognition of the book as an external reality is a simple indivisible act. Whether originally separable into premisses and inference or not (a question which he manifestly cannot here entertain), he feels that this act is undecomposable. And, lastly, he feels that, do what he will, he cannot reverse this act—he cannot, whilst contemplating the book, believe that it is non-existent—he cannot conceive that where he sees it there is nothing. Hence, whilst he continues looking at the book, his belief in it as an external reality possesses the highest validity possible. It has the direct guarantee of the Universal Postulate; and it assumes the Universal Postulate *only once*.

Possibly he will object that though this belief apparently involves but one assumption of the postulate, it really involves two—that he not only postulates the object, but that in doing so he postulates himself. Doubtless if his thought is—"I know the book exists," he postulates himself as well as the object. But his primary thought is simply—"The book exists;" and his own being is no more postulated in that thought than it is in these words which express it. Sir William Hamilton does indeed assert that we are conscious of subject and object "in the same indivisible moment of intuition;" but as was hinted in passing, this assertion will not be uniformly assented to; and it here becomes needful to assign reasons for dissenting from it.

Under ordinary circumstances, the time during which any one state of consciousness continues uninterrupted is so brief that it is impossible to distinctly identify it. These words, though suc-

cessively occupying the reader's mind as symbols, are yet so instantaneously followed by their meanings that their symbolism passes unobserved. Moreover, whilst recognising and interpreting them his mind is rapidly taking note of other things—of the paper they are printed on, of his hands, of other parts of his body within view, of the sensations that periodically lead him to change his posture, and of the sounds and movements going on around him. Manifestly were there no other evidence it might, on the one hand, be argued as before, that some of the phenomena thus rapidly succeeding one another must be very liable to be mistaken for simultaneous ones; whilst, on the other hand, it might be reasonably inferred that as the more observable facts of consciousness form a series, so do the less observable ones; and that strictly no two things can be present to consciousness at the same instant, or known “in the same indivisible moment of intuition.”

When we turn from ordinary circumstances to extraordinary ones we obtain sufficiently clear indications of the fact that the consciousness of objective existence is accompanied by an unconsciousness of subjective existence. Let the thing perceived be a very astonishing one, and the observer becomes perceptibly oblivious of himself. Our ordinary language recognises this fact. We say of such an one that he is *absorbed* in contemplation, *lost* in wonder, has *forgotten* himself; and we describe him as afterwards *returning* to himself, *recollecting* himself. From a deeply interested spectator who is so far possessed by his perception as not to hear what is said to him, up to the stupified victim of an impending catastrophe, may be seen all grades of this state. Under this last and extreme degree of it persons are killed, from the inability to recover their self-consciousness in time to avoid danger. Even those who, in such case, are not completely paralyzed, manifest much the same mental state; for it frequently happens that they are wounded without knowing it, and they are generally surprised to hear afterwards what they did whilst in peril—a fact proving that their actions were automatic rather than conscious. Probably most on being reminded of these truths will be able to recall the perceptible period, during which a startling sight or sound occupies consciousness to the exclusion of the idea of self; and all who do this will see that an ordinary perception as well as an extraordinary one, must, while it lasts, exclude the idea of self, but that it lasts too short a time to admit of the exclusion being observed.

The strongest reason, however, for asserting that the subject is not postulated in perceiving an object, is, that the subject can be known only by regarding itself as an object. All notion of self

consists either in the impressions of self received through the senses and in recollections and combinations of them (in which case there can be no notion of self when the first perception is received); or else it is an assumed something by which these impressions &c. are contemplated, but which, as it cannot contemplate itself directly, can know itself only by contemplating its past acts—can know itself only by the objective registry which it has just left of itself. On either hypothesis self can be known only as an object. Hence, to say that consciousness of subject and object is simultaneous is to say that in perceiving one object we necessarily perceive another object; which seems alike a gratuitous and an improbable assumption.

Thus there is good ground for the belief that the cognition of the *non-ego* does not involve a simultaneous cognition of the *ego*—ground which is strengthened by the remembrance that we can express cognition of objective being in words that involve no assertion of subjective being (the book exists), which we could not do did the one conception involve the other—and ground yet further strengthened by the consideration that we can perfectly well conceive an object to remain in existence after our own annihilation, *which it would be impossible to do if the cognition of subject and object were simultaneous and consequently inseparable*. Further inquiry therefore serves to confirm, rather than to shake, the direct verdict of consciousness—that the cognition of an object as an external reality is an undecomposable mental act involving the Universal Postulate once only.

Turn we now to the hypotheses which serve as fulcra for the attempted overthrow of Realism, beginning, as we may properly do, with Hypothetical Realism—the comparatively unassuming one from which the others have sprung, but whose parentage they have in their high pretensions found it convenient to ignore.

No one can form any conception of the representative hypothesis without abandoning his first centre of consciousness, in which he is simply percipient, and taking up another position, from which to inspect the act of percipience. A spectator gazing at a fire is simply conscious of the fire; if you tell him he cannot know the fire, but merely his sensation of a fire, he can realize your meaning only by regarding both the fire and himself as objects, and observing how the one affects the other. What now is involved in this proceeding? He postulates the fire; he postulates himself; and he postulates the relation between these. In his original state of percipience, not only does his cognition of the fire seem immediate and undecomposable, but he cannot even conceive that it may be a compound cognition, without going much out of his way to do so. Whereas in this state to which you bring him, not only does the alleged representative cognition

seem at once decomposable into three things, but he cannot even conceive it without the three things. In the one case he cannot by any effort use the postulate more than once; in the other, he cannot by any effort avoid using it three times.

Thus too is it with Absolute Idealism. Idealism assumes that minds are entities, that ideas are entities, and that ideas exist in minds. Even supposing that it has the guarantee of the Universal Postulate for each of these, yet, as involving them all, its proposition has three times the liability to error possessed by the proposition it sets out to disprove. Let it be granted that its belief—mind is an entity, is a belief proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist (which is not the fact; for mind is conceivable as not an entity, but a *process*); let it be granted that it has the like authority for the belief—ideas are entities (which is not the fact; for ideas are conceivable as *phases of the process*, mind); and let it be granted, that for its belief—ideas exist in mind, it has this same highest warrant (which is not the fact; for it is conceivable that ideas are not *in* mind but *are* mind)—let it be granted, we say, that each of these beliefs is indisputable, still, Idealism stands in the position of being unable to frame its hypothesis without thrice making an assumption which the adverse hypothesis makes but once.

At first sight, the scepticism of Hume, by not asserting the existence of mind, escapes this difficulty. But the escape is apparent only. In reality, Hume makes even more assumptions than Berkeley does. He sets out by saying, that our perceptions resolve themselves into *impressions* and *ideas*; and on this division all his reasoning hinges. Obviously, did he merely postulate these two things, the foundation of his argument would be less certain than the undecomposable belief he calls in question. But he artfully postulates more than two things, without seeming to do so. For what is contained in the concept—an impression? Translate the word into thought, and there are manifestly involved a thing impressing and a thing impressed. It is impossible to attach any idea to the word save by the help of these other ideas. Without contending at length, as we might, that our conceptions of things impressing and things impressed are gained by seeing bodies act upon each other, and that we cannot realize these conceptions without assuming the objectivity of such bodies—without dwelling upon the illegitimacy of an argument which assumes that there are impressions, and then goes on to show that there are neither things impressing nor things impressed, and which thus taking the *abstract* for its fulcrum, proposes to upset the *concrete* from which it is abstracted,—without dwelling upon this, it suffices our present purpose to remark, that unless Hume postulates the three things—the impression,

the impressing, and the impressed, his reasoning is meaningless from the very beginning. Unless its constituent words are the signs of thoughts, an argument is a mere game of symbols. Refrain from rendering your terms into ideas, and you may reach any conclusion whatever. The whole is equal to its part, is a proposition that may be quite comfortably entertained so long as neither wholes nor parts are imagined. If, then, Hume's argument claim to be anything more than a string of logical forms containing no substance, its first term—an impression, must be used only as the representative of a definite concept; and no such definite concept can be formed without two other things—the impressing and the impressed—being involved. The existence of ideas being further involved as an essential part of Hume's premisses, it results that (saying nothing about the assumed *relation* between impressions and ideas) he postulates four things to the one thing postulated by Realism.

So that, even did these idealist, sceptical, and other kindred theories require no long chains of syllogisms to get from their premisses to conclusions at variance with Realism—were their conclusions immediately, instead of remotely, consequent on the premisses—they would still be placed in the dilemma that their respective assumptions are three and four times more liable to error than the assumption they dispute.

As a last resort it will perhaps be urged, that the proposition of Realism is still an inference, and not an intuition—that our notion of the externality of things is not immediate, but involves a synthesis. The first reply is, that we cannot possibly *know* that our notion of their externality is a synthesis, with anything like the certainty with which we can know that their externality is real. As the reasoning employed to prove the synthetic nature of the realistic belief, is itself a synthesis of a highly complicated kind, whilst the synthesis of Realism is one of the simplest possible—so simple as to have become organic—it follows that any such objection to Realism is, like its many kindred ones, self-destructive; it repeatedly assumes the validity of that whose validity it questions. The second reply is, that all knowledge whatever involves synthesis; and that no metaphysical hypothesis can be framed without a more complex synthesis than that required by Realism. Instance the proposition—Ideas exist in mind. Here are three syntheses. An idea is a general word applicable to any state of consciousness, and, as we see in the child, comes to have a meaning only after the putting together of many experiences. Mind is a synthesis of states of consciousness—is a thing we can form no notion of without *re-membering*, *re-collecting* some of our mental acts. Every conception of

relation is a synthesis—that of inclusion being one. The child is enabled to recognise one thing as *in* another, by a series of observations similar to, and simultaneous with, those that teach it the externality of things; and until these observations have been generalized, the proposition that ideas are *in* minds must be unthinkable. Thus, then, each of the words *idea*, *in*, *mind*, involves a synthesis; and the proposition—Ideas exist in mind, is a synthesis of syntheses. Passing from the assumptions of Idealism to its argument, it might be shown that each of its syllogisms is a synthesis of syntheses; and that its conclusion, reached by putting together many syllogisms, is a synthesis of syntheses of syntheses. Instead, then, of the realistic belief being objectionable on the ground of its synthetic nature, its superiority is, that it is less open to this objection than any other belief which can be framed.

The grossly fallacious character of every metaphysical doctrine at variance with ordinary credence, and of the scepticism which forms the logical outcome common to them all, will, however, from our present stand-point, be most vividly perceived on considering the general aspect and pretension of their arguments, or rather of the sceptical argument regarded as a type of the class. For, granting the sceptic his premisses, and making no objection to his reasoning, what is the sum total of his achievement? Simply this; that by a long and involved series of steps he brings Realism's belief in the existence of objects to a *reductio ad absurdum*. But his conclusion that objects do not exist, Realism brings to a *reductio ad absurdum* by a single step. At best, then, he does but offer a many-stepped *reductio ad absurdum* in place of a single-stepped one. What, now, is the worth of such an offer? If the *reductio ad absurdum* afford valid proof, the belief of Realism is true. If it do not afford valid proof, what becomes of the sceptic's argument? Awkward as this dilemma looks, it will appear worse on remembering that every one of the many syllogisms by which scepticism reaches its goal, tacitly assumes the validity of the *reductio ad absurdum*. Not only where Hume from time to time says, "For 'tis evident," and "'tis impossible to conceive," &c., but in every successive sentence, in everything he asserts, in everything he denies, he takes for granted the infallibility of the realist's test. He cannot move a single step on the way to his own conclusion, without postulating that which disproves his conclusion.

Scepticism, then, is reducible to this extreme predicament—that the assumption on which it founds its argument is less certain than the assumption it sets out to disprove; that each of the many steps in its argument is less certain (as involving a more

complex synthesis) than the single step of the adverse argument; and that it cannot take any one of these many steps without endorsing that adverse argument.

§ 9. It is curious to see a doctrine which positively contradicts our primary inferences chosen as a refuge from another doctrine which simply doubts them. In the philosophy of Kant, however, this is done. Scepticism merely questions all things, and professes to decisively affirm nothing. Kantism, in anxiety to escape it, decisively affirms things contrary to universal belief. That Space and Time are "forms of sensibility" or "subjective conditions of thought" that have no objective basis, is as repugnant to common sense as any proposition that can be framed. And to adopt this proposition instead of the one that we have no sufficient evidence of any objective existence, seems to be a preference of the greater evil to the less.

Of the general criticisms that may be passed upon the hypothesis that Space and Time are conditions or forms of the *ego*, impressed by it on the *non-ego* in the act of perception, one is, that it gratuitously entails difficulties to avoid what are not difficulties. For if, in congruity with the ordinary belief, we suppose the *non-ego* to exist under certain universal conditions or forms, it will obviously follow that in being impressed upon the *ego* the *non-ego* must carry its universal conditions or forms along with it, and must generate in the *ego* corresponding conditions or forms that will be also universal. The facts, therefore, are quite explicable on the supposition that all knowledge is from experience. If, on the other hand, to explain these facts, it be assumed that the conditions belong to the *ego*, and the materials to the *non-ego*, it results that the *non-ego* is unconditioned. But unconditioned existence is inconceivable. Consequently, it becomes impossible to conceive that there can be any *non-ego* at all. If it be replied that the hypothesis itself involves that we cannot conceive anything without impressing our own forms of thought upon it, and that therefore an unconditioned *non-ego* is by the hypothesis inconceivable, even though existent, the rejoinder is, that an existence of which we have no evidence, which we cannot conceive, and which it is impossible that we should conceive, is an existence we have as strong a warrant for denying as we have for denying anything.

On turning from the abstract to the concrete, this gratuitous making of difficulties is still more clearly seen. The fact on which Kant bases his assertion, that Space is a subjective form and not an objective reality—the fact, namely, that we can conceive the annihilation of bodies, but cannot conceive the annihilation of space—is a fact quite comprehensible on the

hypothesis that all knowledge is from without. We know Space simply as an ability to contain things. Whatever other idea of it we seem to have is nothing more than a synthesis of our experiences of this ability; and may be decomposed into such experiences. We can form no notion of Space without imagining dimensions. Our conceptions of it are made by abstracting from bodies their lengths and breadths, and putting these together by themselves in a more or less distinct way; and evidently the conceptions thus formed can be essentially nothing but conceptions of an ability to contain bodies having such lengths and breadths. The further conceptions we gain by the focal adjustments of the eyes, and by the motions of the body and limbs, are manifestly built upon this; and when analyzed yield nothing more than this. If, then, we know Space simply as an ability to contain things, the fact that we cannot conceive its annihilation, is quite accountable on the experience-hypothesis. Bodies we can conceive annihilated, because by evaporation, and by burning, we have seen them annihilated—annihilated, that is, to the senses. But the ability to contain bodies we cannot conceive annihilated because we have never known it absent. In all our experience that ability has remained constant; and hence the conception of it is similarly constant in our minds. Evidently, then, our powerlessness to conceive the non-existence of Space requires no such hypothesis as that of Kant for its explanation. And we are, therefore, not obliged to take to the anomaly which that hypothesis presents; namely, that though Space is a property of the *ego*, yet we cannot conceive it to disappear when the *ego* disappears.

Were it only that the experience-hypothesis explains all that the Kantian hypothesis is invented to explain, and does this without involving us in such insurmountable difficulties, its superiority would be sufficiently marked. But it does more. It accounts for a certain peculiarity in our conceptions of Space, which the Kantian hypothesis does not account for; this peculiarity being, that every conception of Space which can be formed by a single mental act is limited to such portion of Space as we can have experience of at one time. Let any one attempt to form an idea of the whole surrounding sphere of Space simultaneously, and he will find it impossible to do so. When standing upright, he can very well conceive the hemisphere of Space extending in front of him; but he cannot in the same act of thought include the hemisphere of Space that is behind. On watching his mind, he will perceive that to think of the Space that is behind, he must become unconscious of the Space that is in front. If to get rid of all perturbing circum-

stances, he mentally abolishes the Earth and all objects, and supposes himself in an infinite void, he will still find that the infinity at any moment occupying his imagination is the infinity extending on one side of him, and never the infinity on both sides. Now the Kantian hypothesis not only leaves this fact unaccounted for, but is at variance with it; for if Space be a form of thought, our conception of it should be simple, total, uniform, and altogether unrelated to external perception. Whereas, the experience hypothesis not only accounts for it, but involves it, as an inevitable deduction; for if all knowledge is from without, the conception which we can by one act form of Space cannot exceed the perception which one act can give us of it. To the first theory the fact is an obstacle: to the second it is a confirmation.

Passing from these general criticisms to the fundamental criticism, the first thing to be noticed is, that Kant does involuntary homage to the Universal Postulate in assigning grounds for his dogma. Not to dwell upon the fact that his whole argument turns upon the existence of Space and Time, and that for the belief in their existence the Universal Postulate is his sole warrant; and only observing, by the way, that the distinction he draws between these and other things, hinges entirely upon conceivableness and inconceivableness, we go on to remark, that he *infers* from our inability to conceive the annihilation of Space and Time, conjoined with our ability to conceive the annihilation of all other things—he *infers* from these facts, that Space and Time are receptivities, subjective conditions and not objective realities. We can conceive bodies non-existent: we cannot conceive Time and Space non-existent: *therefore*, Time and Space are forms of thought. What now is the worth of his “therefore”? At the best merely this; that given these premisses, there arises an indestructible belief in this conclusion. Our conceptions of Time and Space comporting themselves thus, the inference that they are subjective follows as a belief proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist. Only reminding the reader that, as above shown, it does *not* thus follow; it is here to be observed, that, granting his whole position, Kant has no higher guarantee for his inference than the Universal Postulate. The thing *must* be so, he says, and the entire meaning of this “must” is, that no other thing can be conceived.

Having by implication assumed the validity of this canon of belief, whose warrant he wrongly supposes himself to have, what does Kant do? He forthwith asserts that which this canon denies, and denies that which this canon asserts. The subjectivity of Time and Space being, he alleges, irresistible as an *inference*, he

insists on it as a *fact*; and to receive it as a fact involves two impossibilities—the forming of concepts of Time and Space as subjective forms, and the abolition of the concepts of Time and Space as objective realities. The truth is, that Kant's proposition is both positively unthinkable in itself, and immediately involves a positively unthinkable consequence.

Consider, first, the thing affirmed—that Time and Space are subjective conditions of thought, or properties of the *ego*. Is it possible to construct any concept answering to these words? or are they not simply groups of signs which seem to contain a notion, but which really contain none? An attempt to construct the notion will quickly show that the last is the fact. Think of Space—of the thing, that is; not of the word. Now think of self—of that which is conscious. And then, having clearly realized these concepts, put the two together, and conceive the one as a property of the other. What results? Nothing but a conflict of two thoughts that cannot be united. It would be as practicable to imagine a round square. What, then, is the worth of the proposition? As Mr. Mansel, himself a Kantist, says in his “*Prolegomena Logica* :”—

“A form of words uniting attributes not presentable in an intuition, is not the sign of a thought, but of the negation of all thinking. Conception must thus be carefully distinguished, as well from mere imagination, as from a mere understanding of the meaning of words. Combinations of attributes logically impossible may be expressed in language perfectly intelligible. There is no difficulty in understanding the meaning of the phrase *bilinear figure*, or *iron-gold*. The language is intelligible, though the object is inconceivable.”

If this be true, Kant's proposition is empty sound. If, as Sir William Hamilton says, those propositions only are conceivable of which subject and predicate are capable of *unity of representation*, then is the subjectivity of Space inconceivable; for it is impossible to bring the two notions, *Space* and *property of ego*, to unity of representation.

Such being the character of the proposition affirmed, consider now the character of the proposition which is, by implication, denied; viz., that Time and Space are objective realities. The negation of this proposition is as inconceivable as the affirmation of the other. Neither Kant nor any one else ever rid himself of the belief in the externality of Space. That conception of it which he describes as incapable of annihilation is the conception of it as an external *non-ego*; and if this non-annihilability of the conception be appealed to as having any significance at all, it signifies the validity of the conception in its totality. In short, the belief in Space as an objective reality is a belief proved by

the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist; and is, therefore, a belief having the highest possible certitude. And the same is manifestly true of Time.

See then the position in which Kant stands. He assumes, that from our inability to annihilate Space and Time in thought, the inference that they are subjective necessarily follows—follows as an inference, whose negation is inconceivable. But the inference that they are subjective involves two inconceivable things. Kant's proceeding, then, is essentially an assertion of two inconceivabilities in place of one. Recognising by implication the Universal Postulate, he, out of professed submission to its authority, straightway twice denies its authority. He chooses a double impossibility to escape from a single one. Granting his assumption, therefore, his proposition is indefensible; and when his assumption proves to be unwarrantable—when, as we have seen, the inference which he thinks necessary, turns out to be not necessary—the accumulated absurdity of his position becomes strikingly apparent.

The systems of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, are manifestly open to parallel criticisms—criticisms, however, which, as being substantially repetitions of the foregoing, it is needless here to detail.

§ 10. Do we not thus, then, reach the desired reconciliation between Philosophy and Common Sense? We have seen, first, that the existence of beliefs is, in so far as our reasoning faculties are concerned, the fundamental fact; next, that beliefs which invariably exist are those which, both logically and of necessity, we must adopt; further, that those are invariably existent beliefs, of which we cannot conceive the negations; and lastly, that whether beliefs having this warrant be infallible or not, it must equally happen that the fewer times we assume the validity of such warrant in reaching any conclusion, the more certain must that conclusion be. These positions being granted, it inevitably results, as we have found, that the current belief in objects as external independent entities, has a higher guarantee than any other belief whatever—that our cognition of existence considered as noumenal has a certainty which no cognition of existence, considered as phenomenal, can ever approach; or, in other words—that, judged logically as well as instinctively, Realism is the only rational creed; and that all adverse creeds are self-destructive.

From our present point of view, not only does the seeming discordance between the verdicts of abstract and practical reason wholly disappear, but their verdicts explain each other. On the one hand, the extreme vividness and unconquerable strength of our common-sense convictions correspond with the extreme

brevity of the process by which each of them is arrived at; or, in other words—with the single assumption of the Universal Postulate which each of them involves. On the other hand, the shadowy and unconvincing character of metaphysical inferences corresponds with the extreme complexity of the arguments by which they are drawn; that is—with the numerous assumptions of the Universal Postulate they severally imply. Thus our involuntary adhesion to the first, and our inability to hold the last, answer to their respective claims as measured by the fundamental test of credibility. The instinct justifies the logic: the logic accounts for the instinct. It was hinted at the outset, that an inquiry into our knowledge by means of our knowledge must, if rightly conducted, be consistent in its results—that the analysis of Philosophy must agree with the synthesis of Common Sense. This we now find to be the fact; not simply as shown in the coincidence of their conclusions, but as further shown in the rationale afforded by the one of the confidence felt by the other.

Here, too, we may remark the identity of the illusion common to all metaphysical reasonings; the illusion, namely, that our cognition of logical necessity has a higher certainty than our cognition of anything else. Not recognising the fact, that for the validity of every step in an argument, we have no better guarantee than we have for an intuition of sense, but assuming, on the contrary, that whilst our simple perceptions of external existences are fallible, our complex perceptions of internal co-existences are infallible—assuming this, men have sought to reach by reasoning a knowledge that transcends ordinary knowledge. That it is possible by a chain of syllogisms to gain a conviction more positive than any conviction immediately derived from the senses, is the assumption which every metaphysical argument tacitly makes. The endeavour by one school to establish an Ontology, and the assertion by another, that we cannot prove the existence of noumena, alike take for granted that demonstration has a validity exceeding that of intuition. To Common Sense, standing steadfastly on a given spot, the first says that there is a series of steps by which that spot may be arrived at; the second says that there is no such series; but they agree in saying, that until a series of steps has been gone through, Common Sense cannot stand on that spot at all. This superstition in mental dynamics has a curious analogy to a current superstition in physical dynamics. Much as the mechanic, familiar with the effects of levers, wheels, and pulleys, has come to attribute to them intrinsic powers, the metaphysician, struck with the results achieved through logical forms, ascribes a virtue to the forms themselves; and as the one hopes by an arrangement of these levers, wheels, and pulleys, to

generate force, so does the other hope by some logical combination to evolve certainty. In both cases, however, the result is directly the reverse. As every additional part of a mechanical apparatus entails a loss of force, so does every syllogism entail a loss of certainty. As no machine can produce an effect equivalent to the moving power, so no argument can establish a conclusion equally certain with that primary knowledge from which all argument is derived.

It remains but to notice Scepticism's last refuge; namely, the position that we can never truly know that things are as they seem; and that whilst it may be impossible for us to think of them as otherwise, yet they may be otherwise. This position we shall find to be as logically inadmissible as it is practically unthinkable. For one of two things must be true of it: it must either admit of no justification by reason, or it must admit of some justification. If it admits of no justification by reason, then it amounts to a tacit negation of all reason. It posits that as possible which by its own admission can be entertained not as a conceivable proposition, but only as a verbally intelligible one; and if it be allowable, without assigning grounds, to do this in the present case, it is allowable to do it in any case; whence it will follow that every conclusion can be met by a counter conclusion which may be posited as possible; and all conclusions being thus rendered worthless, intelligence is abolished. If, on the other hand, reasons in justification of the position be assigned—if it be alleged that we cannot know that things are as they seem *because* we cannot transcend consciousness—then there is at once taken for granted the validity of that test whose validity is called in question. The Universal Postulate is assumed and denied in the same breath. As it has been more than once shown, the invariably existent belief, which is our warrant for asserting the reality of Matter, Space, and Time, is likewise our warrant, and our sole warrant, for every *because*; and to assume the trustworthiness of this warrant in the one case for the purpose of proving its untrustworthiness in the other, is the climax of absurdity. Evidently, then, we cannot rationally entertain a thought at variance with these primary dicta of consciousness. It is impossible for us to take a single step towards invalidating them without committing a logical suicide.

ART. VIII.—THE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.

The Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South. By David Urquhart. Second edition. London: Trübner and Co. 1853.

A VAST subject here lies before us, treated by a man of original mind, who has diligently amassed and systematized information which slips through the fingers of other men. Though we find him to be full of paradox, always obscure, often illogical, sometimes unjust even to extravagance, yet he sees things which most of us entirely overlook, and he may be an aid toward truth to all who will wisely use him. Mr. Urquhart has the merit of having first raised a clear and loud protest in favour of municipal, as distinguished from parliamentary institutions, and of having pointed to these as the preservative of freedom in Greece, even while she was pressed down under Turkish domination. The history of Spain and France in the last quarter of a century, and the recent revelations from Hungary, have now made the whole topic of local as opposed to centralized executive and legislative rights more familiar to the English public. Mr. Urquhart's political creed seems to be wholly based on this.

With him, *constitution* is "a hated name," which he unwillingly applies to the Provincial Diets of Denmark. His admiration of local freedom makes him sympathize with Hungary and with Turkey. Possibly, we may add, the same cause leads to his intense aversion for the Russian despotism which from the time of Ivan IV. radically destroyed, during the barbarism of the people, those municipal institutions which have lifted all other people out of barbarism. Be this as it may, we do not say that he hates Russia too cordially. We believe with him, that her fraud and force is the vastest and deepest fountain of misery to all Europe, although we know not how to attribute to Russian intrigue either omniscience or omnipotence.

Let a reasoner take what theory he pleases as to the causes, the facts and mode of Russian encroachment are such, that even the unreasoning multitude may justly be excited to attention, and may call upon their rulers for a total change of proceeding. The growth of a great inland royalty into an empire over neighbouring foreigners by direct war and conquest, is an alarming, but an intelligible phenomenon. When it assumes the same old-fashioned shape as that of the Ottoman power three centuries ago, all are forewarned and forearmed. But such a power acted only from without: its position was that of pure hostility, and

it was met by the universal systematic combination of all continental Christendom. Yet the dangers from it were comparatively superficial. No Ottoman ambassadors resided in the cities of Christendom: no Ottoman parties were formed in the parliaments and cabinets: no Ottoman intermarriages entangled our dynasties, nor was Ottoman gold lavished in diplomacy, or on the Christian press. Much less could the Mussulman make his conquests by aid of Christian allies. He did not trust his own Christian subjects in his armies, and had no active aid, except occasionally from injured refugees. No great Christian governments won provinces and awarded kingdoms to him by their arms or their diplomacy. In all these points lies the formidable nature of the Russian power. Since Peter the Great, her frontier has advanced by many hundred miles in the direction of Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople; but her more dangerous force is exerted *within* these capitals and their provinces, and upon more distant cabinets. She has torn Poland into pieces by aid of Prussia and Austria, and appropriated to herself by far the greater part of the spoil. She has secretly allied with France, to enable her to wrest Finland from Sweden. Her influence has set up Prussia, as a power with straggling dominions not rightfully hers, and coveted by France, so as to force Prussia to lean upon the support of St. Petersburg. By intermarriages she has cemented her union with the throne of Berlin, and obtained near pretensions to that of Denmark. Her intrigues stimulated the insurrection of the Greeks against the Sultan. She has obtained by treaty the title of "protector" of the Christian in Moldavia and Wallachia. She continues to foment every discontent in Turkey, as formerly in Poland. Under the specious doctrine of Panslavismus, her emissaries act on the foolish ambition of the ruder Slavonian populations, whether beneath the sway of Austria or of Turkey. With unsparing lavishness she organizes and supplies her diplomatic agents, who are a fixed and trained force, aiming ceaselessly from one quarter of a century to another at definite ends, from which the mind of the administration has never occasion or motive to veer or waver. This diplomacy is almost wholly secret: secret treaties, differing from those public and avowed, are a part of the systematic agency. It is notorious that Alexander and Napoleon, at the peace of Tilsit, (June, 1807) added secret articles to the public treaty, which was ostensibly between Russia, France, and Prussia. By these articles Russia allowed France to seize upon Denmark and its fleet, while France allowed Russia to get Finland, on condition of Russia closing her ports against England. In the next year, by the secret treaty of Erfurt, the Czar is believed to have been permitted to appropriate the Trans-Danubian provinces of Turkey, and Napoleon to

invade Spain. No one can for a moment suppose that these are singular and rare cases.* Despotism can keep their own counsel: their treaties do not need the ratification of parliaments, and are not the less valid for their stealthiness. By a long course of consistent audacity, the Russian power has not only pushed its frontier to the sides of Germany, and converted the Black Sea and the Baltic into Russian lakes, but has at last made Austria, as well as Prussia, dependent upon the Czar, by helping the Austrian dynasty against the nation which had been its strength,—Hungary. No sooner is this achieved, than Russia hastens simultaneously to the twofold object of seizing the keys of the Baltic and the keys of the Black Sea; the former by the protocol of June, 1850. and treaty of May, 1852, to both of which the signature of England is appended, the latter by a daring invasion of the Danubian principalities, as preliminary to a Turkish war.

It is not difficult, in retrospect, to see how these results have been facilitated. Much has depended on the circumstance, that Russia entered European politics in so late a stage. For the last four centuries European action has been based, on the one hand, in the rivalry of France, England, and the House of Hapsburg, in its German and Spanish branches; and, on the other, in the rivalry of the Romish and the Protestant religions. Until the Treaty of Vienna had been signed, France appeared to all her immediate neighbours—and eminently to England—as the only enemy in the world. For nearly a century after the death of Peter the Great, Western Europe regarded Russia with more of scorn than alarm, as a half barbarous power, as a useful ally upon occasions, and a harmless enemy. During the great French war, England rejoiced in the growing strength of Russia. In 1806, Mr. Fox, as Foreign Secretary, though eminently representing that party in England which was least hostile to France, plainly declared to Napoleon, that “the British government would conclude no peace except in concert with the Emperor of Russia.” About the same time, the influence of Sebastiani, French ambassador at Constantinople, so alarmed England, that she saw with pleasure a quarrel rise between the Sultan and the Czar; and no sooner did Turkey seek to France as her ally, than England declared war, and (still in 1806)

* But recently, it is stated that Prince Menchikoff tried to impose a secret treaty on the Sultan, with the impudent threat of war if he dared to reveal it. Mr. Urquhart tells us of a secret treaty concocted *against* Russia by the other powers, during the congress of Vienna; but that Russia, ever vigilant, got scent of it, and effected the escape of Napoleon from Elba, in order to make herself necessary to the allies. Unfortunately he does not indicate his sources of knowledge.

sent Admiral Duckworth to pass the Dardanelles, and threaten the bombardment of Constantinople. The Sultan forced our admiral to a precipitate and ignominious flight; but meanwhile, Russia reaped a harvest of power by a successful campaign on the Danube. Thus, in 1806, she was helped onward by England. In 1807 and 1808, she in turn gained goodwill and concessions from France; and in the latter part of the war, Austria and Prussia naturally believed that their only permanent safety against France lay in the support of Russia.

In 1812, (observes Mr. Urquhart, p. 293,) "Turkey had the opportunity of recovering all the ground she had lost; but England, who only thought of the war with France, induced her to sign the treaty of Bucharest. By it Russia got possession of nearly a half of Moldavia, and reached the Pruth." In the general peace, so eager were we to gratify Russia, that we not only acquiesced in her third partition of Poland, and invasion of the crown of the fragmentary Poland which remained; but, in order to evade the necessity of her restoring Finland to Sweden, we violently—by a threat of war within forty-eight hours—rent away Norway from Denmark, and bestowed it as "recompence" on Sweden. With such a state of European feeling no occult causes of Russian exaltation are needed.

But this is not all. During the very period of Russian encroachment, England herself had also become, beyond the limits of Europe, an encroaching, usurping, imperial power; and our crown and parliament, however disdainful of a lowborn Corsican upstart, were full of sympathy for imperial dynasties, and insincere in the support of popular liberties, by which alone Austria and Prussia could have been strengthened. George the Third had made war against the just liberties of our American colonies, and the equal rights of Ireland to England. In India, the arms of the Company had won, and the British Crown had accepted, an unrightful despotism over a foreign people, who were wholly unreconciled to our rapacity, exclusiveness, and ignorance. To a cabinet thus wielding irresponsible power over its foreign dependencies, secret diplomacy was natural and necessary; nor have we been able to evade the consequence, that we are liable to lose by the incapacity or vacillation of our ministers whatever advantages are hardly earned by war. Here we touch most closely on Mr. Urquhart's immediate topic. He believes that England is no exception to the statement, that Russia has a spy and an agent in every cabinet; but before admitting, on mere circumstantial evidence, so odious an imputation against any individual, we must surely consider whether existing notorious causes do not suffice for the results. We despise the folly of Spaniards, who, with raw levies, insisted on fighting

pitched battles against French veteran armies and generals; yet our diplomatists commit the very same fatuity, in engaging with those of Russia. Each minister in turn deludes himself, as a youth in a gambling-house, who ventures to play against old hands. Lords Palmerston and Aberdeen may indeed think it insulting to be told that they are *incompetent* to match Russian astuteness, but in truth this is not a mere personal question—it rises out of the whole position of an English ministry, who fight unarmed against the armed. Our crown and its ministers have the initiative of war, and peace, and treaties; but they cannot get the sinews of war without parliament, nor carry on a war which exceeds one campaign without the goodwill of the nation. Russian ministers are not thus hampered. With our cabinets, the most important function of parliament consists in making and unmaking ministers; and since the secrecy maintained renders it impossible for the nation to understand foreign affairs until they have taken the broad aspect of war, parliament feels no interest in any of the more distant consequences of foreign diplomacy. If our minister blockades Athens, or Naples, in however just a quarrel, he annoys our merchants severely, and himself suffers from their enmity; but if he were to sign away the Sound and the Dardanelles to an infant son of the Czar, the English nation would be unmoved, because the mischiefs of such a treaty are only in distant prospect. As in art it is the judges who in the long run form the taste of the artist, so in politics. If the nation and parliament is necessarily shortsighted, ministers who are responsible to Parliament become shortsighted also. The minister who wisely provides for the not distant future at the expense of some immediate sacrifice, expects the violent opposition of many, and little hearty support; but the minister who can scrape cleverly through each year as it comes, with specious immediate prosperity bought by future evils, is the hero of the day and the true practical man. Exposed to such a position, an English foreign secretary fights a most unfair battle against a Russian. The latter can set all the Stock Exchange on him, write disagreeable articles in hostile newspapers, and put words into the mouths of parliamentary opponents; and, where parties are balanced and ministers weak, the foreign ambassador may often have it in his power to displace the foreign secretary, if he be reluctant to obey commands. In such a crisis Lord Palmerston appears to have been in 1850—not according to Mr. Urquhart only, but according to a calm and favouring criticism, recorded in our own pages, (April, 1852, p. 580):—“Lord Palmerston, *attached in his ministerial entrenchments in Downing Street*, no doubt thought it wisest to counterbalance his anti-Russianism on the Danube and

the Bosphorus by acceding to Russia's views, for the re-constitution of Denmark."

Not substantially different is the following statement, quoted by Mr. Urquhart from a protest (Mannheim, 1852) attributed to *Heinrich von Gagern*. (Urquhart, p. 256.):—

"In consequence of England's intervention against Greece, and . . . the extent to which England, under Lord Palmerston's guidance, carried its support to Englishmen in foreign parts, the Russian ambassador in London had, in solemn indignation, announced his expected recall. At the same time, Lord Palmerston's foreign policy had been in parliament submitted to severe criticism. . . . Some diplomatic access, to assuage the Tories, and an apparent reconciliation with Russia, was necessary to Lord Palmerston, if he wanted to remain at the helm. The accession of Lord Palmerston to that Protocol was the first desideratum; and Lord Palmerston, under the circumstances, had declared himself ready to sign. Thereon, Brunnow preferred to accept the satisfaction demanded by Russia, in the shape of the signature of the Protocol by the English minister, in preference to his departure from London."

Let it be remembered, that the English ambassador at Constantinople has no parliament, no public oppositionists, no free press, to set at work against the Russian minister there, if he resists the interests of England. The contest, therefore, is wholly unequal. *Our* ministers have no other weapons against theirs, but (at best) words of truth and justice whispered in secret conclaves and hidden despatches: *they* wield against our ministers all the formidable apparatus of hostile faction, with secret service-money of unlimited amount, whether to buy venal talents, to work the presses, to incite legal proceedings, to hire spies, to support the saloons of fascinating ladies, or to assist political friends in a scrape. Their ministers are irremovable by any outcry which ours might raise against them: our ministries, having an ever uncertain tenure of power, cannot afford to make enemies.

Moreover, as war is a disease to England, but an acceptable exercise to Russia, our minister cannot retaliate with advantage the trick of withdrawing an ambassador and threatening a breach of amity. But, worst of all, England collectively has *no fixed will or aims* in regard to continental affairs. Every possible English ministry indeed *wishes* that (in Europe) every person, class, functionary, and monarch would be moderate, reasonable, and satisfied with things as they are. But so soon as to abide by the old state becomes quite impossible, through new violence in some quarter, we no longer have any defined or consistent will, or even wish, as to the new state. No man sees this more keenly than Mr. Urquhart; and all England needs to take it deeply to heart. "England," (says he, p. xliv.) "having *tremendous*

power and no policy, the gravest events must hinge upon the temperaments of the individuals cast by accidents into determining posts: *it is upon these accidents that Russia makes her game.*" He means,* for instance, that Russia successfully strove to procure the return of Lord Stratford as ambassador to Constantinople, because his temperament is exactly what suits her there,—viz., he is honestly anti-Russian in desires, and will never be charged with collusion; yet he is so *cautious*, that he will always check that enthusiasm of the Turks, which is the only thing feared by Russia. Her mode of displacing an ambassador, is, by making it believed that he is her friend: her mode of securing that Lord Stratford should return, was by affecting joy that she had got rid of him.

Again, at p. 243, Urquhart says:—

"A government *that has an object* is so entirely master of those which have none, that it can work with the most trifling means. . . . As well expect that a man by natural intuition should be able to lay down a railway, as that a European statesman should be able to cope with a Russian diplomatist."

Mr. Urquhart's book is too full of matter for us even to analyze throughout, much less could we afford space to criticize it in all parts, even if we had the means of bringing to the test many of his very novel statements and peculiarly rare information. Yet we must mention the parts of the book in detail. Its extreme cheapness enables every one to buy it, who is at all competent to read it: in truth, it is to be regretted that he adopts so elliptical a style, that the book does not tell its own tale. Much subsidiary information is often needed to make it intelligible.

After the ample Prefaces, he proceeds first to the subject of SPAIN: the chapter was written in 1846. He maintains that the French invasion of Spain in 1823, to put down the Constitution, and the Anglo-French interventions from 1834 onward to put up the constitutional party in Spain,—were alike brought about by the machinations of Russia, whose sole aim is to embroil Western Europe, and prevent any fixed settlement there, which would leave the Western Powers at leisure to oppose her enterprises in the East.

In regard to 1823, Mr. Urquhart's evidence is direct. The proceedings at the Congress of Verona are narrated by the French Plenipotentiary Chateaubriand, who distinctly represents

* Mr. Fox, in 1806, probably did not need to be prompted by foreign intrigue; but it is no uncharitable belief that Russian astuteness knew how to play on the vanity and aristocratic foibles of Lord Castlereagh, on the too credulous honesty of Canning and of Lord Durham, as well as on the political necessities of Lord Palmerston.

Austria and Prussia as lukewarm, England vehemently hostile, and Russia as energetically favourable, to the French invasion of Spain. In the opinion of Mr. Urquhart, Chateaubriand was the tool of Russia; and this seems pretty clear, without imputing to him corrupt motives. The paradoxical assertion is, that all France disliked the invasion. The quotations which he makes from Chateaubriand show that the French chambers and the prime minister Villele were averse to the war, but (p. 46) *the royalists and the army favourable*; this removes the paradox in which Mr. Urquhart delights. Russia was the support in the back-ground undoubtedly, and Russia probably originated the plan; but she was not the only one to gain by its success.

In 1834 Lord Palmerston effected the Quadruple Treaty, between England, France, Portugal, and Queen Isabella of Spain, for securing the throne of Spain to the "constitutional queen," against the absolutist Don Carlos. Mr. Urquhart holds that the "Constitutionalist" faction of Spain was despotism in disguise, and that we ought never to have intermeddled; that Louis Philippe was from the beginning unwilling, that Lord Palmerston enforced his consent (p. 70) by making it *the condition* of that British alliance, which was then necessary to his safety. Hence the alliance was one of uneasy constraint, irritating to France. The utter uselessness of this Spanish intervention, though successful in its object, is certainly a proof that Lord Palmerston selected his aim unwisely; but, allowing that Russia profits by every blunder which our statesmen make, we must add in strong words, that Mr. Urquhart adduces no particle of evidence to justify his dreadful accusation, that Lord Palmerston was purposely (that is, treasonably) playing into the hands of Russia. When he pretends to quote, as in p. 71, what *might** be to the point, he gives neither date nor reference, so that it is impossible to verify and interpret the quotation.

The second part is concerning HUNGARY. Here our materials are ample and authentic; no one needs to go wrong, as to any main point; and accordingly Mr. Urquhart here shows both his blindness and his clearness of sight. By a strange blinking at numerous public facts, and by adding errors of his own, he turns the war into a "romance," Kossuth into a weak and blind politician, and all his countrymen into brave simpletons.† At the

* "Lord Palmerston is satisfied with the declarations and conduct of Russia." But *when* was this said? and *to what*?

† Page 84. "Narrated of some former time, would not the tale discredit history? Might not the existence of Kossuth and Görgey be denied, with more show of reason than that of Python and Chimæra? *Their motives defy, their achievements surpass, scrutiny and possibility.*" True, as told by Urquhart! In this very page he jumps from the drawn battle of Kápolna, (in February), to

same time, he adduces from the Blue Book itself, and from the records of parliament, a series of facts, the importance of which the reader will feel, when we concisely rehearse them. They reveal astoundingly the impotence of our ablest diplomatists.

In April, 1848, King Ferdinand V. made solemn oath to the series of reforms which were to be the new charter of Hungary. In June, the marauding violences of the Serbs began, stirred up and conducted (as soon afterwards appeared) by imperial officers. In June also, a Russian army entered Moldavia. On Sept. 1st, in answer to a question from Lord D. C. Stuart, Lord Palmerston assured the house that *the Russian army had entered at the request of the Prince of Moldavia, only to maintain the quiet of the provinces, and without orders from St. Petersburg: that the corps was not large, and its stay would be temporary.* This reply silenced farther inquiry, but it seems to have been false throughout. The Hospodar did not want the army, but the Austrian cabinet did. It was not sent to quell disorder in Moldavia, but to overthrow order in Transylvania. Undoubtedly then it was sent by orders from St. Petersburg. The corps was large enough, and stayed long enough, to be very formidable to a peaceable neighbour. When Lord Palmerston asserted that no orders had been sent from St. Petersburg, he could not speak with authority, except from a Russian source. Hence, in this avowal, he manifestly became a Russian mouthpiece. And to this, it seems, the English Parliament, when seeking to repress Russian encroachments, is expected to bow!

Kossuth's order to Görgey to push hard on Vienna (in April), and omits all note of time, and seven great victories gained by the Hungarians in the month of March. In page 86, he is amazed that the Hungarian government would not allow Dembinski to invade Galicia, and meet the Russians out of Hungary. Kossuth has publicly stated why this was not done. *He had no arms* to give to the Gallicians; and to incite insurrection there, was judged, under these circumstances, to be an inhumanity. Two modes of action were possible; to spread the war was one. The other—to concentrate the armies—was the more cautious; and would have succeeded, but for Görgey's treachery. Urquhart wrongly states Hungarian public opinion concerning Görgey (p. 85); but Kossuth never had an opportunity of displacing him *without danger of having to imprison a hundred officers, and reorganize the whole staff, while the enemy was at hand*, except when the moment came of swearing fidelity to the revolution after the deposition of the Hapsburgs. If Görgey had refused the oath, he would have ejected himself. He has now himself printed, that he deliberately took the oath, intending to violate it, ("My Life and Acts in Hungary," vol. ii. pp. 67, 68). Kossuth knew him to be jealous, malignant, untractable, but *thought he had a soldier's honour, and a Hungarian's pride*; and hereby lost the only moment for displacing him. In the whole of March, Görgey's ostensible public conduct was excellent; and all imagined him to deserve high credit for the great victories of that month, until his own book revealed that the strategy was no more Görgey's than the execution.—See Kmety's pamphlet on this topic.

Parliament was prorogued on September 5th. Jellachich, still disavowed in Vienna, crossed the Drave on September 9th. He was defeated by the Hungarians September 29th. In consequence, on October 3rd, a royal rescript proclaimed a suspension of all the Hungarian institutions, and declared the traitor Jellachich dictator of Hungary. The insurrection of Vienna was the consequence. It was suppressed by the opening of November: but the king had qualms of conscience against commanding the invasion of Hungary, so the Camarilla forced him to abdicate, (half-witted as he was,) and Francis Joseph* was called to the throne, December 2nd, by an authority foreign to Hungary. On this followed the invasion of Hungary by Prince Windischgrätz. Then came Bem's successes in Transylvania, and the first Russian invasion: but before February was ended, he had driven out Russians and Austrians together. Such were the events of the five or six months during which the English Parliament was not sitting, and during which the ministry was entrusted to watch over the interests of the country and the public law of Europe. What does Lord Palmerston in this interval? Does he remonstrate with Russia for her falsehood and breach of neutrality, or with Austria for her public lawlessness? Nowhere that appears. But he writes to Sir Stratford Canning† on November 7th, intimating his knowledge that the Russian army in Moldavia is intended to march into Hungary. On December 11th, he received a letter from Kosuth's agent in London, begging to be allowed to expound the whole Hungarian question, and reminding him that in Rakotzy's war (1705—1712) Great Britain mediated between Hungary and Austria. Lord Eddisbury replies in Lord Palmerston's name, that the British government has no knowledge of Hungary but as part of the Austrian empire: and Lord Palmerston forthwith *despatches to Vienna a copy of this correspondence!* Why? to recommend himself to the goodwill of Austria? We will suppose so: but clearly its effect was to assure the lawless cabinet that they might carry out their schemes of crushing the Hungarian constitution without fear of offending England. On February 4th, Sir Stratford Canning writes, that the Hungarians seem to be victorious in Transylvania, and the Russian interference may turn out an awkward affair. Lord Palmerston

* In announcing it, Lord Ponsonby said he had forewarned Lord Palmerston of it, and it was no surprise. It appears, then, that English influence might have been used to *prevent* this unconstitutional act, so ruinous to the moral influences of royalty, and to its whole future.

† This we know only from a despatch of Lord Ponsonby's (November 20th), which quotes a part of it. The letter itself is suppressed. The blue-book is thus always *ex parte*.

hastens to reply (February 26th) that "*undoubtedly*" the passage of the Russian troops was "an infraction of the Porte's neutrality, and was a *fit subject of remonstrance* on the part of the Porte." Such is the total result of Lord Palmerston's activity, in that stage of affairs in which alone he might have arrested the mischief by words.

On March 16th, 1849, Pulszky, in London, laid before Lord Palmerston a despatch from Kossuth at Debreczin (dated February 24th), solemnly calling on England to interfere against Russia's breach of the law of nations, and Austria's perjury and cruelties. It is printed in the Blue Book, but without a reply. The great Hungarian victories follow, which cannot be wholly kept secret, in spite of the false bulletins of Austria, and the stupid credulity of Lord Ponsonby. The intention of Russia to interfere becomes notorious; our ambassador and envoy in Turkey ask instructions; and Lord Palmerston, to solve all difficulties, relies upon the Russian ambassador! On the 24th of April, he gives official assurance to Sir Stratford Canning,* *on the authority of Baron Brunnov*, that "it is not the intention of the Emperor of Russia to take any part in the Hungarian war." This positive statement, it seems, was thought enough to remove all Sir Stratford's anxieties. Yet surely the noble lord must have remembered, that on September 1st, he had been deceived into a public falsehood by a similar credulity; and we know that Lord Ponsonby had told him the truth as early as November 20th. Early in May, Pulszky laid before Lord Palmerston Kossuth's solicitation that England would give a dynasty to Hungary. No reply was vouchsafed, and it is doubtful whether the Queen of England was informed of the request, so deeply interesting to the stability of the royal power. The fact itself is suppressed in the Blue Book, and became first known to the public by Kossuth's speech at Mr. Henry's, near Manchester. On May 1st, the Russian intervention had been announced in the *Vienna Gazette*. Yet, on May 16th, a letter from our envoy at St. Petersburg might seem to be a revelation to Lord Palmerston; for, although it put no question whatever, he writes back, that, much as he *regrets* this interference of Russia, he has *nothing to say about it!* He does not even complain of Baron Brunnov's falsehood; or, if he did, he (for some reason,) does not dare to show the public† that he did.

* In reply to an anxious letter of Sir Stratford's, dated April 5th, which, by allusion, informs us, that France and England have striven in vain to "inspire moderation" into Russia, apparently by gentle and wise advice at Constantinople.

† Only a short extract of this letter is allowed to see the light in the Blue-book.

In several despatches Sir Stratford renews his lamentations that the Sultan's neutrality is compromised, and on May 20th, states that he had urged the Sultan to uphold it more efficiently. Lord Palmerston calmly replies, on the 2nd of July—

"Her Majesty's Government entirely approve the language which you describe yourself to have held to the Porte, with the view of *inducing* it to maintain a strict neutrality. . . . The Porte *ought*, for its own sake *to maintain* and assert the neutrality of the Turkish territory, *as far as it is able to do so without coming into hostile collision with its stronger neighbours*.

"I am, &c.,

PALMERSTON."

Was ever anything more imbecile? Do we need a clever, energetic, experienced statesman to write such despatches? The Czar sends his armies into the Turkish provinces; his ambassador falsely tells the English minister that they were not sent by the Czar, but were called-in by the Turkish viceroy. Russia makes the provinces her fortress and focus of war, from June 1848 to June 1849; Sir Stratford is not alarmed at the breach of neutrality until the Hungarians show their strength: he then exhorts the Porte to *do something efficient*. Lord Palmerston applauds this, *provided that* Russian lawlessness can be restrained without encountering Russian hostility! He is surely a convert to the doctrine of Mr. Charles Gilpin the Quaker, which he read out to the merriment of the House of Commons; that armed battalions can be repelled by meek expostulations and Christian submission.

At this moment Turkey had power* to establish Hungary, overthrow Austria, and shake Russia to her centre: what then could she not have done, aided by English countenance? But (from whatever cause) Lord Palmerston held back the hands of Turkey, advising her to maintain her neutrality *only* by words, *and not* by acts! Was Aberdeen already prime minister?

Meanwhile, the Hungarian victories over the perjured and atrocious Hapsburgs had blazed across the whole world, and the sympathy of the English people made it inconvenient for the ministry to be thought wholly apathetic. At length, on the 21st of July, 1849, Lord Palmerston speaks his celebrated Hungarian speech,—single sentences of which, if they had been written to the Austrian cabinet in November, would in all pro-

* By merely *giving arms* to the Hungarians, Turkey could have ensured that not a battalion of the Russian armies in Hungary should escape, while the Turks blocked up the passes. Russia had already put out her whole disposable strength, as Lord Palmerston knew and states; yet he bids Turkey to endure what he says is *undoubtedly an infraction of her neutrality* rather than provoke *her stronger neighbour*! Is Kossuth to blame, in counting England among the powers whose intrigue caused the fall of Hungary?

bability have averted the dethronement of Ferdinand and the impious invasion of Hungary.* All England infers the character of the noble lord's despatches† from his speech; his popularity rises; liberal M.P.'s present Lady Palmerston with his picture. Lord Fitzwilliam and others lay before him a memorial in favour of Hungary. Meanwhile, Görgey's treason and the armies of Russia work the ruin of the rightful cause, and finally, on the 1st of August, Lord Palmerston writes a despatch to Vienna, offering to "mediate," *if* Austria desires it!

Mr. Urquhart, commenting on the great speech of July 21st, justly ridicules its practical gist,—

"In the *present state* of the matter, her Majesty's Government have not thought that any opportunity has *AS YET* presented itself, that could enable them to make any *official* communication," &c.

AS YET! That is, he would not interfere, by advice or mediation, *until* Hungary was at the mercy of her enemies. This is intelligible from a partisan of despotism; unintelligible from one who knows that the cause of Hungary was just, and avows that the conduct of Austria was *suicidal*,—to the advantage of Russia alone. And this, when a Russell was prime minister!

Let the reader reflect, that such is the conduct of our very cleverest diplomatist, whose name through the whole world is identified with constitutionalism, and who is supposed to be the most liberal foreign secretary obtainable by Queen Victoria. With such facts before us, we pardon Mr. Urquhart's uncharitableness. For ourselves, we do *not* believe Mr. Urquhart's theory: the Syrian war (strangely omitted by him) seems to us to refute it. Whatever the demerits of that war, the minister who plunged into it to the sore displeasure of France, was plainly running all risks to keep out Russia from Turkey.

If Lord Palmerston were a traitor, it would be a terrible fact, but it would be an isolated one in England, and really *a smaller calamity than we are actually suffering*. Our ablest men cannot extricate us from the tyranny of routine, and from the power of

* Indeed, not the least remarkable point in this speech is, that it is better suited to the date of November than of July; for it totally ignores the Russian interference. When England, in December, refused to mediate, because the struggle between Austria and Hungary was a domestic one, Kossuth made sure that we should bestir ourselves in earnest when Russia had violently compromised the neutrality of Turkey, and was piratically invading Hungary. But England's ablest foreign minister does not regard this as needing even a passing allusion, where it ought to have been his main subject. In fact, its leading in Mansard is, "Russian Invasion of Hungary."

† That this is a false inference, and that the *suppressed* despatches are not more vigorous than those printed, we know from the violent offence which the modest and tame letter of August 1, 1849, gave to Schwarzenberg, as also from the despatch of December, 1848, referred to above.

foreign despotism over our ministries through our domestic factions, until secret diplomacy is renounced. Secresy is what makes our Indian empire an evil tyranny, and secresy makes our ministers coadjutors of tyranny in Europe. As we said above, while the nation and parliament is shortsighted, responsible ministers cannot afford to be longsighted. There are only two possible remedies:—one is, to make the ministry irremovable by parliament, as in despotic countries, and *as in the United States of America*: the other is to make the judge (parliament) as enlightened as the culprits (the ministry), by enforcing the unmutilated and immediate publication of every official communication to a foreign power. Even so, a free state is at disadvantage against a despot, who can always employ agencies within its bosom to embarrass its ministries by domestic faction. Russia plays this game in the United States; but, as the nation and government there know their own aim—freedom—if possible, republican,—American ambassadors show a very different energy from those of England, who no longer has any aim but an impossible absurdity,—viz., to keep people quiet and contented with the government of men who have violated every moral law, and have no single claim, moral or legal, to reverence or obedience. A ministry which is aiming at a chimera, is perpetually stultifying itself, and is then too ashamed of its own folly to be angry with the power which has duped it.

Hence it is, that when Palmerston has signed the Protocol of June 1850, and Malmesbury the treaty of May, 1852; which prospectively ensure the acquisition of the whole of DENMARK undiminished as an appanage to the Russian dynasty, and endanger its becoming an actual inheritance of the Russian crown, Lord Clarendon comes forward to defend the honour of English diplomacy, and declares, that “the Emperor of Russia had acceded to the London treaty settling the Danish succession, without bringing forward the slightest *undue* pretension.” A very cheap avowal; yet it is flatly called “false” in Berlin. It is quite impossible for us to enter on this enormously complicated Danish question, which Mr. Urquhart expounds at length. He indeed powerfully takes up the subject from an earlier point, viz., that *we ought to make no new treaties with those who break the old ones*. We have protested against the violation of the Treaty of Vienna in Cracow; our minister has authoritatively announced two other violations in regard to the quarantine and navigation of the Danube:—

“When Catherine II. proposed a new treaty to Kien Lung, his Manchu Majesty replied, ‘*Let her learn first to observe the old*. But, alas! when she turns her face to the setting sun, she catches no Tartars.’”—p. 251.

When Kossuth was in America, he again and again announced an impending attack of Russia on the TURKISH empire. On May 26th, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, he assigned it as his main reason for hastening back to Europe; yet English statesmen and publicists have been quite surprised, and have exclaimed, (what Cicero declares so disgraceful,) *Who would have thought it?* So long ago as in 1774, the Austrian internuncio at Constantinople, Baron Thugut, in a despatch to his court, discussed the problem of dividing the dominions of the Sultan. Russia (says he) has only to make a descent on Constantinople from her ports on the Black Sea, to manage the outbreak of a Greek conspiracy, and so occupy the capital. The Sultan will have to fly into the depth of Asia. Russia will not grudge to Austria the possession of Bosnia, Servia, and Albania, *because* the inhabitants are Mussulmans and Greek Christians; of whom the former would follow the Sultan into Asia, and the latter "would always be faithless to Austria, and occasion her new troubles." An amiable argument! However, the united force of Austria and Russia is now, far less than then, to be dreaded by Turkey, provided only that English and French intrigue can be pushed aside. The Greeks* have no real influence, whatever G. D. P. and other Philhellenes may assert or wish. They are shopkeepers, merchants, and professional men; a most valuable element of society, but not the men whom the peasantry will follow. They are dispersed in the cities, and do not exceed one million. If every Mussulman were killed by lightning, and foreign powers stood aloof, the dominion of Turkey would not be won by the milder and more intelligent Greeks, but by the Servians and Wallacks, and other rude races. In an argument with Mr. Cobden, we should have to prove that the rule of the Turk in Constantinople is more to be desired by us than that of Russia. Mr. Urquhart alleges, that the mutual hostilities of the races of Turkey are such, that if the Ottomans did not exist, European statesmen would want to *invent* them. But, without plunging into long discussions, it is certain that every possible English ministry wishes Russia to be kept out of Constantinople. It is therefore instructive to consider how we have helped her forward, and to remember that our present statesmen

* The tools and dupes of Russia confound the *members of the Greek church* with the *men of Greek race*, and call them thirteen millions. The Czar pretends they are closely allied with his people, and the rightful object of his protection. The attachment of Russians, Wallacks, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Albanians, and Greeks, is *perhaps* as close as that of Spaniards, French, Austrians, Poles, and Italians; a precious basis of union! Mr. Urquhart, indeed, represents the Russian church as in violent official opposition to the "genuine" Greek church.

are men liable to the same shortsightedness as their predecessors.

How we attacked the Sultan in 1806, to the benefit of Russia, was above remarked. Mr. Canning, in 1823, was incapable of being seduced by the Congress of Verona, in regard to Spain: he was equally proof against all blandishments of Russia in the matter of Turkey (as Pozzo di Borgo avows), yet in the treaty of London* he was over-reached by Russia. She had withdrawn her ambassador from Turkey ever since 1821, and had mainly incited the Greek insurrection. France sympathized intensely with the Greeks, yet was aware of Russian ambition. England, France, Austria, and Prussia, held consultations about the affairs of Turkey, without Russia; and the Greeks, annoyed at her pretensions over them, asked England to mediate. Mr. Canning preferred to mediate in company with Russia and France. The end was, that we destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino, nobody knows by whose order. Meanwhile, Russia for some years had been feeling the pulse of all the powers, to learn how they would act, if she declared war on Turkey. Prince Czartoryski has now been able to give these secret despatches to the world. The piratical destruction of the Turkish fleet roused the spirit of the Sultan, and put him in temporary hostility with all the mediators. Russia seized the moment to declare war, (while still a mediator!) and imposed on the Sultan the treaty of Adrianople, after a campaign of very doubtful success. Such were the results of the treaty of London. Of it Mr. Urquhart says, p. 310:—

"A *forced mediation* is a war in disguise. England determines to mediate; but instead of communicating with the parties, she communicates with the government obnoxious to both, and which actually was on the point of rupture with one of them. This communication is secret. Having concerted measures, they apply not even then to the parties, but to another foreign power. This is a *conspiracy!*"

Mr. Canning, who thus played into the hands of Russia, was, in Mr. Urquhart's judgment, a thoroughly honest man, and a man of genius. If the treaty of London had been Palmerston's work, to what motives would he have ascribed it?

Words quoted by him concerning the war of 1828, from the most celebrated Russian diplomatist of that day, are of great interest.

"If the Sultan" (says Pozzo di Borgo, confidentially addressing his chief) "has been enabled to offer us so determined and regular a

* Mr. Urquhart gives (pp. 330—334) two remarkable contemporary letters concerning this whole affair, from Baron von Prokesch, president of the Germanic diet.

resistance, whilst he had scarcely drawn together the elements of his new plan, how formidable should we have found him had he had time to give it more solidity!"

In fact, as with Poland, so with Turkey; the great fear of Russia was, lest internal reform should give them strength, and in each case this has incited her to war. The great advances made by the Turks in the whole mechanism of administration during the last twenty-five years, were assigned by Kossuth as one cause urging Russia to make her attack before it is too late. Another was, her desire to profit by the alarm felt by England for France. When Russia was meditating to enter the Principalities, the two powers could have co-operated too speedily for Russian intrigue to harm them. Our tergiversation has lost the moment. In the next spring, if Louis Napoleon should dare to act against Russia, she will take good care that an insurrection breaks out in Paris,—(for she will have too much at stake to shrink from the chances of republican fervour,)—and England may have so many alarms near home as to be but a feeble ally in the Black Sea. We believe there will be a war, perhaps before these lines appear. The Sultan knows he must be devoured piecemeal, unless he accepts all risks. He will not be alone now, as in 1828. England and France, who were then in suspended hostility to *him*, will be at least in suspended hostility against *Russia*. He has now Circassia assuredly by his side, Persia probably. If, as is to be expected, Austria joins his enemy, or even continues to threaten Turkey, the Sultan will have no choice but to rouse and arm Hungary, upon which, if not before, America may be expected to join him, whether as a community, or by suspending her neutrality laws in his favour. Unless Constantinople should be carried by a *coup-de-main*, the war may presently threaten the existence, not of the Ottoman, but of the Russian empire; for neither Poland nor Finland will be still, if it last but for a few months.

Our Russo-ministerialist journalists tell the public that Turkey *cannot* stand; and talk of the tremendous dangers which *we* should incur by firing a shot against Russia. Undoubtedly the danger is immense of overthrowing the Colossus of European despotism. To strike at Russia a blow hard enough to force her to be just, will disable her from assisting Austria, and will bring to the ground that perfidious power by the hands of her own subjects. Nicholas is hitherto allowed to go rampant in *disorder*, because he is the mainstay of *order* in Europe! But unless we mistake, English indignation will be kindled, ere long, with a fierceness proportioned to the confidence which he has abused, and our very Tories will feel that this lawlessness must be quelled

at any price. At least we hope so, for the good fame of our country, and for its own security from retributive tumult.

In fine, we can only notice that the last division of Mr. Urquhart's book, concerning the Danube and Black Sea, the commerce of Turkey, &c., abounds with interesting and important matter. He can write with remarkable beauty, and is certainly a man of genius. So much the more do we regret, that he often mars his own work by inordinate conciseness, which is neither forcible nor elegant when it becomes incoherent.

Note to Article IX., No. VII.

WE are desirous of dispelling an important misapprehension which might arise from a slight typographical error in the article on the "Turkish Empire," which appeared in our last number. In referring to the reported produce of Turkey, under recent treaties of commerce and navigation, we appeared to imply that it was the effect of the Treaty of Balta-Liman (1838) to prohibit exportation from the Turkish territories, on the part of English merchants, by reason of the excessive duty which it imposed upon the shipment of the produce of the country. What we had intended to express was simply, that the stipulations of this Treaty, in unavoidable deference to the commercial prejudices of the Divan, augmented the export, in proportion as they diminished the import, duties of the empire. It was the object of the Convention to extend the commerce of England, without affecting the aggregate amount of the Turkish Customs' Revenue. Nothing could have been further from our intention than to decry the conditions of a treaty, evincing, on the part of England, a high degree of commercial and political sagacity.

ART. IX.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series will give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

THEOLOGY AND Church Polity. **D**R. GODWIN'S "Lectures on Atheism"¹ having been for some time out of print, he has again delivered and republished them on occasion of the secularist controversy in Bradford. Having exhibited atheism as based on doubtful speculations, as out of harmony with nature, and forbidding in its moral aspects, the lecturer analyses various sceptical theories, and then advances to his own argument from man's physical structure, from its relation to the external world, and from the larger relation of the earth to the general system of which it forms a part. Dr. Godwin is a man of too much information not to have invested the discussion, taken in this form, with considerable popular interest. He enters, in the usual manner, upon questions as to man's formation, which have lately arisen before public attention, describes the attributes and the government of God, and concludes with a carefully drawn contrast between atheism and the religion of Christ. In such a controversy, the known candour and benevolence of the lecturer could not fail to secure for his opinions a degree of attention in harmony with that respect in which his high character is generally and deservedly held. Without by any means endorsing every sentiment of the lectures, we are happy to believe that publications upon this subject, conducted in such a manner, must prove an unmixed benefit in regard to public instruction.

¹ "The Philosophy of Atheism, examined and compared with Christianity." By the Rev. B. Godwin, D.D. Hall, Virtue, & Co., Paternoster-row.

In the new edition of the "Phases of Faith,"² just issued, in Chapman's Library for the People, is given a reply to the "Eclipse of Faith," which we shall always regard as an example of extreme forbearance, to be accounted for only by the consideration of Mr. Newman's profound sense of responsibility as a leader of public opinion. It is, indeed, hard to believe that orthodoxy has fallen so far as to have welcomed in its defence a book which a few calm words of truth suffice to convict of dishonesty.

An addition has been made in the fifth chapter upon the supposed miraculous spread of Christianity, and on the exaggeration of its moral influence upon Europe. This is particularly illustrated in a full discussion as to the New Testament view of slavery. There is also an added chapter upon the personal character of Jesus, written in especial reply to the doctrine that in him has been revealed the complete image of moral perfection, so that, at least in this respect, the divine nature became manifest in the flesh. Mr. Newman very naturally protests against being challenged to prove imperfections in one of whom, nevertheless, to say that he was without fault, would be to make him cease to be human. In face of the difficulty, before the crowd who worship at the very name of Jesus, and whom it is the author's desire not to exasperate, but to teach, he enters upon the examination of the public pretensions of Christ, and of the manner in which they were supported. We know scarcely anything of the private life of Jesus, so that no ground lies open for research, excepting that into which the inquiry is made—an inquiry to which it is obvious that historic revelation must be at all times exposed, though few persons possess either the courage or the conscious critical skill resolutely and calmly to pursue it. As to the result to which the discussion leads, it may be wise not to anticipate the reader's judgment. Mr. Newman has opened the question upon a platform unfamiliar to English thought, but one on which it must be yet often debated. No person, at least, will question either the ability or the earnest purpose with which the opening has been made.

"A Treatise on the Peculiarities of the Bible"³ can only be noticed as an attempt to illustrate the Swedenborgian theory of spiritual interpretations, a method which solves all difficulties in Scripture, by throwing over the whole book that mystic light into which the rational eye cannot penetrate. For example, when it is said that the rod of Moses was turned into blood, the

² "Phases of Faith." By F. W. Newman. Second Edition. London. Chapman's "Library for the People."

³ "A Treatise on the Peculiarities of the Bible." By the Rev. E. D. Rendell. London: F. Pitman, Paternoster-row.

meaning is that truth was sensualized: the sending of frogs meant reasoning from false principles: and the plague of locusts that "*false*s seized upon the natural mind." Enoch was the first to collect revelations into a doctrinal form, and the statement that "God took him," is not to be understood to describe his translation to heaven without dying, but that "God took him under his special guidance and directed him in the performance of the work." There seem to be persons yet living who find light in this curious direction.

The two first volumes of Chapman's quarterly series have been issued: one of them contains the "Discourses" of Mr. Parker, to be afterwards noticed; the other, a second edition of Mr. Newman's "History of the Hebrew Monarchy from the time of Samuel to the Captivity."* It is the object of this work to apply to the Jewish records the rules of that sounder criticism by which modern historical studies are distinguished; perhaps the most popular service rendered by this valuable work will be found in the light which it often throws upon the obscure pages of Hebrew prophecy. Mr. Chapman purposes in this new series to publish, by subscription, four volumes in the year, of which the subjects will be theology, philosophy, biblical criticism, and the history of opinion. The names of Feuerbach, Ewald, Newman, Parker, and Mackay, sufficiently indicate the high character which it is intended that these quarterly publications shall bear.

Mr. Wilson has issued the two first parts of his new "Bible,"[†] giving the authorised text with a body of really useful notes. The second part brings us to the end of Leviticus. In the introductory sections to this edition much valuable information is given in a form of easy comprehension, while, by aid of the notes, the reader is enabled to judge for himself as to what the Scriptures really are—precisely the point upon which the Christian world is so extremely ignorant.

"The Religion of the Heart"[‡] is a manual of aspiration, faith, and duty conceived in the spirit of natural piety. It contains what may be called devotional services for varied occasions, meditations upon the duties of life, and short essays upon many subjects of constant interest to human thought; for example, on the conscience, on pleasure and pain, and the rewards and penalties of duty. The latter half of the volume is

* "A History of the Hebrew Monarchy." By F. W. Newman. London. Chapman's "Quarterly Series."

[†] "The Holy Bible, authorised version, with Notes, Critical, Practical, and Devotional." Edited by the Rev. T. Wilson, M.A. London: J. Chapman.

[‡] "The Religion of the Heart: a Manual of Faith and Duty." By Leigh Hunt. London: J. Chapman.

occupied with a discourse upon the chief writings, ancient and modern, which may be regarded as of a religious and moral character—giving extracts from Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, M. Aurelius, St. Francis de Sales, Whichcote, Shaftesbury, St. Pierre, Emerson, Richter, Professor Nichol, and others; the whole designed to form a kind of guide to a course of moral and devout reading. It is the object of the book to supply one of those needs of the popular mind which the speculative rationalism is apt to neglect—to aid in the culture of sound habits, and of reasonable religious affection. If the time has not yet arrived for the matured ritual of natural religion, the present endeavour will at least be regarded as a suggestion and help in that direction.

Members of parliament have been heard to confess ignorance as to what Dissenters mean by "Separation of Church and State;" and, generally speaking, the House of Commons does not distinguish itself in its debates on ecclesiastical affairs. If the country is as ill-informed as its representatives, Mr. Allen's book on "State Churches and the Kingdom of Christ"⁷ should prove of great service. Beyond a few obvious aspects of the question—of tithe rent-charge, which must be paid, of church-rates, which may be sometimes out-voted, of incongruous war-chaplains, and of unnecessary bishops in the House of Lords—the popular notion upon this matter rarely extends. When the period shall arrive for the needed radical reform, and for the establishment, upon a basis of justice, of the State's relations with the religion of the people, legislators will be astonished at the vast amount of work to be done, and the country in discovering with how large a mass of iniquity it has for so long a time foolishly borne.

The first portion of the essay on state churches sets forth the usual nonconformist views as to the simplicity and spirituality of the kingdom of Christ—a kingdom which, according to the New Testament, should owe its extension and support to its mild spirit of charity rather than to the arm of the civil power. The author attributes to the church and state alliance all the evils which, in the name of religion, have been inflicted upon Christendom. In order to demonstrate this, he gives in detail an account of tithes, church-rates, and other ecclesiastical charges; sketches, somewhat at length, the history of the Anglican, Irish, Scotch, and colonial churches; describes the establishment and influence of the papal authority; narrates the various persecutions carried on in the name of established

⁷ "State Churches and the Kingdom of Christ." By John Allen. London: W. & F. Cash, Bishopsgate-street.

churches; and adds some remark upon liturgies, priestly rites, festivals, and sacraments—upon nearly every topic, indeed, on which the society of which he is a member dissents from the orthodox Christian world.

The essay is to be recommended as a depository of information which many persons will find useful; not infallible as to either dates or history, but written with evident care, and in a tone of gentle reproach, which must be highly satisfactory to those who prefer that manner. It must be understood to form a sketch of church ordinances, made with the view of showing to what lengths of worldliness and folly the Christian community has been led by its leaning upon the “arm of flesh.” As an argument against church establishments it goes too far, and proceeds along too discursively, to have much weight with the public. The question will not be determined—no question of the kind ever has been—upon the simple ground of appeal to the Scriptures and to reason; the less likely is it to be so if people are induced to believe with Mr. Allen, that the same guidance of reason and Holy Writ can only lead them to adopt the opinions and discipline of the Society of Friends. He argues, for example, against religious endowments of any description—quite a different question from that of patronage by the state; and enters his protest against prayer-books, organs, church architecture, clergies and clerical distinctions, wars, and oaths, the exclusion of women from the ministry, and against a small crowd of terms, names of time and titles, an example of fanatic pedantry which we regret to see intruded in so grave a discussion.

The same subject, from another point of view, is illustrated by Mr. Madden, in his “Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola.”^s He agrees with the previous writer in the idea that a state of poverty is the most wholesome for the church, which cannot safely be trusted with civil power or wealth. This gentleman appears to be an independent thinker; we have studied his book with equal care and interest. He says, that “Italy no longer affords a safe locality for the independence of a church of a truly Christian spiritual character,” and recommends the transfer of the papal seat to Jerusalem, or some other alike sacred spot in Palestine, and that the primate shall be supported there by voluntary supplies from all the Catholic churches in the world. Our author evidently expects that the Pope will not find his second return to Rome so easy as the first. He cannot avoid giving a hard word to Mazzini, with some injustice, since, through the

^s “The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola, illustrative of the History of Church and State Connexion.” By R. R. Madden, M.B.I.A. 2 vols. London: Newby, Welbeck-street.

instrumentality of that gentleman, the Pope might have been settled by this time in Jerusalem, but for a state interference on his behalf, which Mr. Madden must, of course, condemn. It is evident that the most spiritual Catholic can hate with a perfect hatred the despisers of his church, and assume the haughty and defiant air of a man of the world, who will not have his absurdities put down with the thin, but sharp laughter of unbelievers.

Mr. Madden no more confines himself to his subject than the writer before-mentioned. He dedicates his book to Mr. Gladstone, and devotes one chapter to the argument, occasionally referring to it in other places. This is all that he attempts in relation to state churches, his great point being rather to show that the church should be kept poor—which it may easily be, as it was in Scotland, while yet in alliance with the state. Such appears to have been the opinion of Savonarola; though we can see no propriety in the representation that he died for uttering it: much less can he be adduced as the antagonist of alliance between the state and the church, since, as Mr. Madden believes, he was subjected to persecution by the reigning Pope in revenge for his having instigated the invasion of that pontiff's government by Charles VIII. His predictions chiefly related to this civil interference in the affairs of the church; the French monarch was to effect the spiritual reform, and the prophet became angry with him because he failed to accomplish, by the scourge of war, that object, and would not even depose the reigning anti-Christ, his enemy. On the other hand, he augmented his own troubles by interference in the politics of the republic which he had been mainly instrumental in establishing. He made Florence an example of Mr. Gladstone's theory in practice—a fatal example, as it turned out; and he has become in history a warning rather than a model, as Mr. Madden would fain represent him.

The life of Savonarola is well worth attention, though it can have little to do with any argument about state churches; and Mr. Madden deserves the highest praise for his research, enabling the reader to form a more correct judgment of this great reformer than it has hitherto been easy to attain. Like Mr. Allen, however, he is not always careful about dates, looks steadfastly at everything from his one point of view, and has the ill habit of pronouncing his opinion upon every question that happens to be named, giving, likewise, a whole history of each. The two volumes are filled with such little essays, of which the following titles may give some idea:—*Essay on the Italian Republics, especially that of Florence; On Monasteries and Religious Orders, particularly on the convent of St. Marc; On*

the Scholastic Philosophy; On Monts de Bieté; On Cardinals; On Trial by Ordeal; On the use of the Classics in Schools; On Supernatural Illuminations; On Saints being lifted from their knees in prayer—which our author believes to have really occurred to the Saint of Florence; On the Powers of the Papacy; On Persecutions; On the Infallibility of the Pope; a short essay on Genius; and another on Art; and in the appendix, a sketch of Lucretia Borgia and her family. Bad as the author's style often is, these, for the most part antiquarian essays, merit attention. But it seems a little absurd to throw this incongruous collection into the biography of a single man, under the title of a book illustrative of the connexion between Church and State.

To Mr. Morell is to be awarded the praise of having Philosophy. successfully laboured in the revival of metaphysical studies properly so called, in this country. The four lectures on "The Philosophical Tendencies of the Age," forming, as he says, a kind of complement to his "History of Modern Philosophy," were delivered before large audiences at Edinburgh and Glasgow: we are glad to receive his promise of a new work upon the relation between "Philosophy and Religion." We regret to learn that even this gentleman, a man of chivalrous honour, and, as a pure student, devout in the worship of truth, has not been allowed to escape the malignant censure of orthodox weakness. With what surprise an honest soul encounters for the first time this kind of foul play, may be read in the following passage from his preface.—"I feel a moral indignation at being charged with 'insinuation' and 'subtlety;' and that too by persons who in all probability never knew what it was to avow in their lives a sentiment contrary to those for which they are praised and rewarded by public opinion."

Defining philosophy to be the "science of first principles," the lectures proceed to answer this question:—"What is the ultimate ground of appeal for the validity of human knowledge? Is it to be found in the testimony of sense, or in the individual reason? Is truth the sole offspring of a divine tradition, or may it not be seen in the universal consciousness of mankind? These four theories Mr. Morell examines. The first is Positivism, developed most fully in the system of Auguste Comte, a theory of the universe which the lecturer strenuously opposes, as utterly failing to embrace the whole phenomena of either nature or man, as contented with a result unsatisfactory to the spirit panting after universal truth, as compelled in the ultimate resort

⁹ "The Philosophical Tendencies of the Age." By J. D. Morell, A.M. People's Edition. London: Theobald, Paternoster-row.

to fall back upon a law beyond the reach of its own speculation, while this law of sociology upon which it relies is not verified in the history of humanity. However confusedly in early ages may have grown up together theology, metaphysics, and the teachings of sensc, neither of these elements has been found to absorb the others, whatever may have taken place in the minds of the positive philosophers. Mr. Morell is careful to show that these objections are not directed against the inductive method in science, which, being itself a result of first principles in human nature, does not pretend to compass and limit the entire domain of thought.

Positivism, therefore, Mr. Morell holds to be a simple negation of philosophy, possessed of no means for reducing into unity the multiplied facts of sensation with which alone it consents to deal, and subject always to the obvious objection which carries all its observed facts to be tested and put to use upon the threshing floor of the reason. The second theory, that of Individualism, Mr. Morell admits to have great force as against positivism on the one hand, and traditionalism on the other, both of which he finds to rest ultimately upon appeals to the reason. Sensation is nothing without a judgment, and the judgment must decide upon all questions of tradition. The theory of Traditionalism receives an easy and full examination, all authority of parent and priest being shown to rest upon documentary evidence, itself requiring some other living authority for its interpretation. There is a supposed residuum of catholic truth, which, coming down by tradition, has been imagined to have received no attaint from the fierce breath of controversy. What this may be it is not easy to ascertain, but Mr. Morell claims it as belonging rather to his own scheme of "Philosophy by common consent," proving that it owes its whole force not to the fact of issuing from objective tradition, but to its exhibiting the subjective consciousness of humanity.

His own idea the lecturer develops thus: "Humanity has a divine purpose to accomplish. Its own progress depends upon the regular growth of ideas—ideas thus evolved in the general consciousness it is the business of philosophy to mould into clear, logical form, acknowledging this common consciousness of mankind for its final ground of truth." Eclecticism, in the ordinary meaning, this system ought not to be called: that name, however, it is likely to retain—and the disciples of it need not complain; it indicates, if it does not describe them. But a person may do full justice to the universal consciousness, and yet not take it for his final appeal. He may employ it to correct his own, without holding it of superior value. Mr. Morell objects to individualism, that it can only decide infallible questions of formal character placed before the understanding; but, in truth, admitting to the

full the doctrine of universal intuitive judgments, the individual reason can only take them for new facts with which to deal, and must still ultimately decide for itself upon their consistency and truth. It does not claim to find within itself the sole source of light, it judges of the experience of others by its own, it aids its own by theirs; sensation, tradition, or intuition, fall equally within its grasp. Mr. Morell has perhaps hardly shown that, with all its obstructions and errors, the individual reason can find, in the vagueness of common consciousness, an authority greater than its own as the final test of truth. We should willingly quote from these lectures many passages which indicate the cultivated and penetrating intellect of the writer, passages of great beauty and force. We can only add that, in his "Philosophy of Progress," the author conceives himself to have found the *via media* between blind servility on the one hand to authority of tradition, and subjection on the other to the pride of rationalism, which he thinks to be not sufficiently aware how incapable it is of "furnishing any real material of holy thought," the true aim of philosophy being this—to "bring into scientific form the spiritual life which, coming direct from God, permeates the religious consciousness of mankind at large."

Dr. Hickok¹⁰ begins with a brief sketch of what he denominates objective and subjective theories of morals, but without indicating which of them answer the question as to what constitutes right, and which the very different one as to how we may discover what is right or wrong. Moral philosophers have too often confounded the two distinct things, the reason and the test of right; perhaps it might be not far wrong to say, that the objective theories attempt to solve the one problem, the subjective the other; at least by help of this suggestion the classification might be rendered more natural and just. The subjective theories, as might be expected, very closely resemble each other; they find somewhere in man's constitution the test of morality. We can only regard the rule of morals which Dr. Hickok maintains as being a modification of these theories. It is stated thus: "when the man sees himself to be just what the spiritual excellency of his being demands that he should be, he has, in the contemplation of this worthiness, at once his virtue and reward." "This worthiness is no revelation from without, but a necessary truth seen in the spirituality of his own being from within." This definition has the air of Cudworth's doctrine, but, in truth, holds nearer relation to the "moral approbation" of Dr. T. Brown.

The book treats first of "pure morality;" secondly, of "posi-

¹⁰ "A System of Moral Science." By Laurens P. Hickok, D.D. London: John Chapman.

tive authority." Under the first is given a statement of the personal and relative duties, of the duties to nature and to God. The second regards civil government, the divine government, and family government. The aim of pure morality is personal worthiness for its own sake, that of civil government freedom, that of the divine government piety: family government has for its object to develop both freedom and piety, and serves as a kind of preparatory school, training the character in the virtues of "legality" to the civil administration, and "loyalty" to the divine.

We find much excellent remark in the earlier portion of the book; in the latter part the author dogmatizes upon definitions which many persons might see reason to dispute. He defers entirely to the divine authority of the Scriptures, from which he extensively quotes; and finds place in his system for a full justification of the scheme of grace discovered to mankind in the Gospel. In this view he supplies a desideratum—a very welcome service to many—but with what success we do not feel called upon to say, not discerning its relevancy to a discussion of pure philosophy.

Political and Social Science. Mr. F. W. Newman's "Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own liege subjects,"¹¹ appears as part of Chapman's Library for the People. To those who have read any of the writings of this author, we need hardly say that the wrongs which mark the course of this imperial house are neither hidden nor excused in this book: indignant denunciation flames through its pages. The House of Hapsburg is tracked through crimes from its rise in 1273, to the close of the late Hungarian war; and, unhappily, a chapter is filled with the acts or omissions by which England has contributed more or less to its success. Our present understanding with Austria on the Turkish question, if not exactly cordial, may perhaps serve to make us forget, for the moment, eight centuries of misdoing: we can hardly imagine, however, that habits are so quickly changed, as that the forgetfulness should be long continued. Mr. Newman's little book is, therefore, not yet out of date. The inquiry suggested by such an exhibition of wrongs is this: how happens it that imperial unrighteousness should have enjoyed in this case so long a success? In common life, and by ordinary rules, a policy like this would have broken down and have been forgotten long ago. What is the secret of its life? But we can only now stay to suggest the question; the answers which our readers will supply for themselves will be various, as each is disposed to look preferentially to sociologic,

¹¹ "The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg against its own Liege Subjects." By F. W. Newman. London: John Chapman. 1853.

diplomatic, or military causes for the relative strength of governments, and the permanence of states. But we cannot refrain from saying, that the long duration of a dishonest dynasty says little for the real morality or intelligence of the peoples ruled by it.

The visit of Kossuth to America has produced three agreeable and useful volumes of travels from his companions, M. and Mde. Pulsky, under the title of "White, Red, Black;"¹² and although sufficient care is taken to show, despite the *Times* and *Daily News*, that the progress of the Hungarian Governor through the Western Republics was no failure, and although we necessarily have much of the clang of bells, the boom of artillery, the hubbub of sounds, and the aches of hand-shaking, yet the volumes are fraught with important and well-selected matter relating to America itself. The writers must have read and reflected much to have become able to see thus correctly a country and people so different from those they left under the despotisms of Eastern Europe. We scarcely know where to find a better epitome of the opinions, interests, parties, governments, resources, habits, and tendencies of the great Transatlantic people.

A thick pamphlet, by Mr. Arthur Symonds, discusses the "Organization of the Civil Service."¹³ Considering the mass of business transacted in England which depends on concerted action, it is astonishing that so little seems to be known or thought of the principles of organization. Not only in government, but in our great public companies, an office too frequently is little more than a number of persons turned into a room, some with great salaries and some with small, to get through the business as well as they can. The organization is not much more than a mere gradation of authority, instead of being a repartition of the work amongst the workers, according to its constituent kinds, under the control of set principles, and directed in all its parts to one object, by the harmonizing control of one head. The consequence of this mal-organization is embarrassment amongst the sincere and earnest, ample opportunity for indulged inefficiency in the indifferent and idle, confusion, disappointment, and failure in the objects of the office, (unless those objects happen to be of a nature to cover any amount of loss) and, consequently, discredit and vexation to any chief of an office who is not as bad as the worst of his subordinates. The

¹² "White, Red, Black: Sketches of Society in the United States, during the visit of their Guest." By Francis and Thercza Pulsky. 3 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

¹³ "Papers relative to the Obstruction of Public Business and the Organization of the Civil Service." By Arthur Symonds, Esq. Printed for private circulation.

"obstruction of public business" is sure to take place in proportion as this state of things exists; and the object of Mr. Symonds is to remove the causes of obstruction by means of a scientific distribution of the work. This he attempts with a minuteness of prevision worthy of an engineer's specification or a French *ordonnance*; and we need not go so far as to approve every item of his details before we arrive at a conviction that he has laid a master's hand on a master evil. If the views he has enunciated should ever be extensively and intelligently adopted, some part of the remarkable difference of effect between corporate action, (whether joint-stock or government) and that of individuals, will be got rid of, although much of it, from the nature of the case, must always remain.

Although it does not fall within the scope of the book under notice, it perhaps ought to be remarked in this connexion, that much of the chronic controversy of the times really turns on the question between official and popular action in matters of government. The man of office, and of professional avocation, whether judge, secretary, clerk, counsel, or any other, looks down on the man who, engaged in the full-tide business of life, does not understand, as he does, the questions with which the official is absorbed. The whole of human life, with him, should be dressed to a line by science,—the science of the offices. On the other hand, the man of business finds that the acts and determinations of the man in office do not fit the actual facts of life, with the feelings and habits those facts engender,—a discrepancy arising from the circumstance that the man in office is, in great measure, excluded by his position from the influence of those facts, and can only draw his conclusions from an artificial world, built up by himself in his own imagination, out of such materials as chance to come to him. Hence perpetual discontents; and the discrepancy does not come to an end, because the man of office, with all his disadvantages, is really an aid indispensable to the man of active life. In England we have long had a remedy for this difficulty in some departments of government; we have parliaments and juries where the popular is associated with the official, to the great advantage of both, and to the stability of the system. But while we really need and might easily accomplish large extensions of the principle, we have those amongst us who would sacrifice the jury to the science of the lawyers, just as the despots of the continent cannot endure that parliaments should interfere with the wisdom of a ministry.

There is no reason in all this, however, for coldness towards Mr. Symonds' proposed reforms. What must be done ought to be done well; and we have to seek a remedy for extreme officialism, not in weak or badly managed offices, but in a due limita-

tion, by public opinion, of the matters with which government should interfere. A strong government, within due limits of action, is the desideratum; but for our government to be relatively strong, especially in these days of intelligence, it needs great internal reforms.

Mr. Lucas gives us a lecture of great beauty on the influence of history on social progress.¹⁴ The fact of a progress, he says, could only be learned from the long accumulations of events which form the world's history, and, therefore, the convictions drawn from its history could only be modern. Many attempts have been made to revive the past, such as those of Julian, of Rienzi, of the New England Pilgrims, of the English Puritans, and of the early French Revolutionists. But these all misunderstood their models, some of them egregiously so; and if they had not, the models themselves were suitable only to their own times, and were entirely inapplicable to those into which they were imported,—times in some respect or other altered by the general advance. From this inapplicability came failures, and thence contemporary vengeance; but the motive being pure, and the action heroic, subsequent times have lauded those whom the powers of the day, king or noble, vilified or destroyed. Even these mistaken men have helped that general progress which we all now recognise,—which is really promoted by every attempt in its favour, whether or not apparently successful, or even rightly devised, and to which we ought all to contribute,—but whose laws it is not yet easy to comprehend, and few of us are able to explain.

Some time ago, but subsequently to the Great Exhibition, the Society of Arts offered a prize for an Essay on Mechanics' Institutes. The book of Mr. Hole, which obtained it,¹⁵ contains a large amount of information, and many valuable suggestions, written in an earnest spirit. He tells us, that Mechanics' Institutes generally have failed of their original design, that they have become places rather of recreation than study, that this is owing, in great measure, to the deficiency of early education in our working classes, and that the remedy is to be found in a better adaptation of the institutions to the actual wants of the parts of the population for whom they were intended, and in greater efficiency of teaching and closeness of study in

¹⁴ "History as a Condition of Social Progress. A Lecture delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Bristol, April 11, 1853." By Samuel Lucas, M.A., late of Queen's College, Oxon., Barrister-at-law. London: Murray. 1853.

¹⁵ "An Essay on the History and Management of Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institutions." By James Hole, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions. Published under the sanction of the Society of Arts. London: Longman & Co. 1853.

the classes. All this, of course, leads to questions of management, support, affiliation of separate institutions, and organizing of the whole under the form of a National Industrial University. Without sharing all his views, and especially dissenting from his proposal that these institutions should get a *Regium Donum*, we heartily commend a book so well adapted to promote practical measures for the improvement of our people.

Mr. Lovett, earnestly desirous of advancing the interests of society, has produced, in a small volume,¹⁶ a system of Social and Political Morality. Judged with scientific strictness it seems open to rough treatment; but as a practical manual it will probably do service. A sensible dialogue between master and man,¹⁷ on kindred subjects, is well worth reading and distribution. It is by Mr. Henry Booth of Liverpool, well known for his share in establishing the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and for his long occupation of the secretaryship of its gigantic offspring, the London and North-Western. Political economy, and the moralities flowing from it, are here put in an intelligible and attractive form.

India has supplied its quota of books, or rather pamphlets. Mr. Silk Buckingham¹⁸ proposes a plan for the government of that country, which consists in the immediate use of the name of the Crown,—the appointment of a single minister for India in England, with no other council than the permanent official staff,—the abolition of the East India Company,—twenty-five members for India in the House of Commons, chosen by *European constituencies*, from Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Agra, and the Punjab,—the vesting of the local government of India in a viceroy, with a council, having legislative powers, as well as an advisory interference in administration, composed of twenty members, equally divided between Europeans and natives, and chosen by the same constituencies as the members of parliament, together with the natives in government employment, not below certain ranks. To these are added, of course, suggestions on minor points. It is, however, remarkable that Mr. Buckingham confines his electoral powers to Europeans, or Europeanized natives, and we wonder it did not strike him that the facts which induced him to do so, go far to account both for our

¹⁶ "Social and Political Morality." By William Lovett. London: Simpkin & Co. 1853.

¹⁷ "Master and Man: a Dialogue, in which are discussed some of the important questions affecting the Social Condition of the Industrious Classes." By Henry Booth, Esq. London: John Chapman. 1853.

¹⁸ "Plan for the Future Government of India." By James Silk Buckingham. London: Partridge & Oakey. 1853.

quarrels in India and our success in them, although he contents himself with denouncing our progress wholesale as unmitigated conquest and robbery.

Mr. Henry Lushington¹⁸ gives us a smartly written answer to the various attacks made by "Young India" on the East India Company, a pamphlet amongst the best, if not the best on that side of the question. In style and temper it is excellent, in matter as good as the case can supply.

The origin of the Burmese war is discussed by Mr. Cobden¹⁹ in a pamphlet, of which the pre-title, "How wars are *got up* in India,"—seems to us the most objectionable part. This assumption that a war is a purpose to be brought about, in conformity to a cherished course of action, is too serious to be put forward before at least some proof is placed in the reader's hands. It is, however, an error into which a large portion of the philanthropic class of our public men often fall, to take it for granted, that in all contests with barbarous and semi-barbarous peoples, Englishmen are always and invariably in the wrong. We are bad enough at the best, without the illogical aggravation of taking it for granted that we do nothing but evil. The obvious unfairness of such a starting point prevents, in many cases, the investigations by the public mind, through which substantial disgrace would be brought on real cases of guilt; and even more commonly it remits such cases to the region of squabble, where the two sides are equally marked by bitterness, unscrupulousness, and pertinacity, whether of attack or defence.

Mr. Cobden, from the parliamentary papers, traces the war not so much to the injury originally alleged against the Burmese, as to a supposed ceremonial slight; which slight, to make his title good, he must suppose was willingly laid hold of to "get up" the war. We have ourselves too much doubt of the justice of the war, or rather of the judgment and prudence of the officer who permitted the arrogance of the Burmese to precipitate it, to permit us to defend the case against Mr. Cobden on its general issue; but we have seen too much of the evil of false arguments, although they may chance to lead, as they often do, to true results, to be quite willing to let them pass when they seem to support, but really endanger, what we take to be truth.

¹⁸ "The Double Government: the Civil Service and the India Reform Agitation." By Henry Lushington, Author of "A Great Country's Little Wars." London: Allen & Co. 1853.

¹⁹ "How Wars are got up in India: the Origin of the Burmese War." By Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. London: W. & F. Cash. 1853.

History. The papers of Sir Hudson Lowe form the basis of three volumes,²⁰ which have great historical interest, if not importance. A minute detail of the petty cares and occupations that made up the sum of Napoleon's life at St. Helena must at all times, by suggesting startling contrasts, and a rough kind of melo-dramatic moral that grasps the imaginations of the multitude, stand upon one of the best-thumbed leaves in the world's history. The French witnesses—fellow exiles of the emperor—have given their version of all that they saw; but, even apart from their prejudices, it is natural that they should have misconceived the spirit or the meaning of a great deal that took place about them. The papers of Sir Hudson Lowe were looked for as the fit and necessary complement to the accounts given by Montholon and Las Cases. Those being edited, there would exist complete materials for the use of historians who should hereafter desire to form accurate opinions for themselves, or to work out minute details for their readers. Poets and painters have been busy on the subject of Napoleon at St. Helena: historians would know how, with so much detail at their command, to appeal more effectively than either to the common mind. That good result might have ensued from the publication of the Lowe papers, Mr. Forsyth aiding much; but Mr. Forsyth has aided little. The subject of Napoleon at St. Helena has fired his imagination, or ambition, and the materials which he should have issued for the use of others, as a conscientious editor, he has unwisely chosen to consume in the manufacture of a work that gives him rank as but a very poor historian. The late Sir Harris Nicolas, to whom these papers were first entrusted, was arranging everything that had historical value in a series of documents that would have occupied eight or nine octavos. Mr. Forsyth committed an error in judgment, that will be regretted by students of history for the next century or two, when he changed his predecessor's plans.

Sir Hudson Lowe, as quoted by Mr. Forsyth, in one of the most tantalizing parts of his preface, says,—“There are perhaps few, if any, public administrations of any kind, of which the records are so full and complete, as those of my government at St. Helena. There is not only a detailed correspondence, addressed to the proper department of his Majesty's government, reporting the occurrences of almost every day during the five

²⁰ “History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena: from the Letters and Journals of the late Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents, not before made public.” By William Forsyth, M.A., Author of “*Hortensius*,” &c. 3 vols. Murray.

years that Napoleon Bonaparte remained under my custody, but the greater part of the conversations held with Bonaparte himself, or with his followers, was immediately noted down."

Mr. Forsyth had also, he tells us, access to "a vast number of original despatches of Earl Bathurst, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies while Napoleon was at St. Helena, and to the originals, or copies, of every important document connected with the subject." Why might we not, through Mr. Forsyth's good offices, have ourselves read "every important document"?

We have made the preceding exceptions to Mr. Forsyth's work on the highest grounds only, bearing in mind the satisfaction due, not to the general reader, but to the interests of history. Those interests, it should be said, are not entirely set aside, for Mr. Forsyth's pages contain many documents, and statements drawn from documents, which have their own great and substantial value. There is, on the other hand, nothing left to be wished for, by the reader who desires a book that can be travelled over pleasantly and smoothly, to whom books are matters of amusement, not of study—fruits eaten at leisure, not seeds drilled into the mind during hours of toil.

Without intending still to complain, we must add, that this history, considered as a fruit, must be accounted ripe on one side only. Sir Hudson Lowe gets all the sun; Napoleon and his friends are quite thrown into the shade. This fact is not to the discredit of the book, but only of its title-page, upon which it ought to have been described as the story of "Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena," with the troubles and trials there endured by that much-suffering governor. There is an oddity which throughout strikes the reader in the relative positions held by Sir Hudson and Napoleon in the book—Sir Hudson the plagued, Napoleon the plager; and it perfectly proves the good faith in which Mr. Forsyth has digested into his history Sir Hudson's own impressions and opinions. He has evidently read all the unedited Lowe papers, and has so thoroughly assimilated the material provided for him, that he reveals all Sir Hudson's weaknesses and errors as clearly and naturally as that gallant soldier himself would have revealed them had he been his own biographer. Men often betray their own weakness when they think they are displaying strength; but of these volumes it is a rare and curious characteristic, that in them one man displays all the failings of another, while he is as blind to them as if they were his own. This defect is indirectly a great merit of the book, for it enables any man to come by a round-about, yet obvious path, at the right conclusion, which he has not been allowed to reach by a direct way.

That is a conclusion, we regret to say, in no way creditable to this country. The book carries us beyond the chills that arose between Napoleon and Sir Hudson—one, a narrow-minded man of genius; the other, a narrow-minded man, of no genius at all. Sir Hudson's pith was shrivelled by the rigidity of his military cortex. As a man, in all private relations, he was most estimable, proper flesh and marrow; but as a soldier he was purely pith and bark. Like a holly-bush, he took the form into which he was cut and trimmed. If the reader of this history—a mere indifferent looker-on—becomes exasperated by the prickly formality of the official, and wearies of the incessant strictness with which an honourable officer, over-anxious about the great trust committed to him, acts up to his instructions, surely Napoleon, who felt acutely every jar thus inflicted on his sensitive and restless temper, had a right to fret and to complain. Frenchmen, who can do ill-deeds with a good grace, were unable to comprehend the utter want of tact which was the great defect in Sir Hudson Lowe as governor of St. Helena. He was a careful and upright officer, who followed his instructions to the letter; and when he had done that, felt that there was nothing more to be demanded of him. For nine in ten of all the duties to which British officers are commonly appointed, he was the fit man, but he was not the fit man for so delicate a trust as the care of the person of Napoleon. Mr. Forsyth quotes, in a note, a communication from Colonel Jackson to himself, in which Sir Hudson Lowe is characterized as “a man possessing little of what is called *manner*—no man had less of that—but he was full of kindness, liberality, and consideration for the feelings of others.” Throughout Mr. Forsyth's book we find the narrative supporting this impression. Napoleon expected the new governor with satisfaction. “I should like,” he said, “to talk over many things with Sir Hudson Lowe; he is a soldier, and has served. He was with Blücher; besides, he commanded the Corsican regiment, and knows many of my friends and acquaintance.” Yet Sir Hudson's fatal want of manner caused Napoleon, at the first interview, to conceive a strong dislike towards him. He ordered, we are told, a cup of coffee, that had stood between Sir Hudson and himself, to be thrown out of the window because “Sir Hudson's face had turned it sour.” The few interviews that took place between the governor and the great exile all ended distressingly. Sir Hudson was too imperturbable; Napoleon lost his temper, and invariably afterwards regretted that he had not known how to control himself. Once, when Sir Hudson had departed, after bearing insolence with a calmness far more irritating than any natural expressions

of annoyance could have been, or any generous expostulation, Napoleon expressly ascribed his own irritation to the provoking coolness of his antagonist. At the end of an interview with his prisoner, when, after an insolent speech, a hot word would have been only wholesome, Sir Hudson himself thus chronicles the conversation to his government:—"He was continuing in this strain, when I interrupted him with saying, 'You make me smile, sir.' 'How smile, sir?' he replied, at the same time turning round with surprise at the remark, and looking at me, added—"I say what I think." 'Yes sir,' I answered, with a tone indicative of the sentiment I felt; and looking at him—"You force me to *smile*; your misconception of my character, and the rudeness of your manners, excite my *pity*. I wish you good day;" and I left him (evidently a good deal embarrassed) without any other salutation. The admiral quitted him immediately afterwards with a salute of the hat." The italics in that passage are Sir Hudson's.

We have been led by the importance of this book, and of the topic it reopens, to trespass much upon the narrow space just now at our disposal, in expressing the impression it has made upon us. We can only allude now to one other point brought very prominently forward in these papers—we fear that it would have been even more prominent in the whole series of documents as arranged by Sir Harris Nicolas—the mean spirit of espionage established at St. Helena by the Tory government of that time. O'Meara, the surgeon, who is shown to have been an unprincipled man, with the connivance of the government at home, carried not merely a double, but a triple face; he was one thing to Napoleon, another to Sir Hudson, and another to the Admiralty board. He sent home papers that assumed the character of secret reports in the form of letters to Mr. Finlaison, through which the Admiralty had the advantage of a private spy; but upon Napoleon and his friends the espionage was in reality a public system. Every act that was seen, every word that was heard, was written down and sent to England. Sir Hudson Lowe was bound to have that done, and is not blameable for having done it. The publication of these papers quite removes any stains that may have been cast on Sir Hudson's character as a soldier and a gentleman; but, though Mr. Forsyth does not seem to have expected that result, it has assured and deepened the impression formerly existing of the injudicious treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena. By its uncertainties have been removed, and though the truth made evident is not a welcome one to Englishmen, yet, since it is a truth, we must be glad that it is now so perfectly established.

Travels. From Napoleon at St. Helena we turn to Mrs. Meredith in Van Diemen's Land,²¹—a lady who bears cheerfully all the discomforts of a life at the Antipodes. Napoleon, if he had possessed her temper, would have felt quite snug in his last retreat. After a comparatively short experience in New South Wales, which formed the subject of a charming book, Mrs. Meredith, nine years ago, sailed with her husband to Van Diemen's Land, and there she has lived ever since, one of the happiest and most accomplished of Tasmanians. The description of her "Home" there, is in every respect the most delightful work that has been yet written on Van Diemen's Land. It depicts the colony as seen by cheerful eyes in pleasant colours. It points out the great freshness and beauty of its scenery compared with that of New South Wales, and its comparatively English character; it bears generous and earnest testimony to the good behaviour of the convict population; touches with goodnatured satire on the gentilities and weaknesses of the esquire colonists, their wives and daughters, but speaks of all such matters not with an affectation of contempt, but with the geniality of one who is on good terms of fellowship with all her race. It is a charming home book, though it speaks home feeling from afar over the water. Three or four changes of abode, and two unsettlements of her husband's plan of life, involving journeys from one end of the island to another, seem to have disturbed Mrs. Meredith's home feeling much less than it is disturbed in English families by three or four changes of a servant. Where she and baby were—she began home in Tasmania with an infant—there was the domestic spirit ever safe and sound. The narrative, in so far as it is personal, is for all these reasons exceedingly delightful. A true heart and a quick wit make Mrs. Meredith a capital narrator. We consent to be interested, when her little home party halts in a long jolt over a forest road to light a fire by the way, and make a little food for baby; or when the same small traveller is tucked up in a roadside inn upon the table. Then again, Mrs. Meredith is not a woman who can see no farther than her hearthstone; she has cultivated tastes; can describe, and does describe most gracefully and accurately, the chief natural productions of Tasmania; and illustrates her pages with such pleasant sketches as would do credit to the pencil of many a professed artist. Her accounts of the pet animals by which her home has been enlivened, among which we may especially name the history of a pet opossum, are instructive and excessively amusing.

²¹ "My Home in Tasmania during Seven Years." By Mrs. Charles Meredith. 2 vols. Murray.

The book contains also a number of stories about the old black population and their terrible deeds, taken from the experience of Mr. Meredith; very interesting in their way, and calculated very much to heighten the wonder of the reader at the fact that those wild, vindictive men, after the local government had waged to no purpose an expensive war against them, were all brought into Hobart, and shipped out of the way of the settlers by a single man, one of the thousands with that *nominis umbra* Robinson. He was a bricklayer who, with his wife, went unarmed among the savages, and by some unknown means brought them all to town, and made them voluntary exiles to another island. That man was, indeed, a greater wonder than the piper in the fairy tale who made the children follow him. If he be still alive he might save the four powers a great deal of trouble by getting all the Russian troops out of the principalities. That done, there would be no lack of occupation for any genius that takes a bent so useful. In every country there are natives who are nuisances, and whose removal would be looked upon as a great blessing. Happy day it will be when we have only to call "Jack Robinson," and they are gone. The day, we fear, will not be our day; Robinson must, for the present, be accounted one of the peculiar blessings of Tasmania.

Fine Arts. Next best to a Robinson is a Ruskin, who, in his own department of Fine Art, labours heartily to entice out of the midst of us all that is barbarous in taste. Mr. Ruskin may not himself be a model of good taste—we do not think he is—but he puts mind, not memory, into his judgment; for opinions he does not say by rote what has been said by respectable authorities before him,—he lets his brain work, judges for himself, and does not care whom his own notion contradicts. A man cannot do that without forming strong opinions, and being forced violently into a good many overbold antagonisms. In the second volume of "The Stones of Venice,"²² fancifully called "The Sea Stories," Mr. Ruskin writes as forcibly as ever, says many true and wise things, which, if not new, are at least not often to be heard in these days, and runs, as quiet people are disposed to think now and then, into very great extravagances. We would infinitely rather that he should be so, than that Mr. Ruskin should abate a little of his boldness or his eloquence, and settle down into the respectable writer who knows how, by cunning in his craft, to make things pleasant to all parties. Confusion is perpetuated while men are afraid to speak out boldly what they

²² "The Stones of Venice." By John Ruskin. Vol. II. The Sea Stories. Smith, Elder, & Co.

hold to be the truth on any subject. In taste as in theology, there is too much exclusiveness and too much dread of being thought heretical by the majority of people, who are in both cases almost equally obliged to adopt other men's opinions or hold none. Mr. Ruskin is a Wesley in his way, and good will come of all his energetic preaching, though there may be but half of it with which we can agree. His second volume of the "Stones of Venice" begins in a strain of mournful grandeur, with a word-picture of the place itself. It forms a brief and thoughtful chapter, suggesting at the same time an image and a reverie upon it large enough to fill the reader's mind, and bring him in the right spirit to minute contemplation of Venetian buildings. Scrutiny then properly begins with the Duomo of Torcello. It was from Torcello that, more than a thousand years ago, fugitives first went to the islands on which Venice stands. The church of Torcello, variously strengthened and re-created in its parts, has now stood for nine centuries. It was built by exiles from Altinum, after the burning of their own town. The absence of external ornament upon it, and "the massy stone shutters," writes Mr. Ruskin, "cause the whole building rather to resemble a refuge from Alpine storms than the cathedral of a populous city; and, internally, the two solemn mosaics of the eastern and western extremities,—one representing the Last Judgment, and the other the Madonna, her tears falling as her hands are raised to bless,—and the noble range of pillars which enclose the space between, terminated by the high throne for the pastor and the semicircular raised seat for the superior clergy, are expressive at once of the deep sorrow and the sacred courage of men who had no home left them upon earth, but who looked for one to come,—of men 'persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed.'" The same cathedral Mr. Ruskin again admires for the universal fitness of its style, inasmuch as "the actual condition of the exiles who built the cathedral of Torcello is exactly typical of the spiritual condition which every Christian ought to recognise in himself, a state of homelessness on earth, except so far as he can make the Most High his habitation." In this spirit of acute and ingenious criticism, putting life into the stones, Mr. Ruskin discusses also the mother church of San Donato, at Murano, St. Mark's and the Byzantine palaces at Venice. The discussion of the Gothic buildings is then prefaced by a shrewd and elaborate article, in which is considered at great length the nature of Gothic. This precedes the chapters on the Gothic palaces and on the Ducal Palace. A third volume, now at press, will conclude the whole work, with an account of the Early Roman and Grotesque Renaissance.

Fiction. From cathedrals and old palaces, we come to other works of fancy, even novels. There is "*Bleak House*,"²³ just now more famous than the *Duomo of Torcello*; it may be even the better work of the two; mind against mind, perhaps there has gone more feeling and more thought to its construction. All the English world is critic of it; we need say but little therefore of its character. There are chapters in it that may be taken as the maturest and best things ever written by their author. All that relates to that type of a class, the poor street outcast, "*Jo*," is told with the most exquisite skill and feeling, and will be remembered always as one of the choice things that do honour to our literature. The whole work is full of humour and pathos, yet there are defects in it that are as obvious as its beauties. The tone of the plot is more than usually melodramatic, and it is cumbered in its progress by some people with whom we are not glad to have met. The early decease of Mr. Krook, by any calamity, even by spontaneous combustion, was most welcome. The *Smallweeds* blot the pages of the book wherever they appear. Except in the first well-contrived scene with *Lady Dedlock*, Mr. Guppy appears only as a bad farce character; and even *Esther Summerson* fatigues us by the pains she takes to show how wonderfully good she is, and how unconscious of her goodness. Few works written of late by Mr. Dickens have given so much opportunity to make exception against this point and that, yet in none that he has ever written does there appear so great a maturity of power; it abounds in pictures wrought out with the most masterly care and finish, it appeals in turn to almost every emotion, and, barring the purposeless disgust excited by the *Smallweeds*, turns every thought suggested in it towards what is good and pure and noble. They who find fault with "*Bleak House*," and they must be many, can only quarrel with it as with what they love.

There has been published recently a little novel in one volume, by Mr. Charles Reade,²⁴ that ought to be quarrelled with very much; but it is a little thing, and we have taken it to our hearts. It is abominably faulty, full of wilfulness and affectation, but we give our hand to it. For us it has no faults. The little novel is called "*Christie Johnstone*." *Christie* is a young *Newhaven* fishwife, as true a *Newhaven* girl as it is a true countess who rages, or a true peasant woman who is beaten, in the "*Diable à Quatre*" at the Opera. She is a theatre heroine, yet she is a character not less dramatic than theatrical. Mr. Reade won his

²³ "*Bleak House*." By Charles Dickens. Bradbury & Evans.

²⁴ "*Christie Johnstone*." By Charles Reade, Esq. Bentley.

first laurels as part author of "Masks and Faces." "Christie Johnstone" is even a better thing than that most admirable little drama. It is full of animal spirits, wit, life, piquancy, and provocation. Nothing more natural was ever shown behind the footlights. The story is well contrived, the incidents, which we have no right here to disclose, are finely wrought; much of the humour, and one highly elaborated incident, being at the same time of the most sterling quality, and showing a power that, if sustained, would ensure for its author lasting fame. We have said all this of a novel curiously faulty, and can only beg that all who have been puzzled by this definition of it, will get the one volume and read it for themselves, so that they also may be delighted and perplexed. The delight will greatly overbalance the perplexity.

If novel-readers are the idle, novel-writers are surely the busy in the land. In literature, as in life, there never is a lack of fiction. We are disposed to confess that we are idle enough to have read another novel which, in another way, has given us great satisfaction. It is entitled "The Twin Sisters,"²⁵ and its only fault is the welcome one of want of craft. It reads like—we do not know that it is—a first work, written with that genuine solicitude and satisfaction remembered by writers who, among the pleasures they enjoyed when they were innocent, have worn the pen down to the stump, linking it with their hoops and cricket bats, their daisies and green fields. There is a want of skill shown in the conduct of the plot to its close, which perhaps will make the third volume less effective than the other two, but the whole work is very fresh, unforced, and unaffected. The characters of the *Twin Sisters* are remarkably well drawn, the one actuated by a good impulse, growing, with a slowness and sureness nicely marked through the hard teachings of life, into principle; the other actuated more and more by passion, as the troubles of the world collect about her. The novel is written in a very sound and wholesome spirit, there is an air of womanly purity about it,—its thoughts are pure and its ideals pure. Uncle Jos and his sister belong to the real sort of good people, and there are no characters in the novel better than nature. Amy, the heroine, is not the lady of the novelists, but a true woman, the expanding of whose mind we watch as the tale proceeds, who has her errors and her honest little woman's prejudices; who makes mistakes and heartily regrets them; who loves like a woman, but in a practical and natural, not sentimental way;—a woman with a character, which is well marked

²⁵ "The Twin Sisters." 3 vols. John Chapman.

by the author without resort to the vulgar artifice of exaggerating some one peculiarity. The amiable old governess, Miss Parker, is another pleasant sketch, an unaffected little portrait, altogether free from caricature. There are several other well and quietly portrayed characters developed in the book, which is throughout simple and genuine, adulterated with no kind of clap-trap,—one that we hope we may be permitted to define as a good home-made novel.

There has been published recently another book of fiction, having the same unaffected manner, and the same purity of tone,—a volume of short tales by Mrs. Newton Crosland,²⁶ a lady who devotes her pen only to good uses, and who has written many little things, over which women, and men too, might spend bits of their leisure pleasantly and well. Her book, last published, is a reprint, in a cheap form, of little tales and sketches which had appeared in shady corners of our dense and ever-growing forest of periodicals; it is called by the author, for that reason, “*Stray Leaves from Shady Places.*” They deserve to have the sun upon them. They are not dead leaves, but they have stem and root to them, and they are full of wholesome juices. Mrs. Crosland’s quiet little book is gentle, true-hearted, and womanly. We think, therefore, that from our wives and daughters—why not, then, from us?—it merits welcome.



ART. X.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

Theology. **T**HE publication of discourses¹ such as Mr. Parker seems to be in the ordinary habit of delivering, is likely to prove of great advantage in rendering popular the sounder views of religion already familiar to thinking men. He possesses the faculty of detail, and is able therefore to command a degree of sympathy never given to mere abstract statement and reasoning. The generality of men, cautious of untrodden ways, demand to have their imagination familiarized with the results towards which it is proposed to lead them; they cannot follow an abstract guidance, but refer themselves to some book

²⁶ “*Stray Leaves from Shady Places.*” By Mrs. Newton Crosland. Routledge.

¹ “*Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology.*” By Theodore Parker. London: Chapman’s “Quarterly Series.”

or chart of manners, to some delineation or some example of what they desire to become. Mr. Parker, with an eloquence which would lose nothing of its real strength by some additional carefulness, somewhat roughly, perhaps, at times, yet always with point and force, appeals to the feeling in which men delight, while pointing out to the judgment the way of life which thousands at this day are blindly and hopelessly seeking.

The method of these discourses is practical, addressing their argument to common sense. Atheism and the popular theology are exhibited in their repulsive relations to common life, while from the better conception of divine things, of which the writer is a chief apostle, there is shown to arise in natural development the tranquil security of religious trust, guidance, and comfort in all social duty, and the clear hope of the world to come. Three lectures are devoted to these forms of thought, as exhibiting a theory of the universe; three in relation to practical life. Then follows a beautiful sermon on Immortality, a single extract from which will suffice to show the manner and the thought of this powerful writer:—

“At the grave the atheist and the theological Christian look each other in the face; one has laid away his daughter for annihilation; he is the father of nothing; the other has buried his son in eternal torment, the father of a devil’s victim! What comfort has the one from nothing, the other from hell? Human nature tells both, ‘It is a lie: atheism is here a lie; the popular theology is there another lie.’ Yes, it is a lie; eternal morning follows the night. A rainbow scarfs the shoulders of every cloud, weeping its rain away to become flowers on land and pearls at sea. Life rises out of the grave; the soul cannot be held by festering flesh. Absolute religion puts this ghastly theology to everlasting rest. The Infinite Master will mercifully chasten, heal and bless even the prodigal whom death surprised impenitent.

“But conscious of the infinite perfection of God, with the consciousness of immortality in my heart, all this time I smile through my tears, as death conveys in his arms, one by one, the dear ones from my side. I see them go up like fabled Elijah in his car of flame. I see their track of light across the sky, and I am contented—I am glad. I also shall presently journey in the same chariot of fire, and sit down again beside the dear ones who have gone before!”

We recommend to the earnest attention of the querulous, impracticable scepticism of our time, three essays on Providence which follow, in which the author exhibits some real facts about pain and evil which the spoiled temper of disappointed philosophy is too prone to forget. The volume begins with “some thoughts on the condition of Christendom,” and at the end are two discourses, which will be read with pleasure by those who feel interest in Mr. Parker’s career as a minister of religion.

Though the composition of an American author, we owe the publication of this admirable volume to the enterprise of an English publisher, who has enriched it with a portrait of the author. One other quotation, for its equal beauty and force, must be given from the second lecture on "Providence;" the author has just alluded to the labours of men like Bacon, Newton, La Place, and Humboldt in physical science:—

"And what a world of harmonious beauty it is, as seen by the material eye, and then reflected in the educated mind of these philosophers! But when some man, with mind greater than the greatest of these, shall gather into his more affluent consciousness a corresponding knowledge of the world of animals and men; shall devise the new instruments of a higher science; write in more than mathematic poetry the principia of this sensitive universe, the laws that govern life in time and space, magnificently setting forth the fair mechanics of the world, its metaphysic laws, whose ultimate resultant is lovelier beauty and harmony of a yet sweeter accord; and grouping to a harmonious whole this other Kosmos of vital and personal forces, painting in words this white Amazonian lily of bliss floating on the river of God; why, what a wealth of wisdom, of justice, of love and holiness will it not reveal in the mind of the infinite God, Father and Mother of all that are! Then, by the inductive mode alone, without deduction from the idea of God, but only by the study of facts and history, shall men prove—what I can only postulate—the perfect workmanship of God."

"Regeneration" is the title of a short and pleasing treatise which will be more welcome to many persons than the sharp-ringing speech of Theodore Parker, but which we accept as one of the many examples of the strong influence exerted by such men as he upon the religious denominations. Mr. Sears is eminently spiritualist, though, in his belief in miraculous revelation, Unitarian; he is familiar with nature in its laws, with religion in evangelical experiences; he replies to certain views of Emerson while catching his spirit; and writes with the pure poetry of Nathaniel Hawthorne, though simply developing a doctrine of theology.

He believes of our nature that it is corrupt; that we possess what he foolishly calls "transmissive dispositions and proclivities to evil," by law of natural descent. This law he justifies as the necessary method of progress for humanity. He then illustrates the work of the Holy Spirit in counteraction of the "proclive" tendency, showing that the same spirit is at work in all men, but in the "regenerate" most complete. His doctrine

of development is therefore not pure. He does not believe that the innate goodness of humanity conquers the hereditary evil, but that itself comes directly from above. The third part shows "the nature of regeneration and the means by which it is accomplished." It may excite surprise that a writer of such elevated sentiment, with views of the Supreme Being so orderly and just, and of human nature so generally in harmony with the scheme of divine law manifested in the facts of experience, should regard as necessary any outward and irregular revelation. He admits that God was in Christ in perhaps nearly the entire sense attributed to that expression by the liberal party of the orthodox; in his view of the atonement occurs a like approximation to theirs. We shall be glad to learn that his book is extensively read. It is calculated, under the protecting shade of their own attachments, to win many from the crazed errors of dogmatism.

The following remarks are characteristic of the generally excellent style and spirit of the book:—

"Hence the first essential work of reform is in separate individual minds. We may besiege our social evils from without with ever so much of noise and shouting, but since they are but our inward and perverted life putting out into leaf and flower, we might tear away the leaves and flowers only to be produced again. Not that reform should not be preached, and Christianity faithfully applied to all outward abuses. But the prime duty of every man, not only to himself and God, but to his race, is self-purification, so that his nature shall be receptive of angelic affections, and transmit them as the best inheritance to the coming time. He is no true reformer who does not study, as in the fear of God, the laws of his own existence, both psychological and physical, and conform to them as laws that are sacred and divine, deeming the transmission of evil tendencies as the foulest wrong which he can inflict upon his kind. They have done the most for the race whose inheritance to it is a pure and lofty manhood, and from whom the sacred stream of being comes down unpolluted and strong. By such a transmigration of souls, they become immortal on the earth, and they are abroad on errands of goodness while their bodies smoulder in the cerements of the grave."

Our next book is a manual of Unitarian doctrine,³ though not so represented on the title-page. It discusses, nearly in the usual manner, the questions of the Trinity and the atonement, but in a spirit of extreme candour, and with an evident desire to avoid giving offence. On the point of retribution by eternal punishment, which forms the topic of the last lecture, the author

³ "Discourses on the Unity of God, and other Subjects." By W. J. Eliot, Junr. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

is undecided. He says in one place, "We do not know but that we may separate ourselves so far from God as to make our return impossible." Presently afterwards, he adds, speaking of the Father, "No one of his creatures will ever be beyond the reach of his infinite pity;" a much more sensible remark, and one more obviously just. There is one lecture upon regeneration, which describes it apparently as the result of pure natural development, though presently introducing a necessity for supernatural help, somewhat confusing to the uninitiated.

"The Bible in the Counting-house"⁴ is the title of a book, containing ten lectures, addressed to the merchants of Philadelphia. They are written in a style plain and vigorous, and are, upon the whole, well adapted for usefulness. The author exhibits the commercial character in its relations of various kinds, in its immense responsibilities and great temptations; discourses upon speculation and bankruptcy, the necessity of culture, both for the intellect and the affections, and the especial advantages of the day of rest. He is justly severe upon many sophisms of conventional morality, and those tricks of trade by which men "hasting to be rich" fall into a snare. Unfortunately for the general purpose at which the writer aims, he founds his own advice upon a system of theology little calculated to add force to his remarks. The cool-headed merchant, who is informed that the most exalted honour in his dealings is not to be accepted in the sight of heaven without evangelical faith and experience, will be likely to attach little value to Dr. Boardman's moral counsel. It is a great misfortune that so much solid instruction required to be seasoned with a mixture of the very doctrines which, more than any other influence, have encouraged those neglects and sophisms under which commercial intercourse has acquired its proverbially immoral character.

Strange as it may appear, we are beginning to receive from America books which, admitting the insufficiency or asserting the errors of the principles on which the fathers of the republic based their action, seek other foundations of political organization and power. Whatever the intentions of the authors, or the conclusions to which they themselves would limit the use of their own premisses, it is nevertheless true that any European despot may now draw from the great Western Republic quite enough of a certain kind of political science to support a strictly logical defence of himself and his system.

⁴ "The Bible in the Counting-House; a Course of Lectures to Merchants." By H. A. Boardman, D.D. London: Trübner & Co.

Amongst these books, Mr. Warner's^a professes, first, to define liberty, and then to apply the definition in the form of discussions on liberty of place,—of pleasure-seeking,—of business,—of trade,—and of conscience: the same definition is lastly applied to the department of politics.

Other definitions of liberty being first rejected, that of the author is as follows: "I would say, it is the power of doing, free of human hindrance, whatsoever God's laws permit." On the face of it, the first part of this definition seems unobjectionable; but, in the very next paragraph, this "power of doing" is expressly distinguished from the power of "trying to do;" and it is emphatically placed in the definition in the sense of succeeding, to the exclusion of the sense of absence of hindrance from endeavouring. We doubt whether any man could adhere to this definition of liberty through an entire system of thought; certainly our author has not succeeded in doing so. But if it could be so adhered to, and were to be applied to questions of government, as he designs, it would follow both that no man is free who does not succeed in all his innocent designs, and that no government is free which does not provide for the success of all its subjects. If this be so, then there is nothing to prevent government from being pushed into every detail of life by the ever-recurring complaints of those who do not succeed, and the end must be to bring everything to a state of unmixed communism.

It is true, Mr. Warner often pursues a line of remark which really assumes a very different idea of liberty. Thus, at p. 24, he says, "There must be no *will* over us but *God and the laws*. Where this is the case, and the rulers are but the administrators of a settled legal economy, so as to be feared by evil doers and by none else, the citizen relieved of the intolerable burden of standing for ever on the look-out at once against wrongs from above and around him, from government and his fellow-men, is *free* for positive employment, *free* to cultivate the soil, to manufacture its products," &c. &c. And so also in other places. Here is nothing whatever of success, but only of effort—not of "doing" in our author's sense, but only of "trying to do." But although the passages are frequent in which the sounder sense is predominant, yet the principle originally assumed comes to the surface, more or less, to the last, and does all its harm by formally letting in just as much as Mr. Warner, or any government on earth, good or bad, shall choose to believe or to say is requisite for the "success" of the governed. The whole question of government

^a "The Liberties of America." By H. W. Warner, of New York. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1853. [Dated from New York, and printed in America.]

is thus theoretically given up to the confusion into which unrestrained and most unthinking practice has ever brought it.

But, much more: liberty is here restricted to the doing "whatsoever God's laws permit." Now, there can be no doubt that God's laws, in some sense, come into the operation and practice of liberty whether we will or no; for the very evils against which law is made and liberty is to be defended, are breaches of God's law as embodied in the constitution and arrangements of the universe about us. But to say that a government is at liberty to take these into account *in their quality of God's law*, and not exclusively as matters of human observation, feeling, and concern, is to subject again, by American authority, all affairs of conviction and conscience to that human jurisdiction from which we believed they had well nigh escaped where Anglo-Saxon liberty prevails. Nothing more is required to afford an easy justification for any repression of thought, however stern or desolating, and for every persecution, however bitter. The dragonnades of France, and the alternate persecutions of England, were founded on precisely this principle. Spain uses it to-day in defence of her intolerance. What Mohammedanism and Hindooism did with it we all know. But, according to a fair, and, indeed, inevitable use of Mr. Warner's principle, there was no violation of liberty by any of these; for they did not interfere with what they understood to be in conformity with "God's law." We might have hoped that Americans writing on such a subject, would have remembered that their principles would have an application beyond the boundaries of New England.

After this the reader will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Warner's book often attempts to apply the sanctions of law to details of morals: it is full of minor matters, as well as of unhesitating adoptions of what we have learned in England to consider the characteristics of an exploded legislation. His "Liberty of Conscience" is not much more than liberty to believe, as he himself believes, and to do as he does; the Jew, the seventh-day Baptist, and the Unitarian, get little favour from him; and the man who dares to question the dogmatic authority of the Bible in its full extent, must come to England for his liberty of speech if not of thought, if Mr. Warner rule. "Liberty of Trade" is a liberty of interferences; and the regulation by law of the commissions of auctioneers and agents which he suggests, is only a sample of the extensions to which the adoption of his views must lead. He seems to wish for a law wherever he sees a matter not to his own mind; and there seems to be no limit either in his system or his book which should hinder every action of human life from becoming an affair of Government. After

all the warnings on this subject of which the world is full, it is strange to find such a book produced on American soil.

Mr. R. Hildreth, the author of a very valuable *History of the United States*, produces another of these reactionary books.⁶ He gives up entirely the "Metaphysical Theory of Natural Human Equality," and charges it with "anarchical logical results." That is, he says it leads to the conclusion that, were men as equal amongst themselves as the principle assumes them to be, there would be no government at all; for there would be no motive on any side for submission. But it is obvious that here an equality of *right*, which is all that the principle was ever intended to assert, is changed by Mr. Hildreth into an equality of *power*; although it is expressly against the consequences of an inequality of power that every political theory professes to provide in favour of the equality of right. Starting, however, from the point made by this perversion, our author seeks to ascertain the actual forces of the nature of motives which produce the equilibrium of governments; and in so far as he attempts an induction of the nature of government from observed facts, we cannot but welcome his production as a great advance on the theories of government which have produced so many changes, with so little real improvement, during the last seventy years, and which are, for the most part, mere artificial sciences, raised as any others might be, from certain postulates, without much reference to realities.

The primary elements of power, or intrinsic sources of inequality, are enumerated as muscular strength,—skill, dexterity, or art,—sagacity,—force of will,—knowledge,—eloquence,—and virtue. Those described as of the second order are wealth,—traditionary respect,—the idea of property in power,—the influence of mystical ideas,—combination,—and aggregation. The motives which act immediately to produce the political equilibrium, or the existence and stability of the government, are stated to be the "pleasure of superiority" or "ambition" on one side,—and on the other "fears," "admiration," and "the idea of the moral duty of obedience." Now, whatever merit or accuracy this may have as a description of the actual state of the case as far as it goes, it is plainly just as much an analysis of the sources of all other influence or power, as of those of the influence or power of government. Wherever ten men are associated, for whatever purpose, with whatever understanding, and

⁶ "Theory of Politics: an Inquiry into the Foundations of Governments, and the Causes and Progress of Political Revolutions." By Richard Hildreth, author of "The United States of America," &c. London: Clarke, Beeton, & Co.; New York, Harper & Brothers. [No date.]

under whatever sanctions, the superiority which one or more will soon manifest and exercise over the others, must have the same sources, and will have, in every case, the greater part of the same sources, as are here assigned to political power or government; and this book, which offers us "a theory of politics," leaves the most important questions relating to government as much in the dark as ever. We are not shown what is the relation of government to human life and growth in general, what to the individual man, what to the other forces which actuate society and change the character of its elements; we have no intimation of the proportion which government does or ought to bear to the whole of the influences operating on the individual or the mass; of what is the just extent or limitation of its operation or objects. The most that is given us is an analysis of the causes which change the form of governments, and all beyond that is left pretty much as it was found.

It is remarkable, moreover, that this scheme of politics is constructed without the admission of anything in the nature of rights—that is, without formally recognising the existence of anything which a man ought to be, or to do, or to possess, independent of, or in opposition to the will of any of his fellows, or all of them. Everything seems to depend on motives to which the notion of an inherent right of any kind is not necessary. It is only as men fear, or admire, or think they ought to submit, that government, or changes in government, take place; and a man has no claim to be what he is or ought to be in himself, for he is and can be in politics only what the circumstances arising from the motives of his fellows may make him. Just as Mr. Warner makes liberty the result of law, not merely in its practical existence, but in its intimate and rightful nature, so Mr. Hildreth makes government the result of circumstances, without any reference to supreme objects, dear to men, for the sake of which it exists.

It is only a legitimate deduction from these principles (and it is the author's own deduction, p. 8), that might proves the right. No doubt might,—success,—permanence,—prove the fact that the government in any particular case, is that which results from the condition of the people and the state of things at the time, all taken together. But the most this affords us is an important explanation of the fact, and not what Mr. Hildreth takes it for, such a moral justification in every possible case as is implied in the use of the word "right." If we admit our author's view, there is no disposition which is not justified, *in morals as well as in law*, by the mere fact of its existence; nor can any man have a right in any case to complain of its worst acts, for in those acts it only follows the ascertained bent of its nature, and the

A small volume,* ascribed, we believe correctly, to Mr. Charles Norton, son of the eminent theologian, Mr. Andrews Norton, contains a review of the ultra-democratic and high socialistic doctrines, which, in 1848 and 1849, were, we are told, destined to change the face of Europe at least, and which certainly, in 1853, may be admitted to have originated great changes not confined to Europe, though scarcely of the character predicted. *Solvitur ambulando*—the insoluble problem is working itself its answer, by emigration; and the labourer, the late drug in all European markets, is either seeking his true exchangeable value in Californian and Australian gold-fields abroad, or demanding it in strikes at home.

Meantime, on the eastern seaboard of America, difficulties we have begun to think chimerical, have been attracting some notice. The great ports are naturally crowded with an immigrant population, which is often slow and timid to move on to the west, and which may well appeal, meantime, to the unjaded sympathies of a people living under a social condition, in these respects superior to any known in Europe. Mendicity societies, and model-lodgings, home-missions, and refuges for the destitute, are names and things with which our transatlantic kinsmen in New York and Boston are beginning to feel familiar. With our pauper population we have exported also our cleemosynary expedients. Mr. Norton's book is written in a singularly temperate and dispassionate tone; and although he falls into Mr. Warner's error about "God's law," he happily avoids, in his practical conclusions, the mistakes into which that error might well have led him. He appears to have examined pretty carefully the statistics relating to the experiments in co-operative association, which, at one time, were so numerous, and were said to be so successful in Paris. Nor is he unacquainted with our own similar movements in England. Such efforts appear rather to have his sympathy than his faith. The old methods of charity, and the despised remedies of personal relief, are those which he seems to recur to in the end with most satisfaction. And assuredly public and private charity in a land where each individual human being (Mr. Norton belongs, it must be remembered, to one of the virtuous commonwealths of New England) may feel that his worth as such is recognised, is a thing far different from that which has to be tendered and received in countries where the sight of extreme social contrasts turns the patience which would submit to hardships into burning resentment against injustice. These

* "Considerations on some Recent Social Theories." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1853.

great exhibitions, we hope, will not be repeated in the New World. The sound democratic sense of the common people of America will, we trust, be long successful in resisting the insidious approaches of an European quasi-aristocracy, whose sole titles would be some historic totals of dollars, and whose highest virtues those of getting and spending.

The last chapter of this little volume may be recommended to those who judge of American feeling, on subjects of national aggrandizement, by what they read in the newspapers. Americans may naturally find in the virtues of their popular system of government a justification for its extension, which they may conceive Czars and East India directors scarcely to possess for *their* acts of annexation. Yet there are many—this book proves, at any rate, that there are some—who, for the sake of their own country's welfare, would be disinclined to accept overtures, were such made, from the half-caste Spaniards of Mexico, or the semi-savages of the Sandwich Islands, for admission to the franchises of the Union.

History. Mr. Jared Sparks,⁹ to whose labours American historians will ever be indebted, has followed up his edition of "Washington's Correspondence," with four volumes containing the letters of eminent men addressed to Washington during the Revolution. It will be remembered that, in editing the former set of documents, Mr. Sparks committed an error which provoked serious animadversions from Lord Mahon, and led to a controversy which ended by establishing the general, and, we believe, just impression, that Mr. Sparks, though a veteran student, holding deservedly the highest character both in his own country and in this, had, to a certain extent, allowed the feeling of the American to predominate over the feeling of the scholar, and omitted some passages, and polished others, in the mistaken belief that Washington would make a better figure if his letters were in some degree revised. Many of the omissions Mr. Sparks justified as fairly and simply intended to avoid unnecessary repetition; others, however, were attempts to improve brusque, offhand, or familiar sayings, as by the polite conversion of "Old Put" into "General Putman,"—which weakened the character of the correspondence, and very much diminished its historic value. We do not idly revive the recollection of the controversy raised on this account, we advert to it only because we owe it to Mr. Sparks to say, that in this important supplement to Washington's

⁹ "Correspondence of the American Revolution; being Letters of Eminent Men to George Washington, from the time of his taking the Command of the Army, to the end of his Presidency." Edited from the Original Manuscripts. By Jared Sparks. 4 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

letters, the first error of judgment, if not quite acknowledged, is abandoned, that all letters in these volumes are printed without verbal alteration or omission, and that there is nothing whatever to detract from their very great historical importance. They are edited most conscientiously and ably; they contain the right number of necessary notes; and they are indexed, both by a classified reference to the letters under the names of their respective writers, and by a general index of all points of history discussed in them, with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired. If Mr. Sparks was before too jealous for the reputation of a hero who was in no need of such solicitude, and if, by such patriotic tenderness, he lost some of the honour due to his own labours, the lost ground is much more than recovered by the volumes now before us.

The Correspondence of the Revolution now given to the world supplies, indeed, in the best way, historical material of first rate importance. It enables us to penetrate below the surface of the deeds done, and to see the motives, ways and means that lay under the doing of them. Here we have letters to General Washington from all the chiefs of the army at all stages of the war, detailing the private history of military operations, difficulties with troops, trouble in getting lead or powder, with the reason why this attempt was made or that abandoned. There are letters from the governors of states, showing in what way each co-operated in the patriotic struggle; letters from private members, or the President of Congress; letters from men in private stations, placing in Washington's hands ideas that had occurred to them, and that had seemed likely to be useful to their country; letters familiar, letters flattering, (including the request for leave to dedicate to him an epic poem on the Conquest of Canaan,) and letters formal. Characters of all kinds speak to the world for ever through these volumes the exact feelings that aroused and maintained one of the most eventful struggles upon record, and the impression left after a reading of the whole body of letters tends, in the highest degree, to the honour of America. There is a righteous earnestness, by which every one who writes seems to be prompted, and although we may believe that, to a certain extent, the tone of the whole correspondence is raised by the fact that it was addressed throughout to a high-minded man, before whom even the mean would seek to hide their meanness, still the genuineness of the sentiments expressed is too manifest to be often doubted. There can be no doubt about such writing as this. It is the beginning of a letter signed Joseph Hawley, dated from Watertown, in June, of the year 1776:—

"GENERAL WASHINGTON,

"The most important matters are soon to be decided by arms. Unhappy it is for the Massachusetts, and, I fear, for the whole continent, that, at this season, we have a large and numerous Assembly. More than one half of the House are new members. Their decisions are most afflictingly slow, when everything calls for the utmost ardour and despatch. The Lord have mercy on us! This colony, I imagine, will raise the men required by Congress before snow falls, but in no season for the relief of either New York or Canada.

"Pray, sir, consider what is to be done. It is my clear opinion that there will not be a single company move in this colony, for either of those places, these three weeks. I know, sir, it will vex you; but your Excellency will not be alone in the vexation. My soul, at times, is ready to die within me at the delays; at others, my blood to press out at the pores of my body. But what shall be the expedients?" &c., &c.

We should add, that Mr. Sparks has appended to these important volumes, sets of letters, addressed by actors in the American war of independence to each other, and not specially to Washington, in illustration of the military operations in Canada, in Virginia and South Carolina, and on Hudson's River, and of the operations of the northern army.

While the Americans are, as a body, diligently making public all the details that throw light upon the first grand event in a national history, destined to become, in due time, perhaps the most important in the world, there are, happily, not a few able men who, in each several state, are engaged upon the examination and collection of its records. So near to our own time was the occurrence of events from which the Americans will date the outset of their history, that it is still possible to collect not only written records, but much oral testimony, bearing in a very interesting way upon it. The first pioneers of the west are not all dead; the very first log cabins that were built among the Indians, where there are now thriving towns of white men, are not yet all broken to pieces. The written records left by the first settlers in various parts of the Union—letters, journals, and county records—are still to be collected in great numbers by the antiquary, if he may be called an antiquary who dives into the beginnings of a history that was all future a hundred years ago. To men like Dr. Ramsey, who, after long antiquarian study of this kind, has collected and just published, at Charleston, the "*Annals of Tennessee*,"¹⁰ unstinted applause is due. Without good local histories, general history can be only vague and

¹⁰ "*The Annals of Tennessee to the end of the Eighteenth Century, comprising its settlement as the Watanga Association, from 1769 to 1777, &c., &c.*" By J. G. M. Ramsey, A.M., M.D., &c., &c. Charleston: John Russell.

shadowy. Dr. Ramsey, as he tells us, and as the fulness and minuteness of his narrative attest, has procured verbal narratives from the old settlers who survive, has examined papers left by others who are dead, and has endeavoured to recover every memorandum, bearing on the history of Tennessee, that it was possible to drag out of obscurity. In the loft of an out-of-the-way cabin he discovered many of the official papers of the State of Franklin; in another he found the lost constitution of the proposed State of Frankland. In the garret of an empty house at Knoxville, he found an old trunk which contained an important prize—the papers of Governor Sevier. How much the prompt diligence of patriotic antiquaries is required, may be gathered from one illustrative fact that we cite, as one among a thousand. Less than seventy years ago, the proceedings of the State of Franklin never were printed, because there was no printing-press nearer than Richmond or Charleston, and it was customary to appoint some person who read aloud all recent enactments in the hearing of the people, at the first militia training that took place, and after the rise of the General Assembly. Dr. Ramsey's "Annals of Tennessee" begin with purely Indian times, and relate the history of the soil now named Tennessee through all social and political changes down to the end of the last century.

Mr. Schoolcraft's account of his travel and adventure in the region of the Ozark mountains¹¹ of Missouri and Arkansas, five-and-thirty years ago, have almost the character of Annals, since they convey a graphic picture of a portion of the country under conditions that have undergone great change. Mr. Schoolcraft is well known to mineralogists, and has a considerable scientific reputation. He has a strong and cheerful mind within a crippled body, and the spirit of the journal of his mountain tour, written in younger days, is not a whit cooled by the revision it has lately undergone in final preparation for the press. Parts of the journal did at the time indirectly come to light, and were reprinted in England by Sir Richard Phillips, in his *Collection of Voyages and Travels* (1821). The volume now published is full of such incident and adventure among bears, Indians, or hunters, as might be expected in the story of a vigorous man's travel among mountains, then on the very verge of western civilization. A higher interest connected with the narrative is Mr. Schoolcraft's careful and original tracing of the track of De Soto and the Spanish cavaliers west of the Mississippi. Its highest interest lies, however, in the naturalist

¹¹ "Scenes and Adventures in the Semi-Alpine Region of the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas, which were first discovered by De Soto, in 1541." By Henry Rowe Schoolcraft. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

spirit that pervades it, in the passing notices of the geology and mineralogy of the district traversed, and in the appendix on the mines of the Missouri. This essay, which is a reprint, precedes a variety of other notices possessing much historical or scientific interest, sufficiently connected with the main subject to form a series of appendices which are, in fact, equal in importance to the book itself.

CHS:K

ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.*

History. **T**HE literature of any nation is but the reflex of its life, and an abundant literature without a rich national life, is like a magic mirror thronged with spectral unrealities. The power of some mighty conjuror may for a moment (as in the Goethe and Schiller period in Germany) call forth upon its surface a dazzling prospect, but it is sure to vanish quickly and leave darkness behind. The darkness has indeed, in the case of Germany, never been complete, for its literature was not national but cosmopolitan,—still it cannot be denied that after the flash of that bright, sudden morning had passed away, it did for a long time present rather a cloudy and discouraging aspect. From many indications, however, we are induced to hope that its period of decline is past, and that its future growth will be more vigorous, because less forced and exotic in its character than in its so-called golden age. In the “General History of Commerce,”¹ we have a work worthy of its best days, comprehensive in its views, philosophical in spirit, learned, yet wholly free from any touch of pedantry, and by its style recommending to cultivated readers of every class a subject that has usually been made repulsive and technical. There is nothing in which the philosophy of history is more deeply concerned than in tracing the course taken by human activity in this, one of its main directions, and on the whole, though in commerce the great motive power is avowedly the love of gain, its history furnishes matter for more satisfactory reflection than the records of warfare, of politics, or what is called religion.

The true principle of trade, it has been said, is to seek your own lawful profit, while at the same time benefiting others; and this is, perhaps, the best that has yet been found to operate extensively among the mass of mankind. Doubtless there have

* The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

¹ “Allgemeine Geschichte des Welthandels.” Von H. Scherer. Vol. I. Leipsig: Schulze. 1852.

been in every age a few great spirits actuated by the higher and purer one of seeking the good of others, even with sacrifice of their own, but these have always moved high above the ordinary level of humanity. The world at large has not yet worked out in practice anything better than the principle of trade, and well would it be for the world if it had never acted on anything worse. Often enough the actuating principle has been to seek one's own profit with total disregard of the rights of others, or even to their manifest injury. The author of the History now before us is a man of business, as well as of letters, and he has not filled his pages with masses of statistical tables and figures, on which, severe as they look, there is often as little reliance to be placed as on the merest figures of rhetoric; and though well acquainted with whatever has been written on the subject, he has derived his materials principally from an extensive course of actual experience in business, acquired during long residence in some of the principal commercial cities of Europe, and in his present position on the Exchange of Trieste.

This experience will, however, be more available in the subsequent volumes of his work, which will treat of the commerce of modern times, than in the present, which describes its birth and progress from the earliest ages to the sixteenth century. That of the antique world can be drawn only in general outlines, and the materials are but scanty, since the most commercial nations of antiquity, the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, have left no record of their proceedings. Even in its most flourishing period, which M. Scherer gives as from the sixth to the third century before the Christian era, it was limited in its extent not only by the limitation in the number of consumers in a state of society in which the masses had scarcely any wants, but also by the similarity of climate and production in the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean Sea, its chief theatre. With the decay of Greece sank also her commerce and her industry, and world-commanding Rome absorbed the wealth and trade of subject nations in unproductive generalization. The active competition that had existed amongst a number of free though small states, entirely disappeared. What commerce continued to exist with remote countries consisted not as now in contributions to the necessities, and raw material for the industrial occupation of the most numerous classes of the community, but in mere articles of luxury for the rich—gold, pearls, diamonds, silk stuffs, slaves, wild animals for the circus, and other things that had value only for them.

At the period of the invasion of the northern tribes, the destruction of commercial relations, as of most ancient forms of life, was complete, the threads were entirely broken, and seven

hundred years after the Christian era, the commerce of the world was in no more advanced condition than at the same period before it. Only articles of the first and rudest necessity for food and clothing were produced in Europe, and these were mostly consumed by the producers. In quantity and quality of production Europe was immeasurably inferior to Asia.

Soon after this, the sun of commercial prosperity was shining in full glory over the countries ruled by the Arabs. Their immense territory, extending from the Atlantic to the Himalayas, and the deserts of Central Asia, and from Lower Italy to the Niger and the Nile, comprehended such a variety of soil and climate, that even without any special encouragement, trade and industry would spring up of itself, and the precepts of Mahomet were expressly favourable to the occupations of the manufacturer and the merchant. Bagdad, the metropolis of the Arab empire, and the residence of the religious and political head of the state, became a focus of trade and manufactures, as well as of art and science.

The second portion of M. Scherer's volume treats of the commerce of the Byzantines, of the Italian Republics, of the Netherlands, and of Germany, concluding with the discovery of America, the commencement of a new commercial epoch.

In the chapters devoted to the early commerce of the Germans, many English readers will be surprised to find that before the Roman time, beyond the great primeval forest of Germany, said to be sixty days' journey across, there existed on the coasts of the Baltic what we may call a commercial community, which remained entirely independent of Roman invasion and Roman influence. This was a branch of the great Slavonic family, called by the Germans Wends; a cultivated people, with fixed habitations and towns, and settled political and social arrangements, carrying on active commerce in the waters of the Baltic, and practising agriculture and many of the industrial arts, having, for instance, large iron works and metal foundries. Old chronicles boast of the richness of the soil in the country of the Wends, and tell of the luxury and enjoyment in which they lived. From the sixth to the ninth century, they appear to have possessed the entire commerce of the north of Europe, England included. As the emporia of their trade are named Schleswig, Rügen, Stargard, and especially Vineta, a town whose very site is now uncertain, though probably it is to be sought on the island of Usedom, near Rügen. This was the mart of all the surrounding people of the Baltic; three hundred large vessels, we are told, constantly found room in its harbours, and goods of all kinds were brought here for barter. The productions of the East, and of India, found their way thither by caravans from the Caspian

Sea. An active corn trade to Scandinavia was carried on from the fertile countries of Pomerania; and the fisheries of the Wends, there is reason to believe, included even that of the whale. The herring seems before the beginning of the thirteenth century to have been found only in the Baltic.

The origin of the civilization of this remarkable people is extremely obscure. One thing at least is certain—namely, that the Romans had no share in it; for between their settlements on the Rhine and the Danube, and the seaports of the Wends, there lay the great forest wilderness of Germany; and the only attempt which they made to penetrate into its interior ended in the annihilating defeat of Varus.

For the almost total disappearance of a people that had attained this amount of progress various reasons may be given; amongst which, one of the chief was the destructive effect of the fierce crusades carried on against them as pagans, in which those who did not fall under the exterminating attacks of Henry the Lion of Bavaria, Albert the Bear of Brandenburg, and other ferocious Christians, became mingled with their German conquerors, and subject to the Teutonic knights, under whose rule much of their commercial prosperity revived, though their national existence was extinct. It may be doubted whether the Hanseatic League, the mightiest of all the commercial associations which form the most important feature of European history in the thirteenth century, would have risen so rapidly to so great a height, had it not been in a great measure built on their foundations.

A few scattered remnants of these Wends might be found lingering in various obscure spots down to the latter half of the last century; but the Prussian government has endeavoured to efface the peculiarities of language and custom that separated them from their German neighbours.*

From trade, which has at least for its direct object the supply of the wants of the body, we pass, by a not unnatural transition, to literature, which ministers to those of the mind. The history of the world, without that of literature, Lord Bacon tells us, is "like the statue of Polyphemus without its eye—that part is wanting that best shows the life and spirit of the person."

M. Julian Schmidt, in his "History of German National Literature in the Nineteenth Century,"² has taken up the subject about where Gervinus left it—namely, at the period of the

* We have since found that, only about three miles from Berlin there is (or was, a few years ago) a village inhabited by Wends, who go daily to market with their produce. Though they speak no German, they easily make themselves understood by Poles and Russians.

² "Geschichte der Deutschen National Literatur im 19ten Jahrhundert." Von Julian Schmidt. Leipsig. 1853.

death of Schiller, when, bright as it looked, it had a hectic aspect that spoke of premature decay.

A sort of anti-pre-Raphaelitism was in the ascendant—the ideal was everywhere opposed to the real; and not the ideal that might have arisen naturally out of the instincts, the traditions, the religious and moral antecedents of the nation, but one that had been artificially produced out of the study and admiration of classical antiquity. “The ideal,” says Mr. Schmidt, “was sought for in catholicism and heathenism, among Greeks and Indians, in the myths of barbarous tribes, in physical science, in the chemist’s laboratory;” everywhere, in short, but in nature and reality, as it existed beneath whatever artificial incrustation, in Germany and in the time that lay before them. In excuse for such a mistake it must be admitted, that there was seldom a time when the crusts lay thicker than at the commencement of that Goethe and Schiller period; with methodistical narrowness on the one hand, induced by two centuries and a half of dull Lutheranism, and frivolous mimicry of the French on the other,—lifeless conventionality and dreary stupidity everywhere,—this idolatrous worship of the beautiful as manifested in Greek art was perhaps a natural reaction. But this union of Greek and Christian culture in the poetry of the time (especially in that of Schiller) was destined, like all unions between different species, to remain barren.

In some acute and eloquent introductory chapters, the author describes the influence of this classic enthusiasm, and of the Kantian philosophy, the subsequent rise of the Romantic school, and the different aspects it assumed in Germany, France, and England. He then passes in review the most note-worthy writers, classifying them rather according to their spiritual affinities than to their merely chronological succession. He does not propose to furnish a mere literary compendium, but to show the mutual action and reaction taking place between society and literature; and he therefore pauses from time to time, as in the chapters on the Influence of the War of Liberation, of Natural Philosophy and Mysticism, to take a survey of their respective positions at successive periods.

It would not be difficult, did our plan admit of extracts, to cite some specimens of excellent criticism, though we should not always be disposed to give unqualified assent to the decisions of the author on the merits of individual writers.

To Heinrich Zschokke, for instance, certainly one of the best novelists that Germany has produced, he does very scant justice, and dismisses him in a few lines; while to Tieck, whose genius was not of the first order, he devotes above thirty pages. It is curious also that he mentions the former as a Swiss, though he

was born and educated in Germany, was of German parentage, and did not enter Switzerland till he was five and twenty years of age.

"Contributions to Italian History,"³ is a collection of essays and geographic sketches, giving the results of apparently extensive reading on the subject announced by the title. Like every opening into Italian mediæval history, they show us many scenes of violence and blood, exhibited on so small a theatre, that we are involuntarily reminded of the revelations of the gas microscope—there is the same teeming life and preternatural activity, the same fierce animosities, and incessant mutual destruction.

The author, who has passed many years in Italy in an official capacity, states himself to have derived his literary inspiration from the works of Leopold Ranke; and he appears to have acquired something of the coldly neutral tone which lessens so much the effect of the great historical talents and wonderful industry of research that distinguish his model. One of the most interesting of the contributions is that of which the title promises least—"Italian Diplomats and Diplomatic Relations."

"A diplomatist," in the memorable saying of Sir Henry Wotton (quoted by M. Von Reumont), "is a clever man, sent *to lie abroad* for the good of his country," and we are quite willing to accept this as a generic definition; but the Spaniard, and especially the Venetian diplomatists, have also done good service to history and the world in general by the reports they have left of the condition of the countries they visited, and their masterly series of historical portraits, most of which exhibit, at the same time, the keenest appreciation of character and the most admirable skill in conveying the results of observation; curious, too, is the perfect coolness and scientific indifference with which characters and actions of the greatest atrocity are described by them. Here, for example, is a sketch of Pope Alexander the Sixth, and his hopeful son:—

"'Pope Alexander,' says Paolo Capello, 'is now in his seventieth year, but he seems to grow younger every day. He never suffers any care to disturb his rest at night. He is cheerful by nature, and does whatever is for his own advantage. All his thoughts are directed to making his children great; he troubles himself about nothing else. . . . The Duke of Valence (Cæsar Borgia), his son, the Pope loves as much as he fears. He is seven-and-twenty years old, tall, finely made, and with a handsome face, handsomer than king Ferrandino (of Naples.) In an enclosed space near St. Peter's Church, he, fighting on horseback, killed six wild bulls; one of them he struck the head off at one

³ "Beiträge zur Italienische Geschichte." Von Alfred von Reumont. Berlin: Decker. 1853.

blow, which appeared to the Romans a great thing. He is liberal to profusion, which the Pope does not like to see. Under the very mantle of the Pope he killed his favourite, Messer Pierotto, so that the blood spurted in his face. His brother, the Duke of Gondia, he murdered also, and had the body thrown into the Tiber; and every morning there are found in Rome four or five murdered men, among them bishops and prelates; so that the whole city trembles before the duke. Formerly, Madonna Lucrezia (the Pope's daughter) was very high in favour, and the Pope presented Sermoneta to her; but the duke took it away from her again, saying she was a woman, and could not maintain it. If he lives, he will be one of the greatest warriors in Italy."

This amiable youth is mentioned by his Holiness, writing to Louis the Twelfth, as *delectum filium duces Valentinensem quo nihil carius habemus*. Of Clement the Seventh, Cosmo di Medici, Philip the Second of Spain, Queen Mary of England, Elizabeth, and others, we have striking likenesses.

Some amusing details are furnished by M. Reumont, concerning the payment of ambassadors in former days. We hear, indeed, now as then, continual complaints of the inadequacy of wages, and of ambassadors being ruined by unavoidable expenses. But whilst, in our time, there are always plenty of candidates for these onerous and ill-paid duties, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries people were mostly desirous of evading the honour. The Council of Venice had to enforce its appointments by threats of a heavy fine and punishment, in case of refusal. Nothing but a severe illness was admitted as an excuse. In 1360, it was ordained that any one refusing to go when he was chosen ambassador, should be incapable of holding any office for a year. In Florence, the same difficulty was felt—not very surprising, considering the rates of salary. Boccaccio, who was sent to Avignon in 1365, was allowed but two gold florins a day; one Jacopo Salviati, in 1401, but four, though he had to keep seven horses; and an ambassador, sent a few years after him, who was required to keep ten horses, only five, though his services were furthermore acknowledged by a present of thirty ells of crimson velvet. Machiavelli, also, makes bitter, and, as it appears from the Florentine archives, well-founded complaints, of his miserable pay.

Many of these curiosities of literature might be selected from these volumes, but, as a whole, it cannot be denied that they are somewhat dull.

The biography of the late Professor Paulus, of Heidelberg, is entitled to something more than the bare mention which, on account of its late arrival, was all we

¹ "Heinrich Eberhard Paulus und seine Zeit." Von Karl Alexander Freiherrn von Renschlin Meldegg. Stuttgart. 1853.

could afford it in our last. Not merely as a man of profound learning, and as the founder of an important though now effete school of biblical criticism, is he specially entitled to notice in this Review, but as a free, earnest, and unwearied seeker after truth, who, in theology, politics, history, philosophy, in all affairs of life, and in every department of knowledge to which he applied himself during his long and laborious career, maintained, with unshaken fidelity, the rights of conscience and of sincere, enlightened conviction, over the blind and suicidal submission to mere arbitrary authority. To strive for conviction in all things, and to remain in unswerving allegiance to a conviction once gained, was his motto alike in learning and in teaching, in thought and in action; and he acknowledged no grounds for granting to theology alone the equivocal privilege of being irrational with impunity. It appeared to him a sufficient reason for the rejection of a dogma, that, by its incomprehensibility, and the contradictions it involved, it tended to darken and stupify the minds of those who held it.

The present volume comprises the period between the birth of Paulus, in 1761, and his appointment to the professorship at Heidelberg in 1810. His biographer, Baron von Meldegg, has enjoyed the most ample opportunities for the execution of his task, having been for twenty years associated with his subject in the most intimate friendship, and subsequently entrusted with every material for the purpose, including a mass of correspondence with Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Herder, the two Schlegels, Lavater, Fichte, Alexander von Humboldt, and other of the most distinguished men of his time, a "Journal of Travels in England, France, Holland, and Germany, in the years 1787-1788," and numerous papers and documents illustrative of the inward and outward life of Paulus, as well as of the state of society in Germany at various periods, the earlier being now removed from our own by nearly a century. Curious, especially, is the glimpse we get of the little state of Wurtemberg, at that time about half its present extent. Its then ruler, Duke Charles, had succeeded his father while yet a child, and, at the recommendation of Frederick the Great of Prussia, had been by the Emperor declared of age, and capable of taking the reins into his own hands, at the mature age of sixteen. His conduct as a ruler showed, in a striking light, the sagacity of the recommendation. The most boundless indulgence in all kinds of pleasure appeared to be the sole purpose of his government. Masquerades, operas, hunts, festivities of all sorts, followed each other in never-ending succession. We hear of a birthday festival (in 1763) in which the carousal was kept up for fourteen days, and three hundred persons of the highest rank were entertained

"with the finest and daintiest of food and drinks." Immense sums were paid to Italian singers, to French dancers, and to beauties of all nations. At one of the hunts the peasants were ordered to drive in, for the entertainment of the duke's guests, 121 large stags, 61 wild boars, 3000 hares, and other game to the amount of 5218 head. Of course the duke's expenditure for all these gay doings far exceeded the amount of revenue that could by any possible means be wrung or squeezed out of his minikin territory, and then his highness had nothing for it but to sell himself and his German subjects to the French, from whom, in the course of four years, he received no less than a million and a half of *livres*. In 1787, also, he "sold to Holland several regiments, which were shipped off to Africa like negro-slaves."

To make amends, however, for these little aberrations in public life, the princeling and his successors kept up their dignity in private in the most edifying manner, speaking even to their ministers with the contemptuous pronoun "*er*;" and so carefully economizing their civilities to subjects as to throw them into fits of almost incredulous rapture by a shake of the hand, or a "Good morning" bestowed on some rare and solemn occasion. The shoemakers of Stuttgart, we are told, were fairly out of their wits with joy, and long held their heads high above all other craftsmen, in consequence of the duke having been known to address one of their guild as "Sir." Our limits will of course not permit us to follow the incidents of the biography, but there is one which we must mention, not only because it was, in all probability, an important turning-point in the mental development of Paulus, but also as affording a hint "to parents and guardians" not altogether unnecessary in these days of pseudo-spiritualism. Wordsworth has a poem, entitled, "How lying may be taught;" but Paulus the Elder seems to have adopted a still more effectual method of imparting instruction in that important branch of useful knowledge. He had suffered the affliction of the loss, at rather an early age, of a beloved wife; and praying by her dead body for some sign to confirm his hopes of her immortality, the corpse, according to his statement, miraculously raised itself into an upright position in answer to his prayer—a proof which he seems to have considered entirely satisfactory. This was but the beginning of a whole series of supernatural appearances vouchsafed by the Saviour for his especial behoof, and ghost-seeing became a regular habit of the family. Little Heinrich, who at first could not be brought to admit the reality of these spiritual manifestations, at last fell into the fashion, and even set up visions of his own. As he noticed that nothing pleased his father better than an account of the visit of a ghost,

or of some vision or spectral apparition, he one day, during his father's absence on a journey, invented a narrative of the kind, illustrating it with a sketch of the Almighty seated on his throne, with Paulus the Elder and his deceased wife in a place of honour, attired in the usual celestial costume of white robes and golden crowns.

This vision, as he called it, was duly entered in a book kept for the purpose of recording these marvels, and called the "Vision Book." It was received by his father on his return with applause and undoubting faith, and so the boy naturally went on having visions, and seeing angels and devils at a great rate, till he fortunately became shocked at his own lies; and, though only nine years old, had the strength of mind, without any outward check, to stop short in the evil course, and refuse to see any more. The native vigour and uprightness of character thus early displayed was never falsified in after-life.

It will not be supposed that one who followed unhesitatingly the light of clear reason whithersoever it might lead him, fixing his eyes on that only, could avoid stumbling against many obstacles on the road; and accordingly we find, that after his appointment to the Theological Faculty at Jena, he became involved in many polemical disputes, and was exposed to serious accusations on the ground of non-orthodoxy, the particulars of which, as well as his correspondence with Lavater, on the so-called rational explanations of the miracles of the New Testament, are given by Baron von Meldegg at great length.

With Herder for president of the Upper Consistory, and Duke Charles Augustus of Weimar for arbitrator of the dispute, however, the consequences of departure from correct Lutheranism were not likely to be very serious; and accordingly we find that the storm raised against him was soon conjured to rest.

Travels. The harvest of travels is unusually abundant this quarter, and of fair average quality. *South African Sketches*^b is a plain matter-of-fact sort of account of the Cape country, by one who has resided long enough in it to amass a considerable amount of information, which he communicates in a simple and straightforward manner. A more attractive book might have been produced from the same materials, but it is one well worth the attention of those who desire a real acquaintance with the subject, rather than mere literary recreation.

Dr. Kretschmar resided seven years on the Elephant River, in the Western country, as district physician; made several long

^b "Süd Africanische Skizzen." Von Eduard Kretschmar. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1853.

journeys through regions beyond the limits of the colony; passed two years on the Snowy Mountains; several years more in the immediate neighbourhood of the Caffirs; and, finally, a considerable time in Cape Town. So long an absence from his country may well establish a claim to indulgence for some deficiency in mere graces of style, especially as its somewhat rough plainness does not prevent the author from often bringing before us a very vivid picture of the scenes with which he is so familiar. Here is a sketch of the life of the Dutch Boor of the Cape, for instance:—

“A more sleepy life than that of the Cape farmer can hardly be imagined. The moment he is out of bed he sticks a pipe in his mouth, sits down, takes his left foot in his right hand, and smokes perhaps a dozen pipes, one after another. Then he loiters down to the cattle-kraal, and halloos for Piet, Jan, &c., the shepherds,*who, like master like man, are smoking and chewing in their huts till the *boas*, or master, makes his appearance. Then the cattle are counted and driven away to the pasture, and all is quiet again. Ploughing and harvest-time give him something to do for a little while, and when these are over, he has no notion how to kill the day. He has but three books—the Bible, a hymn-book, and the almanack. ‘All other books are nonsense,’ the pastor tells him. ‘More than is in these three books no Christian man needs to know.’ But he knows the almanack by heart, and he can’t sing psalms all day, so he takes his foot in his hand again, and smokes twelve more pipes, and then, he eats, and sleeps, and smokes, and spits again; and then—for one must have a little variety—he sharpens a penknife on the sole of his shoe, and cuts with it little bits of wood—an interesting occupation, with which the boor can amuse himself for hours.”

The female of this intelligent and interesting animal, of course, passes her time in a no less pleasant and lively manner, and twelve hours of sleep, and eleven hours of sitting still on a chair, encourage so much her natural tendency to plumpness, that she becomes at last a mere pile of flesh, and is usually carried off by dropsy.

The chapters on the Missionary Settlements of Southern Africa we earnestly recommend to the attention of all who are in the habit of expending on these undertakings resources that might be, to say the least, bestowed with much less questionable benefit nearer home. The account also of some circumstances that occurred just before the commencement of the Caffir war, may help to explain its long continuance. For several years, it appears, considerable discontent had existed amongst the Boors, on account of some imaginary, and some real grievances, for which they had vainly endeavoured to obtain redress from the Colonial Government; and in 1836, a body of five thousand of them resolved to leave their homes, and

take up their abode beyond the limits of the colony; some crossing the Gariep, others going north-eastward, and others again towards Port Natal, not then supposed to be included in the English territory. As their emigration could not be effected without great loss (some farms, that were afterwards sold for a thousand pounds, were exchanged for a waggon, worth about forty), it is evident the grievances of the emigrants were, in their own eyes at least, of a serious nature. They assembled at first in a camp just beyond the frontier line, and their leader forwarded to Cape Town an account of the step they had taken, "in order to avoid being drawn into a rebellious contest with the government." They then departed into the wilderness, and after suffering terribly at different times, from the attacks of the savages, but exhibiting the most heroic courage in defence of their families and their property, finally settled in three parties, and constituted themselves into three small republican communities, politically independent, but closely united by common interests and common feelings. The Caffirs, from whom they had purchased large tracts of land, and who by this time were pretty well acquainted with the determined character of the men they had to deal with, gradually fell into peaceable relations with them. In the course of a few years, the affairs of the little settlement began to assume an orderly appearance. Houses had been built, land cultivated, schools and churches established, and the families who had arrived, almost in a state of beggary, once more saw a fair prospect opening before them. But now the attention of the merchants of Cape Town was drawn to the active trade the emigrants were beginning to carry on with the interior, and it was discovered that Port Natal had always belonged to the British Colony; also that the little republic beyond the north-eastern frontier was setting too dangerous an example to the unruly savages of the surrounding country to be left to itself; these districts were therefore forthwith annexed, the settlers in them declared British subjects, and an armed force was got ready to support the claim.

The Boors, who had purchased their independence at the cost of such heavy sacrifices, and who had, after years of suffering, at length struggled, unaided, through their difficulties, were embittered to the highest degree by this demand, and openly resisted it. What followed is too well known to need repetition here; but the obstinate duration of a war, at first deemed so insignificant, becomes less a matter of surprise, when we see how completely the British dominion was a kingdom divided against itself. The colony of Port Natal, apart from certain little drawbacks,—such as rivers swarming with alligators, gigantic serpents, poisonous reptiles of all kinds, and thickets full of panthers

and lions,—appears, from Dr. Kretzschmar's account, to offer considerable advantages to emigrants. Although warmer than the Cape country, it is most abundantly supplied with water, more than a hundred rivers falling into the sea between it and the St. John's—a distance of scarcely two degrees. The soil is a rich, deep black mould, and extraordinarily fertile. Maize grows to such a height, that a horseman, rising in his stirrups, cannot see over the plantation. Coffee, sugar, and tea,—the banana and the date, and all other tropical fruits that have been tried,—flourish in the highest perfection; and cotton is already a chief article of export for the infant settlement.

“Naples and Sicily in 1850,”^a is a volume of selections from a series of letters from various parts of Italy, which have already appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. This circumstance will, in some measure, afford the gauge of the author's political opinions, or, at all events, free him from any suspicion of overcharging the sins of the Neapolitan government. In this confidence, let us look at what he says of the state of Sicily. Formerly the most fruitful country in Europe, and the granary of Italy, it now does not produce corn enough for its own consumption, but has to import it from Calabria. Over a great part of the country there is no other means of communication than by mules and bridle-paths; districts in which large cities flourished are now a silent and desolate wilderness; roads, which formerly existed, have been interrupted—in some places by accidents, such as the carrying away of a bridge by a flood; and no official person has been found inclined to take on himself so much of public duty as to see to its repair, though the inhabitants, suffering greatly by the loss, would gladly pay for the restoration. As long as there remains a ledge a foot broad, along which a mule can scramble, the means of communication are thought good enough. Between Sciacca and Girgenti, a great part of the way lies through morasses, sandy dunes, bogs, and rivers which travellers must ford. Scarcely any of the streams furnish a regular and moderate supply of water, their beds being, as in quite wild countries, sometimes dry, and sometimes filled with rushing torrents, which sweep everything before them. Whole districts are becoming sterile, from the gradual disappearance of the trees, which the ignorance of the people induces them to consider unwholesome, and productive of fever. This increasing scarcity of wood is also highly injurious to the sulphur works, which have often to obtain their supplies from Calabria; and when the cargoes arrive, the wood has to be carried on the

^a “Neapel und Sicilien im Jahre 1850.” Von Adolph Helferich. Leipzig. 1853.

backs of asses to its place of destination. It is scarcely necessary to say that the few so-called schools are, throughout Naples and Sicily, in the most miserable condition. In one which M. Helferich accidentally came upon, the gentleman who officiated as schoolmaster was, at the same time, carrying on his probably more profitable trade of a cobbler, sitting at his door with the boot to be repaired in his hand, while his scholars, a row of little boys of from six to eight years old, were ranged against a wall on the opposite side of the narrow lane. In one article, however, the government is extremely liberal to the Sicilians: immediately after the revolution a cargo of no less than 1400 fresh priests was dispatched to the island, many of them among the most stupidly ignorant and depraved of their class. In the magnificent harbour of Syracuse, where thousands of vessels of the largest size could find safe and convenient anchorage, there were lying scarcely a dozen little skiffs; the town was swarming with soldiers, and the seamen were begging in the streets. In Messina, the streets burnt down in 1848 remain in precisely the same state; and no hand has been stirred to restore the villages that were laid in ashes. Of Calabria, General Strongoli himself stated, in the Chamber of Peers, that its condition was (in 1849) entirely that of a country relapsing into barbarism. The peasants no longer respected the rights of property; the land could hardly be cultivated for the banditti; whoever possessed any capital was exposed to continual plunder—his cattle was driven away; and if he refused to comply with the most outrageous demands, he was sure to see, soon after, his house and farm-buildings in flames.

Thus has "order" been restored in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

"Travels in Mexico," by M. Carl Heller, contains the account of two journeys, the first by Vera Cruz and Puebla to Mexico, the second through Yucatan, Tobasco, and Chiapas. The object of these journeys, for which the means were furnished by the Royal Horticultural Society of Vienna, was principally the formation of a collection of living plants; and in pursuit of these the author was led frequently to forsake the beaten track, and penetrate into remote solitudes of forest and mountain, though he scarcely appears to have been possessed of either the moral or physical qualities that would have enabled him to make the most of such opportunities. His health suffered considerably, and his mind is evidently not of the hardy frame to which difficulties act mostly as a stimulus; though it is but

7 "Reisen in Mexico in den Jahren 1845-8." Von Carl B. Heller. Leipzig: Engelman. 1853.

just to remember, that the kind of difficulties he had to contend with, in the scantness and occasional failure of his pecuniary resources, are, of all others, the most depressing.

He landed at Vera Cruz, and adds his testimony to that of many other travellers, as to the unfavourable position of the town. Its houses rise naked and unsheltered from a joyless waste; it suffers greatly from want of water, as well as from mosquitoes, and other venomous insects, and from yellow fever. "Almost any other spot on the coast would have been preferable."

On this *Tierra Caliente* M. Heller made but a short stay, proceeding almost immediately to the *Tierra Templada*, the region of oaks, &c., which rises rapidly to a height of 8000 feet above the sea level, and is described as of boundless fertility and enchanting beauty. Here at a place called *Mirador*, he made his first considerable halt, at a settlement recently founded by two of his German countrymen, Messrs. Sartorius and Carl Stein, who rule over an industrious and peaceful little community of about 300 Indians, living in scattered wooden cottages, and mostly employed in raising sugar and making rum.

The two German families enjoy the distinction of occupying stone houses; and they have established—besides a *tienda*, or shop, where the produce of the surrounding country may be exchanged for other goods—a weekly market, to which the productions of the *Tierra Fria*, or high-lying, cold region, as well as those of the *Tierra Caliente*, find their way. Apples and pears and salad make their appearance here beside oranges, plantains, and bananas; and along with salt, maize, rice, poultry, eggs, and Spanish pepper. The appearance and costume of the people are as various as their wares, and M. Heller frequently visited the market for the sake of the opportunity it afforded him of hearing the Aztec language. It often happened, however, that the Indians remained after the market was over, and spent the greater part, or even the whole, of their little earnings in brandy. Drinking and gambling, a vice most inveterate in the Mexicans, appear, indeed, in general, to make sad inroads on the Paradisaical innocence even of the most secluded village; and the Catholic religion—or what here passes for it—with its numerous, often somewhat heathenish-looking, festivals, rather encourages than restrains these vices. Of anything that could claim to be called Christianity, M. Heller is of opinion the Indians mostly know as little as they did before the conquests of the Spaniards.

At the celebration of the *Purissima Concepcion de Nuestra Señora*, the author witnessed, in addition to the masks, fiddles, and fandangos, a wild dance with knives, that reminded him of the war-dances of their North American brethren.

For the furtherance of his botanical researches, M. Heller

took up his abode, Robinson Crusoe fashion, in a little hut, made for him by the Indians, of trunks of young trees, and hung inside with matting; but, finding some difficulty in the cooking department, since, as he says, he "had no cookery-book, and had to trust to his own ideas," he afterwards took a servant. On his return from Mexico, he had the misfortune to lose his baggage (which had been sent on before him) by the attack of a band of robbers.

Of the present condition of Mexico we have but a melancholy picture. Its outward splendour, indeed—its long, straight streets, magnificent squares and colonnades, luxurious shops, cafés, carriages and horses—no traveller, not previously acquainted with it from description, could dream of finding in such a country. And, on the other hand, one who had reached it merely by the high-road from Vera Cruz, over Xalapa and Puebla, would form a very inadequate conception of the state of the country of which it is the capital. But even in a material point of view, the city is falling to decay, as no improvements or repairs are ever made, and its moral aspect is described as still worse:—

"I regret to be obliged to say, that there could not perhaps be found a city more thoroughly corrupt to the very bottom than Mexico. Heavily as the hand of Spain formerly rested on it, prejudicial as was the selfishness of the mother country to native industry, there yet reigned in her day some kind of law and order. Now, there is no law but that of force. The town swarms with thieves, and no day passes in which several dead bodies are not found in the streets."

We must not leave M. Heller without mentioning the annoyance occasioned by his orthographical whims. Why for *kühnsten* should he write *künsten*, for *sehnte mich*, *sente mich*, *Rot* for *Roth*, and so on throughout, and that without giving any warning, in preface or elsewhere, that such is his pleasure? What advantage at all commensurate with the inconvenience, can be supposed to be gained by these trivial innovations?

In the "Pictures from the Mississippi,"⁸ the landscapes are well drawn and characteristic, but the figures have a conventional, second-hand aspect; in that called the Female Slave especially, we have feeble repetitions of the *personnel* of *Uncle Tom*. The paper called "Seven Days in an American Steamer," presents a panorama striking enough to have dispensed with the introduction of the two pairs of lovers, and a great deal of insipid dialogue; and, in general, the author would have done better to have attempted less of the artificial elaboration which

⁸ "Mississippi Bilder: Licht und Schattenseite Transatlantischen Lebens." Von Friedrich Gerstäcker. Leipzig: Arnold. 1853.

detracts from the apparent truthfulness of his sketches, while adding little if at all to their attraction. On the whole, though they may afford amusement to readers who seek nothing further, these "Pictures" will not add much to our conceptions of Transatlantic life, nor to the reputation of the author.

Among the "Northern Pictures,"⁹ of M. Edouard Ochsbruggen, those best worth looking at are the sketches of the Esths and Letts, a primitive and interesting people inhabiting some of the outlying provinces of Russia on the Baltic.

It may be mentioned as a point in the author's favour, that he was for a considerable time a prisoner of the Secret Police in St. Petersburg, on account of his views "not appearing to harmonize with those of the Russian government."

Poetry. "Epic Poems from the Persian,"¹⁰ is, we believe, the first attempt that has been made to introduce to European readers so considerable a portion of the works of the "Paradisaical one."

We have here few of the "taffeta phrases, silken terms precise," that characterize Persian poetry in its more corrupt age, but stirring tales, told with almost Homeric force and simplicity. They have much less of an exotic character than might have been expected, or, as the translator has in a more stately manner expressed it—

"As the forms of Ferdusi advance towards us through the glimmering distance of the past, we hear well-known voices, and see beloved features; the great images from our own world of tradition cast dark shadows across the sunny plains of Iran, we hear between the solemn rustle of the oriental palm, the roar of the northern waterfall," &c.

The first of these metrical tales, that of "Sal and Rudabe," (the progenitors of the renowned Persian hero, Rustem,) is a love story, a sort of Eastern "Romeo and Juliet," though ending not tragically, but in a highly satisfactory manner, with a grand wedding-feast and all manner of felicity. "The Fall of Sigawusch" is in a higher strain, and for passion, character, dramatic power, and pathos, will bear comparison with the noblest poetical productions of any age or country.

The merits of this and some of the other poems here given, we have taken us at least by surprise, and the volumes will form a valuable addition to the stock of spirited and admirable translations in which German literature is already so rich. In this instance the task has been facilitated by the well-known resem-

⁹ "Nordische Bilder." Von Edouard Ochsbruggen. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1853.

¹⁰ "Epische Dichtungen aus dem Persischen des Ferdusi." Von Adolph Friedrich von Schach. Berlin: Herz. 1853.

blance existing between the Persian and ancient Teutonic, especially in an equal facility in forming compound words. Leibnitz asserted that there were whole verses of Persian poets that would be quite intelligible to a German knowing no language but his own; though this, we believe, is rather overstating the matter.

Although not perhaps falling strictly within our province, we take the opportunity of mentioning an edition of "*Faust*,"¹¹ lately published, with elaborate grammatical and critical annotations, as a work nearly indispensable to the student, and valuable even to the ripe scholar in German literature, assisting him to a thorough understanding and appreciation of one of its noblest productions, and affording an admirable æsthetic study. The book is an example of great skill and labour worthily bestowed. The very copious notes contain a complete literal translation, as well as an excellent critical commentary; and from the remarkably clear type and handsome form in which it is printed, the eye is not in the slightest degree distressed by the references. The explanatory notes are not only useful, but from the numerous illustrations which they bring to bear upon the passage in question, exceedingly amusing.

"*Dramatic Studies*,"¹² in which Hamlet is dissected and analyzed with wonderful subtlety, is another contribution to that edifice of learned criticism in which Germany has erected a monument to the genius of Shakspeare more lasting, as well as more honourable, than "the labour of an age in piled stones."

Its chief fault is perhaps an excess of ingenuity, which enables the critic to find, in the character of Hamlet, the solution of more moral and metaphysical problems than in Shakspeare's age had probably occurred even to Shakspeare himself.

Having already exceeded our usual limits, we must defer the consideration of what has been done in the department of fiction till our next number.

¹¹ "*Faust, a Tragedy*. By J. G. von Goethe; with Notes Grammatical, Philological, and Exegetical." By Falk Le Bahn, Ph. Dr. Longman & Co. 1853.

¹² "*Dramaturgische Studien*." Von Dr. Ludwig Echardt. Aaron. 18



ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.*

IT appears that for some time past various persons have expressed a desire to see the philosophical views of M. Victor Cousin brought into something like a brief and accessible form, to have a sort of philosophical confession of faith. The learned professor has long been heard discussing metaphysics, Greek, Scotch and German. He has long had at his fingers' ends the names of Plato, Proclus, Reid, and Kant; and all that he has said during many years of eclectic wandering has been agreeable enough. At last, however, some curious soul puts the question, "What comes of all this?" and this question M. Victor Cousin benevolently consents to answer.

Fortunately he has not to look far in order to fulfil his kind intentions. He recollects that certain old lectures, which he delivered somewhere between 1815 and 1821, will answer the purpose admirably. Though old in date they are new to the public, for when they were first delivered they did not stray beyond the precincts of the Parisian *Quartier Latin*; and when they were afterwards published, it was in a collection too huge to be presented to those general readers who might not choose to devote a large portion of their lives to the study of M. Cousin's theories. They are, therefore, now picked out from the large mass, and after "severe correction" are pressed into a neat little volume, entitled "*Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien.*"¹ No title could be more attractive! Here we have the subjects of the three great divisions of philosophy,—metaphysics, æsthetics, and ethics, all heralded forth in the title-page of one small book. A prospectus inaugurates the publication, by declaring that it contains a "regular refutation of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and of materialism in general." No wonder if the public should be curious. We are reminded of the ejaculation of Lord Bolingbroke's literary executor, Mallet, when, on the day that was to give the "posthumous works" to the world, he took out his watch, and said, "In half an hour Christianity will tremble." On this occasion, however, the exultation is, or seems to be, on the other side; and we may fancy M. Didier, the publisher, exclaiming, "In half an hour materialism will quake!"

There is evidently a large party in France ashamed of the great names of French literature; otherwise we should not find

* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, and Mr. D. Nutt.

¹ "*Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien.*" Par M. Victor Cousin. Paris. 1853.

professed hostility to the eighteenth century—the period of those great men—so often used as a bookseller's clap-trap. Materialists at heart, the French every now and then show a restless anxiety to get rid of the charge of materialism; and it is to accommodate this feeling that the prospectus to M. Cousin's book is composed. The public is told not that it will find new truths, but that it will find something opposite to the eighteenth century, and the something must be good, as a matter of course. The materialists will all be converted into—what?—into good eclectics of the Cousin school.

Eclecticism is at bottom a good-natured doctrine. It opens its arms wide to everybody, though it embraces no one with great ardour. The eclectic of society has a complacent smile for all he meets, and is always willing to find out a good quality in an acquaintance under the most unfavourable circumstances. So long as eclecticism is confined to a mere social creed that there is "good in everything," and merely teaches us to pass over little foibles in the hope of discovering greater virtues, there is no fault to be found with it.

But when eclecticism comes forward as a scientific principle, we have a right to regard it with suspicion. Either certain results belong to certain premisses, or they do not. If they do, there is, of course, no eclecticism in the matter; if they do not, we ought, at least, to take care that they are not inconsistent with the premisses at first laid down; and this, we fear, is not always the case with the eclecticism of M. Cousin.

Even when the doctrine is judiciously and carefully employed, eclecticism can but represent an imperfect state of science. Granted that two thinkers on the same broad subject, starting at different points, may elicit different truths, the eclectic who assembles these truths together, and shows us that one set does not exclude the other, is entitled to the thanks of mankind so far as he goes; but the instinctive desire for unity which is felt by every scientific mind, at once suggests the desirability of a higher position—namely, of a broader system, that shall combine both sets of truths, not into a mere aggregate, but into an organic whole. The German theory, that the various systems of philosophy are all expressions of one true philosophy, and that at the culminating point of science all essential peculiarities will be retained, while all accidental differences will vanish, aims at something higher than mere eclecticism.

Now, after duly weighing M. Cousin's lectures on "*Le Vrai*," we can only come to the conclusion, that the eclecticism of which he boasts that he is its inventor, is nothing more than a system of going over different theories, and picking out just what suits you, and no more. The investigator under this

system does not appear to us to be working by what Lord Bacon calls a "dry light," but to be rather seeking for something that he himself wants, than for the necessary consequences of any premisses whatever. Thus we will suppose that a metaphysical philosopher wants to stand well with the non-metaphysical professors of natural science in England or France. He knows very well that the only theory for which these have any practical regard is that of Locke; and therefore he sets out as a decided "Lockite," deducing all knowledge from experience. But Lockism has been found to lead to materialism and "eighteenth-century-ism;" and these are things to be avoided. Kant's system, which would establish a number of universal principles not to be derived from the world of sense, is ready at hand, if an independence of mind from matter is needed; and accordingly our empiricist becomes, to a certain extent, a Kantist. However, his German preceptor soon leaves him in the lurch, and after stocking him with a little parcel of universal principles, diminishes the value of the articles, by telling him that they are not applicable beyond the bounds of experience; and that as for proving the existence of a Deity, or the immortality of a soul, the case is utterly hopeless! This is provoking enough. Our inquirer, who had hoped to stand well with those mild theists, who form the main body of the respectably religious world throughout civilized Europe, finds that he does not fare much better with his "Kant's Critique" than he fared formerly with his "Locke's Essay." Luckily, he recollects the existence of a certain old French philosopher, named Descartes, who was fortunate enough to live before the eighteenth century, and who employed with great success in his day, the old ontological demonstration of the existence of a God. This is just what was wanted; and, moreover, when our investigator is a Frenchman, there is this advantage in the name of Descartes, that it gives a sort of national aspect to the whole edifice. Retaining, therefore, the universal principles as established by Kant, he abandons that philosopher's refutation of the ontological proof, and fixes them all in an absolute substance, to which he gives the name of God. Universal principles are inherent in the Deity, and it is by divine light we see them. This is as much as the religious world can expect from a philosopher. But lo! danger has arisen on another side. Our ingenious eclectic recollects that he has to keep well with the common-sense party; and that if there is one thing that the common-sense party dislikes more than another, it is mysticism. Just as "Atheism" is the bugbear in one portion of the intellectual world, so is "mysticism" in the other. Now it is possible that this notion of seeing things in God, which approximates the newly compounded

theory to that of Malebranche, may look like mysticism, and hence its merit is issued forth under protest. Our eclectic, therefore, now declares that he is utterly opposed to that belief in an immediate communication with the Deity, which is the essence of mysticism; and that although he is as firm a theist as any good Catholic or Protestant could desire, he is only so by the way of reason. In fact, he is satisfied with the old-fashioned theism, as it existed before the day of Hume and Kant, and as it exists now in a thousand shallow books which "serious" people think profitable reading; and thus his system is complete. He has obtained a Deity which, although it is not the Deity worshipped by any church, or acknowledged by any profound modern thinker—though it is a mere *ens rationis*, unapproachable and unlovable, will satisfy hosts of worthy folks that the scepticism of the eighteenth century has received its mortal wound.

We candidly confess, that in the new book on "Le Vrai," &c., we can see nothing but the result of such a proceeding as we have just described, and that, according to our view of the case, the eclectic investigator we have imagined is exactly represented by M. Victor Cousin. The parts of the scheme taken from various systems are evidently brought together, because it is *expedient* so to do, not because there is a scientific necessity for the combination. For those persons who think that they ought to read a little philosophy in the course of their lives, and then take leave of it for ever, M. Cousin's book will do well enough. If he is not profound himself, he gives a slight notion of what profound thinkers have said before him, and he is always agreeable and always clear—that is to say, clear to those to whose minds his assertions do not suggest speculative difficulties. But for the sincere, earnest thinker, with whom the search after truth is a holy vocation, and who having been, at some part of his life, lured into the mazes of metaphysical science, wishes either to establish ontology, like most of the Germans, or to get rid of it, with M. Comte, we can hardly conceive a more unprofitable volume.

Another contribution to philosophy is a collection of short *Résumés*² by M. Lezaud, accompanied by a few original meditations. The meditations are less important than the *Résumés*, which, like Joseph Surface's geographical screen, are convenient enough for those who want to find anything in a hurry. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" is, by a process of condensation, reduced within the limits of one hundred ordinary Parisian pages, and Helvetius and Rousseau—Plato, Aristotle,

² "Resumés Philosophiques." Par P. L. Lezaud. Paris. 1853.

and Cicero—are treated after a similar fashion. However, the real student of the philosophers in question might do something even better than running over M. Lezaud's book. He might write such *résumés* himself, and—keep them in his own desk.

A book that has excited considerable interest during the last few weeks, is an account of the Insurrection in China, by MM. Callery and Yvan,³—the former an interpreter of the Chinese language, the latter an accomplished and amusing traveller. Circumstances have been as favourable as possible for rendering this history generally attractive. China is a country of the highest interest to England from commercial reasons, and China is moreover shaken by a revolution, which, while it invites the attention of "business-men" by causing a complete stagnation of trade, incites the curiosity of the world in general by the mystery in which it is enveloped; not only this, the revolution is also seasoned with a particular spice for the Exeter-Hall palate, through the circumstance that something like Christian Protestantism is mixed up with the movement. However, MM. Callery and Yvan have not relied on circumstances alone; they have worked up a number of facts, that existed in a fragmentary and repulsive form, into a continuous and interesting narrative, to which they have given a local colouring, only to be obtained from residence in a country and intercourse with its inhabitants. Their zeal to be amusing has now and then led them a little into French frivolity, but for this the ordinary reader will feel rather grateful than otherwise.

A complete translation of the work has been made by Mr. John Oxenford, who, in a supplementary chapter, brought the narrative down to the end of last August, and briefly criticised the facts of the insurrection, as communicated by MM. Callery and Yvan, and more recently by Mr. Meadows, the Chinese interpreter, who accompanied Sir George Bonham, the British Plenipotentiary, in his expedition to Nankin.

However, in spite of the vivacity and acuteness of MM. Callery and Yvan, the more solemn inquiries of Mr. Meadows, and the historical criticism of Mr. Oxenford, the Chinese insurrection is still a very dark affair. Even the existence of Tièn-tè, the supposed descendant of the Chinese dynasty of the Mings, which is to be set up in the place of the usurping Tartars, is at this moment a matter of doubt and discussion. MM. Callery and Yvan believe him to be the life and soul of the insurrectionary movement, still in his full vigour. Mr. Meadows, who conversed with two or three insurrectionary chiefs at Nankin on

³ "L'Insurrection en Chine." Par MM. Callery et Yvan. Paris. 1863.
[Vol. LX. No. CXVIII.]—NEW SERIES, Vol. IV. No. II. T T

the subject, is of opinion that he died some time ago. Mr. Oxenford, from a comparison between these discordant statements, elicits the hypothesis, that although he has been the ostensible head of the enterprise, he has really been a mere pageant in the hands of a superior power; and, lastly, the writer of an elaborate letter in the London *Athenæum* considers him a mere myth.

The splendid haze which is spread over Tièn-tè, but which, nevertheless, does not prevent him from having a very definite portrait in MM. Callery and Yvan's frontispiece, affords an opportunity for what Socrates called a rich banquet of disputation.* When the point at issue will be settled we know not, but in the meanwhile certain professors of theology, who would brand with opprobrious names all who will not gulp down a huge mass of uncriticised history without hesitation or discussion, may receive an useful lesson from the debate. If, with a whole machinery of printing presses, resident interpreters, and speedy communication, we are unable to decide whether the alleged chief of an important insurrection, which is going on at this very moment, is an actual personage or not, how shall we venture to assert that we have a knowledge, too certain for doubt, of events that occurred in an obscure nook of Asia eighteen hundred years ago? We grant that, in the case of this insurrection, the peculiar regulations of the Chinese Empire cause a special difficulty in the way of inquiry, for which a comparison could not be found in countries governed on less exclusive principles. But assuredly, no barrier placed by Tartar or Chinese jealousy against the encroachments of European curiosity, can be compared with that barrier of obscurity caused by the interval of eighteen centuries, and the absence of all writers, who might be to the earliest ages of the Church what Thucydides was to the times of the Peloponnesian War.

Tièn-tè, then, is a very uncertain personage, floating between supremacy, insignificance, and nothingness. But with all the obscurity of the narrative respecting him, we think we can get this much from the whole affair, that the orthodox protestants who have felt their hearts leap at the thought that a new crop of fellow-believers has sprung up spontaneously in China, will find themselves grievously disappointed by the confessions of faith which have come to hand. That the Chinese insurgents have embodied in their creed the leading peculiarities of the Jewish and Christian dispensations is past a doubt, but they have superadded so much of their own, that there is no body of heretics mentioned throughout the entire history of the Christian church with whom any sect of orthodox protestants—ay, or heterodox protestants either—could not sooner combine, than

with these newly manifested disciples of Gutzlaff. Thus, while the divine mission of Jesus is recognised by the insurgents, it is a still more important article of their faith, that there is another Messiah, a "younger brother of Jesus," now actually existing in the person of one of the chiefs, who has given himself the title of Tai-Ping-Wang, or "king grand pacificator." This article is a most formidable stumbling-block. In the event of a religious conference, the very first thing which the European protestants would require, would be an abdication of his Messiahship by Tai-Ping; and as that semi-celestial personage is too strong to be bullied—for if not first, he seems at any rate to be second in the enterprise—this Messiahship is the very last thing he would dream of giving up. In fact, this Chinese protestantism, according to present accounts, is a mere "sham."

A handsome volume, compiled from different sources, is devoted to the memory of those immortal lovers, Abailard and Héloïse. The celebrated letters, translated and furnished with a preface by M. Odduel, form the bulk of the work, to which the historical essay of M. and Madame Guizot serves as an introduction.⁴ As may be inferred from the title of the book, it treats much more of the fortunes of the hapless pair than of the services rendered by Abailard in the region of speculative divinity. A condensed, but complete account of scholasticism, well reasoned, digested, and rounded off, so as not to form a mere portion of an universal history of philosophy, would be a welcome apparition.

King Joseph, the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte,⁵ is raised to an eminence not previously accorded to him, through the publication of a large collection of memoirs and correspondence by M. du Cassé, to whom the materials have been furnished by Joseph's grandson, the prince of Marignano. This work will occupy eight volumes, and comprise eight hundred letters from Napoleon previously unpublished, twelve hundred from Joseph, and several hundred more from eminent persons of the day, all reduced into systematic order by the editor, who has steered a middle course between a thorough reconstruction of his mass of materials, and a publication of them just as they stood. The first volume, which is all that has yet appeared, brings down the history to the commencement of 1806, and comprises an historical fragment written by Joseph himself. Like most biographers and editors, M. du Cassé is an enthusiastic panegyrist of his hero, who, he thinks, was unduly eclipsed by the surpassing

⁴ "Abailard et Héloïse." Par M. et Mad. Guizot, suivie des lettres, &c Paris. 1853.

⁵ "Mémoires et Correspondance, Politique et Militaire, du Roi Joseph," Paris. 1853.

fame of his brother; and in a short biographical notice, which he has written as a sort of preface, endows him with every virtue, public and private. Altogether the book looks like an elaborate compliment to the reigning dynasty in France. The world will perhaps smile at the hint, that the surpassing fame of Napoleon was rather detrimental than advantageous to the glory of his brothers.

The picturesque portions of De Saussure's works, selected from the rest, have been formed into a separate volume, entitled, "*Voyages dans les Alpes*."⁶ De Saussure is celebrated to the general world for his ascent of Mont Blanc in 1787, but in the scientific world he is honourably remembered as one of the most ardent students of geology, at a time when that science was in its infancy, for he died in 1799. He never attempted to form a system, but he was indefatigable in making observations and recording his results, while his talent as a word-painter of the beauties of Alpine scenery, is almost as much extolled as the careful enthusiasm with which he explored the secrets of nature. The little volume now before us is intended rather for the general than the scientific public, the descriptive parts of M. de Saussure's travels being retained at full length, while the geological *minutiæ* are omitted. It might have been appropriately dedicated to Mr. Albert Smith.

⁶ "*Voyages dans les Alpes, Partie Pittoresque des Ouvrages de H. B. de Saussure*." Seconde edition, augmentée, &c. Paris. 1853.



INDEX.

A

America, contemporary literature of, 274, 593—*theology, ib.*—*natural science*, 277—*political and social science*, 278, 597—*history*, 281, 605—*biography*, 283—*travels, ib.*, 608—*essays and poetry*, 285—*fiction, ib.*

B

Balzac and his writings, 199—*popularity of Balzac*, 200—*translations of French novels*, 201—*scarcity of realistic fiction in France before Balzac*, 202—*romanticism*, 203—*childhood and youth of Balzac*, 204—*his early productions*, 205—the “*Physiology of Marriage*,” 206—*Eugénie Grandet, &c.*, 208—*reality of Balzac’s novels*, 209—*his system*, 210—*value of details*, 213—*disciples of Balzac*, 214.

C

Criminals, young, 137—*slowness of mankind to recognise the true principle of criminal law, ib.*—*individual action outruns government measures*, 139—*resolutions of the committee concerning transportation*, 140—*Sir W. Molesworth’s motion, ib.*—*evils of transportation*, 141—*John Pounds*, 142—*ragged schools*, 143—*Birmingham conference*, 145—*examination causes of juvenile crime*, 146—*vicious education*, 147—*different classes of juvenile delinquents*, 148—*gaol discipline, ib.*—*proportion of juvenile offenders*, 149—*why the present system of criminal legislation is ineffective*, 150—*inefficiency of gaol instruction*, 153—*the supply of natural wants removes the temptation to crime*, 154—*labours of Mr. John Ellis*, 156—*his evidence*, 157—*prevention of crime*, 159—*Miss Carpenter’s testimony in favour of compulsory education*, 160—*Lord J. Russell’s measure*, 161—*suggestion towards rendering it available, ib.*—*religious training*, 163.

E

England, contemporary literature of, 246, 569—*theology, ib.*—*philosophy*, 253, 575—*natural science*, 254—*political and social science*, 256, 578—*history*, 264, 584—*geography and travels*, 269, 588—*fine arts*, 589—*fiction*, 272, 591—*poetry*, 273.

Education, sects and secular, 112—demand for education, 113—weight of the “denomination,” 117—Bell and Lancaster, 118—the art of calling names, 119—church opposition to national education, *ib.*—opposition on the side of dissent, 121—the “Baines” theory, 123—where are we now? 125—the Catholic difficulty, 127—the present system tried by its own standard, 129—broad principles, 131—progress of critical inquiry, 133—danger of suppressing it, 135—Paine’s “Age of Reason,” *ib.*—teaching by prejudice, 136.

F

Fiction as an art, the progress of, 342—love of fiction a universal passion, 343—the Milesiaca of Aristides, 345—the Ethiopica of Heliodorus, 347, Teutonic romance, 349—Amadis of Gaul, 351—rise of a new school, 353—Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, 355—rise of the dull and decorous school, 357—Miss Austin, 358—Scott, 359—system-monger novelists, 361—Kingsley’s “Hypatia,” 362—who was Hypatia? 363—philosophy *versus* instinct, 365—a soliloquy, 367—the Alrune maiden, 369—Daisy Burns, 371—what a novel should be, 373.

France, contemporary literature of, 302, 627—science, 302—history, *ib.*, 631—philosophy, 627—travels, 303, 634—belles lettres, 304.

G

German mysticism in the seventeenth century. See *Mysticism*.

Germany, contemporary literature of, 288, 609—theology, 289—history, 292, 609—travels, 295, 618—biography, 615—fiction, 300—poetry, 625.

H

Heraldry, pedigree and. See *Pedigree*.

I

India and its finance, 177—the deficit, 179—war and opium, 181—the deficit confirmed, 183—land, customs and salt, 185—British supervision, 187—the army, 189—cotton and corn, 191—revenue from land, 193—real difficulty of Indian finance, 195—present position of the Indian question, 197.

Italy, religion in, 311—moral value of the Italian question, 313—death of catholicism in Italy, 315—degradation of the papacy under secular powers, 317—anti-social education of the clergy, 319—protest against the empire and the church, 321—incompatibility of theocratic with civil tradition, 323—neo-catholicism in Italy, 325—sophistry of Vincenzo Gioberti, 327—historical experiment under Pius IX., 329—impossibility of a spiritual reform in the church, 331—popular struggle against papal orthodoxy, 333—non-success of protestantism in Italy and its cause, 335—the religious type of the Italian mind, 337—the Italian idea, 339—the mission of the future, 341.

J

Job, the book of, 417—neglect of Biblical criticism in England, *ib.*—origin and course of religious speculation, 419—transition periods in religion, 421—central idea of the Jewish polity, 423—date of the book of Job, 424—the author a Gentile, 425—double action of the poem, 427—the three friends, 429—the internal struggle, 431—the revival of faith, 433—pious uncharitableness, 435—the triumph of faith, 437—close of the poem, 439—its theory of life, 441—distinction between material and moral progress, 443—Faust, 445—contrast between fact and theory, 447—what knowledge can do, 449.

K

Knox, John, 1—birth of Knox, 3—the first reformer, 7—George Wishart, 9—execution of Cardinal Beaton, 11—the exiles of St. Andrews, 13—Knox at the court of Edward VI., 15—Knox's theory of human life, 17—his residence at Geneva, 18—the queen regent, 19—views of the court of France, 21—return of Knox to Scotland 23—scenes at Perth, 25—destruction of the monasteries, 27—treaty with Elizabeth, 29—principle of toleration, 31—return of Mary Stuart, 33—Knox's interview with her, 35—the young ladies of the court, 37—proposed trial of Mary, 39—character of the regent Murray, 41—his murder, 43—the protestant lords, 45—Knox's sermons, 47—the close, 49.

L

Languages, ancient and modern, school claims of, 450—Pillans's "Rationale of Discipline," 451—errors of friends and foes of "classics," 453—importance of study of language, 455—invalid reasons for "classical" studies, 457—the word "classics" contains a fallacy, 459—modern "classicism," 461—fallacy of the "results" argument, 463—the "subordination" theory, 465—Nature's order in teaching, 467—teaching of science misrepresented, 469—greater utility of modern languages, 471—affinity of languages, 473—what is the use of Latin? 475—"drilling" not confined to "classics," 477—ancient and modern tongues compared, 479—"subordination" theory in practice, 481—distinction of teaching and training misused, 483—intellectual and moral tests, 485—want of qualified teachers, 487—"classics" best deferred, 489—unsuitableness of classical training, 491—advantages of delay, 493—"classics" not the base of education, 495—reform not to be hoped for from teachers, 497—but inevitable, 498.

Legislation. See *Over-legislation.*

M

Moore, the life of, 165—resemblance between Moore and Horace, *ib.*—Lord John Russell as editor, 166—arrangement of Moore's memoirs, 167—his boyhood and youth, 168—his letters, 169—his marriage, 171—his diary, 172—anecdotes, 173—the Byron memoir, 175—Moore's imitators, 176.

Mysticism, German, in the seventeenth century, 499—religious contentions in Silesia, *ib.*—the conservative and progressive parties in protestantism, 500—Jacob Böhme, 501—William Law, 502—danger of mysticism, 503—John Scheffler, *alias* Angelus Silesius, 504—Abraham von Franckenberg, 505—Scheffler becomes a Roman Catholic, 506—the “Cherubic Wanderer,” 507—samples of its epigrams, 508—mystical idea of perfection, 509—identity of Law’s doctrine with that of Angelus Silesius, 510—extreme result of mysticism, 511—tendency of mysticism to union with Roman catholicism, 512.

O

Over-legislation, 51—self-diffidence the lesson of experience, 52—hoping against evidence, 53—a parable read backwards—the unfaithful servant entrusted with ten talents, 55—the theory of over-legislation analyzed, 57—old evils made worse, 59—new evils created, 61—a question in dynamics, 63—vices of officialism, 65—virtues of civicism, 69—the last plea, 71—evils spontaneously cured, 73—wants naturally satisfied in the right order, 75—the state satisfies them in a wrong order, 77—all meddlers are protectionists, 79—state aid and national enervation, 81—political errors long-lived, 83.

Partnership with limited liability, 375—laws the truest witnesses of a nation’s political and social advancement, *ib.*—confused state of the law of partnership, 377—want of distinction between active and dormant partners, 379—evil consequences: capital driven from trade, 381—effects on middle classes, clerks, patentees, &c., 383—evil effects on the working classes, 385—*commandite* partnerships described, 387—objections to the system: change an evil, 389—objection that the country is too rich: system open to fraud, 391—objections founded on the fear of fraud, 393—objection that the system is unfair to other traders, 395—objection that the system will encourage speculation, 397—absurdity of state intervention, 399—Mr. Ker’s objection, 401—advantages: employment of capital, &c., 403—limited liability frequently adopted in England, 405—liberty to form joint-stock companies recommended, 407—objection to small joint-stock companies, 409—absurdity of state interference, 411—social effect of limited liability, 413—social advantages for the working classes, 415.

Pedigree and Heraldry, 85—the criticism here adopted not destructive, but constructive, *ib.*—*signum nobilitatis*, 87—the sentiment of birth, 89—the French noblesse, 91—what is a gentleman? 93—the old aristocracy, 95—heralds, 97—sorrow of Anthony à Wood, 99—the fatal roses, 100—duty of a gentleman, 101—modern history of the House of Lords, 103—decay of old families, 105—great plebeians and small nobles, 107—old heraldic dreams, 109—essence of heraldry, 110.

Postulate, the universal, 513—probability that there exists some un-

recognised principle in our reasoning, 513—Reid *versus* Hume, 515—Sir W. Hamilton, *ib.*—A datum wanted, 517—belief is primordial, 519—invariable existence the ultimate guarantee for any belief, 520—Whewell on necessary truths, 521—Mill on inconceivableness, 523—Mill is inconsistent, 525—inconceivableness a valid test, 527—conception and belief, 529—application of the universal postulate, 531—the idealism of Berkeley, 532—idealism assumes that which it denies, 533—idealism held to its own principles, 535—scepticism considered sceptically, 537—objective existence known primarily, 539—premises of scepticism vicious, 541—a fabric of fallacies, 543—Kant's doctrine of time and space, 544—his proposition unthinkable, 547—reconciliation of philosophy and common sense, 548—illusion of metaphysicians, 549—scepticism's last refuge, 550.

R

Religion in Italy. See *Italy*.

Russia, the progress of, 551—Mr. Urquhart, *ib.*—Russian encroachment, *ib.* retrospect, 553—diplomatic advantages of Russia, 555—effects of England's want of a fixed policy in foreign affairs, 556—influence of Russia in Spain, 557—in Hungary, 558—Kossuth's appeals to England, 561—Lord Palmerston, 563—secret diplomacy ought to be renounced, 564—conduct of our government in relation to Denmark, *ib.*—the Turkish question, 565—war imminent, 567.

S

Sects and Secular Education. See *Education*.

T

Turkish Empire, the, 215—state of the continent, *ib.*—momentousness of the Eastern question, 216—Mr. Macfarlane and Mr. Spencer, *ib.*—political history of Turkey, 218—general and special interests at stake in the Turkish Empire, 219—possible reconstruction of the Eastern states, 221—danger of the partition, 223—policy of England, 225—Austrian interests and French diplomacy, 227—policy of the Russian Government, 229—is there enough vitality in the Turkish empire to preserve it from dissolution? 230—prejudice of race and character of administration, 231—financial policy of the Divan, 233—errors of internal government, 235—policy of Greek emancipation, 237—present condition of Greece, 239—piracy in the Levant, 241—Ionian criminals in Turkey, 243—the circular of Count Nesselrode, 245.

